

# The Fall, Shoulder Pads

All these fads  
It's shoulder pads

On New Year's Dawn  
To my surprise  
All the Macca lads stayed at home  
Picking antiques  
Encloses  
Cosy fleck with green bits  
Main undercurrent, white spermatozoa

My powers  
Against them, half-useless  
My senses  
Alive have party

Was embarrassed but stuck with them  
Walked, at shoulder, down the street, ridicule  
They couldn't tell Lou Reed from Doug Yule  
Suppressed hate romance

It was like being back at school

My powers before them resound  
My powers heard language, two-time doom

Win populace, internal defeat  
Their mob had a coup d'etat  
Realize what they'd always wanted  
Knew I was right all along  
It wasn't then a Beatles song  
Superhero in harlequin kecks  
Dim-wit lecture, half read  
Cursing black singers ten years dead

Was a clown in victim hat  
Was shouldered and spurned

Then my powers did return....