

Falkenbach

"C?n?c-s Mithering"

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Three daysThree monthsThree daysThree monthsA
treatiseA treatiseTo explain theseFirst was cash ?n?
carry house danceIn lancashire they?re aIn king nat ltd.
empireKwik save is thereThe scene started hereThen
was americaThen was americaWe went thereBig a&m
herb was there**His offices had fresh airBut his rota
was mediocreUs purge, rock ?n? pop filthTheir
material?s filchedAnd the secret of their livesIs...All the
english groupsAct like peasants with free milkOn a
routeOn a route to the lootTo candy mountainFive
wacky english proletariat idiotsCalifornians always
think of sexOr think of deathFive hundred girl deathsA
mexico revenge, it?s stolen landThey really get it off
onDon?t hurt me pleaseRapist fill the tvsAnd the secret
of their livesIs s.e.x.I have dreams, I can seeCarloads
of negro nazisLike faust with beardsHydrochloric
shaved weirds[applause from audience at cyprus
tavern]This was going to be called crap rap
fourteen,But it?s now stop mithering.The things that
drain you off and drive you off the hinge.Boils, dirty
socks, the ceilings collapse.The sunday morning loud
lawn mower,The upstairs jewish girl damn hoovering
every thirty minutes,From valium cig withdrawal.She
wants communal, fluent flat household.I want
privacy.The bastard dentist doctors surgery,Clip, clop,
ring, knock, ringStop mithering***The estates stick up
like stacksThe estates stick up like stacksThe residents
keep wild dogsAnd on that father?s bedroom closet
top,Electric blanket boxesSurplus jonnies, demob
picturesTo their children they singStop mitheringYou
think you?ve got it bad with thin ties,Miserable songs
synthesized, or circles with a in the middle.Make joke
records, hang out with gary bushell,Join round table. I
like your single yer great!A circle of low iq?s.There are
three rules of audience.My journalist acquaintances,
go soft, go places,On record company expenses.I lose
humor, manners become bog writers, don?t know
it.The smart hedonists, same as last verse, allusions
withH in electronics, on stage false histrionics,Corpse
mauling dicks, pose through a good film, him, himStop
mithering!?m not joining conventional rock band.The

conventional is experimental, the conventional is
nowExperimental,And is no way noble, and I?m no
chock stock thing.So stop mithering.Engineers save up
for cars.I try to let down their tyres with matches to
make them molten.Ouch! ouch!They say I rip off johnny
rottenThey always strike for more pay.They say see yer
mate..yeh...see yer mateTo their mothers they singStop
mitheringHe even did fail the penile tissue test.He
hangs out for sex.He enters magazine contest.White
tan horror in the mirror.Spotty exterior hides a spotty
interior.He?s not your enemy.He?s not your enemy, his
name is not harry.The secret of cash and carry.

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