

The Fall

"Mess Of My"

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And note of your own choice, boys and girls

Inadequate planters, methadone stubbies

You got energy vampires

More hands on the tranquillisers

An unholy alliance

And jokes about faith

Give me another drink

You're as strong as your weakest link

A mess of My age

A mess of my race

A mess of our radio

I remember the times

This was a beginning

Of a permissive new age

But it's the same old cabbage

A mess of my age

A mess of our race

A mess of our our our our

[megaphone bit]

I don't look at myself

I have no health

Take no notice of me

I probably work for a record company

A mess of our age

A mess of my taste

A mess of our nervous systems

Cowering mockers

The company money's ran out

To longer hot properties

Get back in their closets

A mess of my age

A mess of my race

Fill the rest in yourself

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