

Fall, The "Arms Control Poseur"

Visit "[Arms Control Poseur](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Death of a sense of humor
'N death of sense
How do you recover from this?
What do you fear being found out?

Then why do you always give yourself away?
What do you want to do? Hide
Then why go out and make an exhibition of yourself?
What do you seek? Oblivion

And drugs walk the streets
What you want to be able to do is worst advice
Louse given in largesse

Arms control
Arms control poseur
Arms control

Parliament connives a diseased access company
There's nothing much I can do about this
So I drink in recline with an acquaintance, sound
Spouse is talking on the phone

To well-armed, arms control poseur
Arms control poseur

I found my home
I made a calendar that wasn't there
To find whether it was the first of December or not

Armed control poseur in pity and envy
Dragged from the streets
I quite very, very much enjoyed
His jovial lies lying

Arms control poseur
Arms control poseur
Arms control poseur

Sports car interior
Encrusted with bluebottles

Armored car interior
Encrusted with bluebottles

I even stoop to an icy vodka
As I feel the inevitable
Battle creep nearer and nearer
Chip, chip

Arms control poseur
Arms control poseur

Get me a nice woolly polo neck
With a red cardigan from next
Ideal summer wear
Arms control poseur

Visit [Fall, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.