

## Fall, The "He Pep!"

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I don't want to go back anymore.  
I don't wanna go to work in the rain.  
No more toast grilled on the heater.  
No more of that A&R girl.  
And having to meet her.  
My person is in race everywhere. [embraced?]  
You Pep!  
And I stick my parker pen under my ear  
Beneath my own carefully scruffed hair.  
What I wear  
Have to check out of a boutique lair  
Hang on  
Hang on, [live in St. Anne's with me.]  
Into the room of the bass player.  
Why would you go up stairs?  
You Pep!  
Don't think he's going to get in slippy  
North of Hamptonshire.  
I believe there's a new drug out.

[It's called speed I] wrote a song about it  
Conceptually a la Bowie.  
But it's been lost in the vaults of the record company  
By our manager  
So instead our new 45 is 'Girlies'  
[His eyes are brown.]  
Yours, brattingly.  
Everyone says "please"  
Anyway it's a race in life  
Wait to say it in Lancashire  
You Pep!  
You had the best summer  
And now it's wearing off.  
No more excuses  
For your traitorism.

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