

Fall, The

"Don't Call Me Darling"

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Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling

Harboring audience
Hates this, wants this
She hates this

Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling

The long black hair
Of wretched blue bottle
Darting all over to no avail
I got zero tolerance
My head full paggerel swamp

Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling

People hate beauty, I cannot fathom it
They smell of old pallid
Voices thick with bouncing Jackson
With stupidity

Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling

Soon there will be dancing
Around the queue
Stripy, high and cheaper
Why do people hate beauty
I cannot fathom it a bouncing

Don't call me darling

Don't call me darling
Don't call me darling
...

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