

## Falkenbach

### "No Xmas For John Quays"

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No Christmas for John Quays  
Come on get a bit of fucking guts into it  
What what  
Well the powders reach you  
And the powders teach you  
But when you find they can't reach you  
There is no Christmas for junky  
He thinks he is  
More interesting  
Than the world  
Ah but five fags  
Puts him in a whirl  
I'll have a packet of three-five fives  
You fucking [full of money] or something for Christ's  
sake?  
I'll have a packet of three-five fives  
I'll have 20 of those over there  
I'll have 20 No.6 for a headache  
And I've had enough right there, stop  
(Why is this)  
Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah  
He spits in the sky  
It falls in his eye  
And then he gets to sitting  
Talking to his kitten  
Talking about Frankie Lymon  
Tell me why is it so?  
Tell me why is it so?  
Why did the sky break today?  
Why did this happen today?  
He gets out of his face with the Idle Race  
He gets out of the room with this tune  
Although the skins are thin  
He knows its up to him  
To go out or stay in  
I'll stay in  
I'll stay in  
Have a break  
You  
Me  
X-Mas

X-Mas  
Well the powders reach you  
And the powders teach you  
But when you find they can't reach you  
There is no Christmas for junky  
There is no girls  
Just the traffic passing by  
Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye  
Open the room, there's a cloud of smoke  
Will you fucking get it together instead of showing off?  
Give me one  
Give me B  
Give me three  
Give me D  
No X-mas for John Quays

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