

## The Fall

### "SLATES, SLAGS ETC"

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Here's the definitive rant  
Slates drive me bats  
Therefore I say hey slates give us a break  
Male slags, slags slates and tapes  
Everything's strained by the States  
They are the grey ones of our state I relate  
Male slags....

And slates, break hard, break hardly  
Break the slates for Christ's sake  
Male slags...  
Male slags, knock over your drink  
Pay for correct amount spilt  
Male slags...  
Remember slates are always outta date  
In the fine light of day they have to face  
Well I can't give a definition  
The consequences of their plagiarisation  
Male slags  
With greedy bastard scrubbed hands  
Kill jokes join gangs  
Kill the safety in our lands  
Male slags...  
In the cold nearly old ska Jamaican dawn  
Dead publisher's sons  
Material hardship pawns  
The Beat, Wah! Heat  
Male slags...  
(Dog bites the dicks that feeds it)  
Male slags...  
Academic male slags  
Ream off names of books and bands  
Kill cultural interest in our land  
Male slates  
With creaky pants and scrubbed hands

Okay mates  
Let's get onto the valley of weights  
The valley of weights is the valley  
Where they cast off the weights  
And became trite, uptight

Deaf and bereft  
A liberty mess  
Female slates  
Make pins of your whims  
Break your balls , suck your thoughts  
Rip off bands  
With stuck up hair and new shitty pants  
New beatniks with hoop shirts  
Big priest - give us a break  
Help me to fight the slates  
Male slags....

How would you describe the slates?  
Don't start improvising for God's sake  
They are the grey ones of the state I relate  
Everythings strained by the states  
The valley of weights  
Okay mates

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