

The Fall, Tempo House

A serious man
In need of a definitive job
He had drunk too much
Mandrake anthrax
Pro-rae, pro-rae
Oloron

Tormented tots
With Burton weeping
His idiot contacts
Pro-rae, pro-rae

Put your claim into Tempo House
Go round there to Tempo House
Go round and have a grouse
Put your claim into Tempo House

Roll the chubby round jowls
Roll the chubby round jowls
And Burton's weeping
His chairs are weeping
God damn the pedantic Welsh
Pro-rae, pro-rae

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I'd sing "Solitaire" for the B.E.F.
But who wants to be with them, anyway?
Snow on Easter Sunday
Jesus Christ in reverse
I tell ya, the Dutch are weeping
In four languages at least
Oloron
Pro-rae

And Burton is weeping

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Go round and have a grouse
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Illness, pollution, should be encouraged and let loose
Then maybe some would have a genuine grouse
Spring right out of the fetters
Right away from 63 Market Place
Tempo House address
Pro-rae, pro-rae
Oloron

Winston Churchill had a speech imp-p-p-pediment
And look what he did
He razed half of London
And the Dutch are weeping
Lusted after French paintings
Pro-rae, pro-rae

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Go round, have a grouse
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Pro-rae