

Fall, The "Touch Sensitive"

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Heeeey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Well everyone you meet,
In the pubs and on the street
Is touch sensitive.

Don't frown and you're a creep
If you smile you're a liar
If you don't say "It's bitter cold"
You're drunken, too.

{Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!}

They say what about the money?
But I think that I'm industry [in the street?]
I think they've got a bloody cheek.
I'm livin' in a pawnshop weekly
[In Delia's]
What don't want a little kip

Yeah!

{They're touch sensitive.}

{Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!}

Touch sensitive
Old people worry about the milk
But in the street they call you filth.

Houses line up
Volume tremors
Pass down your barber till your carrot speaks
Stand back and laugh.
You are burstin' for a pee

So you go behind a tree
Two coppers followed safe
That as will be the end
The best thing is to stay home
And have a wank.

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