

Fall, The "Powder Keg"

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You better listen
It's thin
It's a powder keg.
You better listen to me.
Take me home.
I don't want to go.
Take me back to the safe.
Know better.
You better listen.
It's a powder keg.
You better listen.
Retreat from Enniskillen
I had a dream
Bruised and covered
and going into []
Manchester city center turnstyle
Take me back
I can't take the bus.
You know what they say.

You better listen
he's a powder keg.
You better listen to me
Sickening in its infection.
His radioactive radio-head drips with powder
His aura, round halo, thin.
Listen to me.
Thin.
Retreat.
[Red loaded] people avoid bad luck.
Hides away.
Confined to the university in the town.
Powder, retreat from Enniskillen
I don't want to go.
Take me back to town, Mark.
Don't you know, the town is a powder keg.

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