

Fall

"No X-Mas For John Quays"

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The x in x-mas is a substitute crucifix for Christ
No Christmas for John Quays
The powders preach
And the powders teach
And when you find they can't reach
There is no Christmas for junky
He thinks he is
More interesting
Than the world
I'm up high he sings
Puts him in a world
A packet of three-fives
555
A packet of those over there
And 20 special offer cigars
Found talking to the cigarette machine
Into nicotinic acid
Good king Wenceslaus, he looked out
Silly bugger, he fell out
He spits in the sky
It falls in his eye
He gets to sit in
Talking to his kitten
And talking about Frankie Lymon
Tell me why is it so?
Tell me why is it so?
Out of place with the idle race
He gets out of the room with his tune
Although the skins are thin
He knows its up to him
To go out or stay in
I'll stay in
I'll stay in
You
Me
X-Mas
X-Mas
There is no Christmas for junkies
No girls
No cause
Just the traffic passing by

Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye
1,2,3,4
No X-mas for John Quays

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