

Falkenbach

"Lay Of The Land"

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LayLayLayArmageddonThis beautiful treeBoo hooGive
up livingAmpleEyeThey give inOn the buses, up the
stairBy the televisionPretend to learnWhere's the lay of
the landMy sonWhere's the lay of the landMy
sonWhat's the lie of the landMy sonThe last briton on
the streetHe's in a radio fuzzHe's dead and beatNo
longer reflects our daft fateWe'll leave this cityHit a
quick coach, take the town in surreyThere's no-one
here but crooks and deathKerb-crawlers, of the worst
orderWhere's the lay of the landMy sonWhat's the lie
of the landMy sonEldritch houseWith green mossSound
of ordinary on the wavesTiles drip from it's roofHome
secretary has a weird lookWhere's the lay of the
landMy sonWhat's the lie of the landMy sonThe good
book of johnSurrounds the sonSound of ordinary on the
wavesItalic scribble on horizonWhen the height of
culture is a bad stewSpace bores, government
disorderIndian clerk, low-calorie drinkWhere's the lay
of the landWhere children circle in cyclesGiving jokes
ad libBy bearded writersWho defected toHigher
realmsAdvertising realmsWhere's the lay of the
landMy sonWhat's the lie of the landMy son(people
laughing..people fighting..people watching)Between
the ticker and the mind lies an air-block of wind

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