

Falkenbach

"He Pep!"

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I don't want to go back anymore. I don't wanna go to
work in the rain. No more toast grilled on the heater. No
more of that a&r girl. And having to meet her. My
personageIt writes everywhere [in race anywhere] You
pep! And I stick my parker pen under my ear Beneath
my own carefully scuffed hair. What I wear Have to
check out of moody's lair Hang on Hang on, leaves your
bad house with me Into the room of the bass player. Why
won't you go up stairs? You pep! Don't think he's don't
get in slippy North-old-hamptonshire. I believe there's a
new drug out. It's called speed I wrote a song about
it Conceptually a la bowie. But it's been lost in the vaults
of the record company By our manager So instead our
new 45 is ?girlies?[eckides] on, brown tonguer Yours,
brattingly. Everyone says please Anyway is a waste of
life Wait to say it in lancashire You pep! You had the best
summer And now it's wearing off. No more excuses For
your traitorism.

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