

The Fall ''HIT THE NORTH, V1''

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Hit The North, V1

Hit the North My Cat says eeeee-ack Hit the North 95% of [hayseeds or corn-pone], guaranteed [1] Computers infest the hotels Cops can't catch criminals But what the heck, they're not too bad, they talk to God [2]

Religiousssss Hit the North Manacled to the city, manacled to the city 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 (Manacled to the system)

From the back third eye psyche, the reflected mirror of delirium, Eastender and Victoria's lager, the induced call, mysterious, comes forth - Hit the North (Savages) Hit the North

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