

The Fall

"No Xmas For John Quays"

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No Christmas for John Quays
Come on get a bit of fucking guts into it
What what

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

He thinks he is
More interesting
Than the world

Ah but buying fags
Puts him in a whirl

I'll have a packet of three-five fives
Will you fucking put the monitors on for Christ's sake?
I'll have a packet of three-five fives
I'll have 20 of those over there
I'll have 20 No.6 for a headache
And I've had enough right there, stop

(Why is this)
Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

He spits in the sky
It falls in his eye
And then he gets to sitting
Talking to his kitten
Talking about Frankie Lymon

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

Why did the sky break today?
Why did this happen today?

He goes out of his face with the Idle Race
He goes out of the room with this 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
Have a break

You
Me
X-Mas
X-Mas

Well the powders reach you
And the powders teach you
But when you find they can't reach you
There is no Christmas for junky
There is no girls
There is no curls
Just the traffic passing by
Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye

Open the room, there's a cloud of smoke
Will you fucking get it together instead of showing off?

Give me one
Give me B
Give me three
Give me D

No X-mas for John Quays

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