

Sex Gang Children

"The Dying Fall"

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One time, long time - I saw your face in mine
Iran, I came, I stood and watched in vain
I'll walk three paces and turn around
These are the faces of people I'm sure
Who look in rooms where it's hard to stare
I am a ghost of what I used to be
Looked in some manhood fraternities
And when you tried to suppress my bursts,
I cried only for effect and disease
Entertaining and explaining your power clause
It's so nice to be young and fussed,
Amidst the dying fall
Mother you spoil me now
You're a guest of honour now
And there's no hope
Just a perfect situation left for us now
And I'm always deaf to silence in the crowds
They'll shake and rattle out there
I like talking to those who always talk loud
Some Green hope and a bedroom suite
This is the dying fall
This is the dying fall
I dreamed, and dreamed, a senator's nightmare
scheme
All gone, how sad, another locked fraternity
Sleeping hard on the telephone
Watch another boom and overflow
Your madness shines like cars in the rain
So let the King have his Queen for today
Another song for the Lady in the radiator:
She sits around and stools all day
Waiting for the dying fall
This is the dying fall
So we cried
As the dying fall sighed
'This is the irony of life
This is mine, no black heroes now
But you're old and dry
You came to see me cry

