

The 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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