

Fall

"Câ'nÂ'c-s Mithering"

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Three daysThree monthsThree daysThree monthsA
treatiseA treatiseTo explain theseFirst was cash Â'nÂ'
carry house danceIn lancashire theyÂ're aln 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 Â'nÂ' pop
filthTheir materialÂ'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, itÂ's
stolen landThey really get it off onDonÂ'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 itÂ'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 fatherÂ's bedroom closet
top,Electric blanket boxesSurplus jonnies, demob
picturesTo their children they singStop mitheringYou
think youÂ'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 iqÂ'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, donÂ'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 Iâ€™m not joining conventional rock band. The
conventional is experimental, the conventional is
now experimental, and is no way noble, and Iâ€™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
Rotten. They always strike for more pay. They say see yer
mate..yeh...see yer mate. To their mothers they sing Stop
mithering. He 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. Heâ€™s not your enemy. Heâ€™s not your enemy,
his name is not Harry. The secret of cash and carry.

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