

The Fall

"Words Of Expectation"

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These are the words of expectation

These are the words of success, expectation

From a pleasing mug

From a pleasing pan

Every now and then I would like to try something like
this

It is the modicum of my career

[I would like at the bottom of my..]

These are the words of expectation

These are the words of success, expectation

[Middle right or to the left

I have tears I shed tears

And I am here to enable everybody..]

The whole world is large, and whatever it is

The whole trend is effective

Whether middle, right or to the left

I have tears, I shed fears, I have tears, I have fears

And I am here to enable everybody to say yes, no

Or I don't know even

Like Leicester Polytechnic

Is scheisse, is scheisse

These are the words of success, expectation

These are the words of dead direction

[Clubs for the storks

The vision is top of the clubs

Paddy McGinty's goat]

I would like deep down

At the bottom of my odour, lingering, my heart and
soul

To see the government wrecked

And my LPs roll

[The government's right and my LPs wrong]

These are the words of success, expectation

These are the words of complete disorientation

Think of him I was in a fix

But I show you now get out of it

Looks like an AWOL predic.

But I'll worm worm right out of it

I'm the head wrangler

Day will come and it won't be long

When the roof of my mouth sticks to the tip of my
tongue

I'm the head wrangler

The trials drawn out and long

When the cell door slams I won't be the one

I'm the head wrangler

I'm proud of the way I've avoided prison

If we carry on like this we're gonna end up like King

Crimson

I'm the head wrangler

To please is a curse, and worse

At parties I'm bitter

Get presented

Am bitter - a civilian policeman

Five smiles - I'm bitter

Get presented

With the pence, the reckless pence

Go to aid Halifax copter

To please is the curse and nurse

To please is the curse at worst

I'm the head wrangler

Think of him I was in a fix

But I'll show you now get out of it

Looks like an AWOL predicament

But I'll worm my way right out of it

I'm the head wrangler

These are the words of dead direction

Wrap it up.

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