

The Fall, The League Of Bald-Headed Men

You know when you end up in some sort of a cine-complex
And the person next to you is someone you hate?
Well well well well well well well with me,
I end up like that,
All around and inside left.

All through the walls
It suppurates.
Look it up!
I'm immobile.
Is your house for sale?

And Davey's just got out of his cell -
Where have you been this time?
Your lives are beyond the pale.
Walk the main drag, splayed.
See the blue baseball hatted, baseball blue hatted
School friends, pop mobs
Male loafers, business affairs advisers and members of the band.
Suppurates, look it up!

And every day it's my pleasure to meet
The great league of bald-headed men.

Your friends, pop mobs, first wives, ex-loafers

And every day it is my pleasure to meet
The league of bald-headed men.

Baseball hatted, blue capped.

(You scored passages to assuage their post-latent sexual baldy alopecia.)*

And every day it's my pleasure to meet
The great league of bald-headed men.

* in the 'League Moon Monkey Mix' version