

Bell X1

"One Stringed Harp"

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A safe pair of hands
A reason to stand
Some guns to stick to
Rational demands

Come on now ladies
They won't fertilise themselves
Get into the ball game
Let's clear those shelves

That's what I read in that Sunday magazine
The anvil is falling, falling on your head
You're just picking your knickers from your arse
Like you're playing a one stringed harp
Like you're playing a one stringed harp

Like Wily Coyote
As if the fall wasn't enough
Those bastards from Acme
They got more nasty stuff

Salt in my wounds
Sticking in the boot
We're all bulimic
But keep forgetting to puke

That's what I read in that Sunday magazine
The anvil is falling, falling on your head
You're just picking your knickers from your arse
Like you're playing a one stringed harp
Like you're playing a one stringed harp

Chalk it up, and write it down

The hand of history
is clawing at my back
The Iron Fist of she
cuping at my sack

Grip is tightening
My voice is heightening
This orange alert

is beginning to crack

That's what I read in that Sunday magazine
The anvil is falling, falling on your head
You're just picking your knickers from your arse
Like you're playing a one stringed harp
Like you're playing a one stringed harp

Chalk it up, and write it down

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