

## Fall, The "City Dweller"

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Dictum: vestige of the euro-bore  
Random  
It's a good life bowing to a tyrant

Gone  
Christian gang chants sweet  
Regional  
Keep your head down for the moment

(That now suit is now in bucket  
It's a good life, Europe)

Avoid the dismantled old heads stuck in bloody plant  
pots  
All looking at them  
Forgetting the endless drive against nature  
City dweller

Must we base ourselves again into organic mud?  
You're well welcome to it  
Get out of my city you mediocre pseudos  
And take those red-tie bastards  
Who put up the olympic flag with you  
They walk around leering at young girls in packs  
Worse than any jobs

(....Catalonian)

It's January 20th  
Euro-bore I support media  
Keep olympic bidding

City dweller  
Backwards  
More than you can ever know  
Mr cab driver  
What do you want  
Mr cab driver

City dweller

This hillbilly cab driver  
He has submerged himself into the psyche of the  
average  
Cab driver  
They love me, they knock off 10 to 15 pence  
This is wandering  
Those casual days are over and dull  
dull

Agricultural gangs chant for sweet freedom

Get out of my city  
You mediocre pseud  
And take those red tight bastards with you  
City dweller

They should remember there's nothing worse  
Than a half-educated grim red dwarf  
City dweller  
Cuts up  
Cab driver, cab driver  
Oh Mr cab driver

(He's up there now, listening to us, I know he is)

Why do you leave a a poxy card?  
Oh Mr cab driver

What do about it?

Too much to drink  
Too many dugs  
Too much sex  
Too young

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