

## Trashcan Sinatras "Who's He?"

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Little Bohemian lost his sheep  
And I know where to find them  
Just meet me at the end of my tether  
And there they are  
It's the same old story  
In a blaze of glory  
We can change this town  
This friday night  
But in a glaze of bleary  
They drop like, drop like, drop like flies  
You wrote about your heroes and it read like a 'who's  
who'  
You wrote about your life and it read like a 'who's he?'

So fall in, fall about, your country needs you now  
Gather your legs and sup up your dregs  
Carry the crusade up to the home strait  
And the crooked mile  
Back to your wife  
She's in bed, she sleeps late  
She don't fret or worry  
Cuz it won't be very long till cliché guevara's home

When the manifesto is a schoolboy thesis  
When the man in charge is like a greasy jesus  
It's taking on epic proportions before my weary eyes  
Turning the old town into a backdrop  
Sssh it's so quiet, you could hear a name drop

So fall in, fall about, your country needs you now  
Gather your legs and sup up your dregs  
Carry the crusade up to the home strait  
And the crooked mile  
Back to your wife  
She's in bed, she sleeps late  
She don't fret or worry  
Cuz it won't be very long till cliché guevara's home

Love and hate are written all over your fist

So fall in, fall about, your country needs you now  
Gather your legs and sup up your dregs

Carry the crusade up to the home strait  
And the crooked mile  
Back to your wife  
She's in bed, she sleeps late  
She don't fret or worry  
Cos it won't be very long till cliché guevara's home  
Till cliché guevara's home, till cliché guevara's home

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