

# Fall "C'n'c"

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Three months. Three days. Three months. Cliches.  
Cliches. A  
treatise. Yes, it's them again. For about the fifth f. time,  
in  
this god forsaken town. First was Cash N Carry house  
dance. In  
Manchester they're A. In King Nat Ltd Empire. Yer got a  
Safeway  
there. Yer got a f. Safeway everywhere. Even in  
Manchester.  
There's two types of factory there. One makes old  
corpses. They  
stumble round like rust dogs. One lives off old dying  
men. One  
lives off the back of a dead man. You know which one.  
You know  
which FACTORY I mean.\* You know... You know...  
Psychedelic  
brain mushes offers the alternative. They're all good  
boys.Regular wages. The boss does the covers. They-  
are OK. by  
me. They just don't talk to me. I can see. I have dreams.  
I  
can see. I have dreams. And the secret of my life. Is.....  
Secretive. Kennen Sie den weg nach? Kennen Sie den  
weg nach? The  
residents keep wild dogs. Yes it's them again. Music  
Centre  
Irritant. Get your suits off. Get your vinyl lids on. Get  
your  
Lee Coopers on. Have a shower son. Go out to the club,  
boy. In  
your father's bedroom closet pack. Contraceptives. Pru  
Plus  
Plan. Objectives. Demob pictures. Old train sets. Kennen  
Sie  
den weg nach? Kennen Sie den weg nach? Some food  
is so fast.  
Some food is so fast. Now...I never worked for, this  
death on a  
plate stuff. I AM NOT HERE TO CHEER YOU UP! Video  
reach, stereo

bog, video reach, stereo bog. A quick fuzz, a quick  
fuzz. Video  
reach, stereo bog, video reach, stereo bog. Dissipates.  
Are you  
a bit too late? And the secret of their lives is... S. E. X.  
Meet me here at 8pm. and we'll eat some meat in the  
rest room.  
That's fame. Stars on 45. STARS ON 45!! I KEEP MY  
POCKETS  
LINED!. STARS ON 45! I KEEP MY POCKETS LINED! A  
POSTCARD  
HASN'T ARRIVED! A POSTCARD HASN'T ARRIVED!  
STARS ON 45!! I KEEP  
MY POCKETS LINED! WE ALL WANT FAME: WHIP ROUND  
AND TELL ALL THE  
OTHERS: LET'S GET SOME FAME: FOR MY BROTHERS:  
AND WHAT ABOUT THE  
OTHERS? ANd on boogy night, It'll be allright. And  
boogy night.  
I'll feast on 45's. I'll keep my pockets lined. I'll keep my  
pockets lined.  
[\* Reference to Factory Records. ed.]

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