

## Fall

# "HIT THE NORTH, V4, 5"

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My cat says ack  
Hit the North, will ya Hit the North  
Would you credit it, town and county names exist like  
Bradford  
Just sav...  
Computers infest the hotels  
Cops [I'm, uh, wired] to catch criminals  
They're not too bad, I think what the hell, they talk to  
God  
Those were just savages, those were just savages  
In Him we trust  
Hit the North, will ya Hit the North  
Can't get a break on those estates, but what the heck.  
Under wrong influence from French corpse, light  
summer-type pale  
lemon clothes, young Connie-type aerobic chicks  
Manacled to the city, manacled to the city  
Those big big big wide streets  
Those useless MPs  
Those useless MPs  
Hit the North  
All estate agents alive yell down the nights in hysterical  
breath  
The government say, the government says  
Go forth, go forth  
No lights so pretty  
In the reflected mirror of delirium, Eastender and  
Victorian  
lager,  
the induced call, mysterious, comes forth - Hit the  
North

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