

Fall, The "Lay Of The Land"

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Lay
Lay
Lay
Armageddon
This beautiful tree
Boo hoo
Give up living
Ample
Eye
They give in

On The Buses, up the stair
By the television
Pretend to learn

Where's the lay of the land
My son

Where's the lay of the land
My son
What's the lie of the land
My son

The last Briton on the street
He's in a radio fuzz
He's dead and beat
No longer reflects our daft fate
We'll leave this city
Hit a quick coach, take the town in Surrey
There's no-one here but crooks and death
Kerb-crawlers, of the worst order

Where's the lay of the land
My son
What's the lie of the land
My son

Eldritch house
With green moss
Sound of ordinary on the waves
Tiles drip from its roof

Home secretary has a weird look

Where's the lay of the land
My son
What's the lie of the land
My son

The good Book of John
Surrounds the son
Sound of ordinary on the waves
Italic scribble on horizon
When the height of culture is a bad stew
Space bores, government disorder
Indian clerk, low-calorie drink
Where's the lay of the land
Where children circle in cycles
Giving jokes ad lib
By bearded writers
Who defected to
Higher realms
Advertising realms

Where's the lay of the land
My son
What's the lie of the land
My son

(People laughing..people fighting..people watching)

Between the ticker and the mind lies an air-block of
wind

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