

Fall, The "Fiery Jack"

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My face is slack
And the kidneys burn
In the small of my back
Will never learn

Well, I'm not going back
To the slow life
'Cause every step is a drag
And peace is a kite

Of materials you never catch
Come up for a snatch
Up from hell
Once in a while

'Cause I am Jack
From a burning ring
My face is slack
And I think, think, think

I just think, think, think
Too fast to write
Too fast to work
Just burn, burn, burn

I sat and drank
For three decades
I'm forty-five

'Cause I am Jack
From a burning ring
And my face is slack
And I think, think, think

I just drink, drink, drink
Too fast to write
Too fast to work
I just burn, burn, burn

A store man from the slack
They are smart, they are

(Mod)

Their brains are half, they never end
Just follow trends

But I am Jack
From a burning ring
And my face is slack
And I think, think, think

I just drink, drink, drink
Too fast to write
Too fast to work
I just burn, burn, burn

And put down left-wing tirades
And the musical trades
And all free trade
I said eat this grenade

'Cause I am Jack
From the burning ring
My face is slack
And I think, think, think

Just think, think, think
Too fast to work
Too fast to write
I just burn, burn, burn

And put down left-wing tirades
And the musical trades
And all free trade
I said eat this grenade
I said, Doncaster, eat this grenade

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