

Fall "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 person is in race everywhere. [embraced?]
You Pep!
And I stick my parker pen under my ear
Beneath my own carefully scruffed hair.
What I wear
Have to check out of a boutique lair
Hang on
Hang on, [live in St. Anne's with me.]
Into the room of the bass player.
Why would you go up stairs?
You Pep!
Don't think he's going to get in slippy
North of 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'
[His eyes are brown.]
Yours, brattingly.
Everyone says "please"
Anyway it's a race in 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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