

The Fall

"Eat Y-self Fitter"

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I'm in the furniture trade Got a new job today But stick
the cretin On the number-three lathe Went down the
town To a HM club The sign had a cross Through a
couple well-dressed They looked at my coat They
looked at my hair An Easy Rider coat Grabbed the edge
of my coat Said: 'You're too smart for here' I said: 'I'll
see the manager' He was the manager Eat y'self fitter
Up the stairs mister Eat y'self fitter Analytics have got
My type worked out Analytics on me The poison render
I grope about And when I go out My mind splits My eyes
doth hurt The musical chairs Have been swallowed up
By a cuddly group Who land and rub off Hoping that
Whatever it is Will land and drop off I met a hero of
mine I shook his hand Got trapped in the door Felt a
fool, I tell ya Charmed to meet ya Eat y'self fitter Up the
stairs mister Eat y'self fitter Became a recluse And
bought a computer Set it up in the home Elusive big
one On the screen Saw the Holy Ghost, I swear On the
screen Where's the cursor? Where's the eraser?
Where's the cursor? Where's the eraser? G-O-H-O-H-O-
9-O G-O-H-O-H-O-9-O G-O-H-O-H-O-9-O H-O-9-O-G-O-H-
O What's a computer? Eat y'self fitter What's a
computer? Eat y'self fitter The Kevin Ayers scene South
of France Plush velvet Aback! Aback! Aback! Aback!
Levis Fridays Greek holidays-ac

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