

Fall, The

"Paranoia Man In A Cheap Sh*t Room"

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Paranoid man in mid thirties at the height of paranoia
At the zenith of his powers
By bed, replica shooter, zenith dissolving
By his bed replica shooter

Paranoid man in his early thirties
In the zenith of his powers
When girls pass, puts head down in the street
His neighbors now are listening to this

Shakes in the chemist's while buying his vits
Puts his head down when girls pass
Puts his head down when girls pass in the street
Shakes in the chemist's

Paranoid man in his late thirties
Thirty-two, forty-five
Reaches its summit
Male, mid thirties, white, paranoia

Goes down to the dance
Goes down to the dance
Going down fast
Goes down to the dance
Going down fast

Goes down to the dance
Going down fast
Goes down to the dance
Going down fast

No heebies, creepies or hallucinogenics
It's the height of paranoia
Male, white, mid-to-late thirties

Serial number, five four one two nine
Going down fast, goes down to the dance
Going down fast

Serial number, five one two nine
Leather jacket, baggy black pants

Going down to the dance, very clever

Mid thirties, paranoia man
Not as good as it was at two-thirty this afternoon
Nostalgia, Spangles, late mid thirties

Paranoia man
Going down to the dance
Going down to the dance
And drooped mental inertia

Mid thirties man in the grip of paranoia
Just like I told ya, prefers karaoka
Cheap shit, half-dollar man
The sky calendar, bar, home, speculates

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