

# The Fall, Sing! Harpy

The harpy was the tops  
Whose hair contained some red  
Thin white skeleton  
Just too good in bed.

He mother from the circus  
Put her on Junior Show Time  
Her father was much worse  
Can't put why in this line

And in the little village  
She was without malice  
She left the moors behind her  
And the beige heather  
Packed her placky\* bag  
With blocks of brown cannabis.

She took a lousy Wednesday  
Turned it into cold Spring  
She got taller by the minute  
She could sell you anything

And the morning after  
I was quite astonished  
She gripped me like a hawk  
Her talons were quite famished

Ascend harpy  
Sing harpy  
Descend harpy  
Give me harpy