

Fall

""Hit the North"

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Hit the North
Hit the North
(My cat says, "Eee-ack")

Hit the North
Hit the North
Hit the North

95% of hayseeds or corn-pone, guaranteed
(Hit the North)
(Hit the North)
Computers infest the hotels
Cops can't catch criminals
But what the heck, they're not too bad, they talk to God
Religious

Hit the North
Hit the North
Hit the North

(Manacled to the city)
(Manacled to the city)
Hit the North

All estate agents alive yell down nights in hysterical
breath
There's no lights so pretty
Those big, big, big wide streets
Those useless MPs

(Savages)
Hit the North
Hit the North
Hit the North
Hit the North

From the back third eye psyche
the reflected mirror of delirium
East ender and Victoria's lager
the induced call, mysterious, comes forth

Hit the North

(Savages)
Hit the North

Hit the North
Hit the North
Hit the North

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