The Fall "NO X-MAS FOR JOHN QUAYS"

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The x in x-mas is a substitute crucifix for Christ No Christmas for John Quays

The powders reach And the powders teach And when you find they can't reach There is no Christmas for junky

He thinks he is More interesting Than the world But buying cigs Puts him in a whirl

A packet of three-five fives 555 A packet of those over there And 20 special offer cigars

Found talking to the cigarette machine Into nicotinic acid Good king Wenceslaus, he looked out Silly bugger, he fell out

He spits in the sky It falls in his eye Then he gets to sit in Talking to his kitten

And talking about Frankie Lymon

Tell me why is it so? Tell me why is it so?

Out of his face with The Idle Race Out of the room with his tune

Although the skins are thin He knows its up to him To go out or stay in I'll stay in I'll stay in

You

Ме

X-Mas

X-Mas

There is no Christmas for junkies No girls No curls Just the traffic passing by Bye bye bye bye bye bye 1,2,3,4

No X-mas for John Quays

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