

Fiery Furnaces, The "Chief Inspector Blancheflower"

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I wanted to be a typewriter mender when I grew up
But things didn't work out so, sleep
Late in the morning, climb up Mt. Olympia and replace
a Return
But I didn't get enough good grades
My uncle Peter had the Parthenon Business Machine
Remediation outfit
And right there, on the shop floor
Hundreds of electric-selectrics, all messed up
But I didn't get enough good grades

I had a dexadrine hyperactivity selective
Attend to relevant
Information tempo taken in told to
Mechanism coping concept
Put my head down crumple my paper

Sent to look at the future-job folder-binders
I got distracted by the graphs
In the resource room Mrs. Petorsky re-enforced me
Raisins from her zip-lock bag
And free time after my target behavior I was positive
about
Tickets, tangibles, chips and stars
Now playing I'm In My Own Little House
Tickets, tangibles, chips and stars

I had a dexadrine hyperactivity selective
Attend to relevant
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Mechanism coping concept
Put my head down crumple my paper

After school I was sitting in the sitting room
Looking out at the pavers in their bright orange vests
Holding up the slow-go diamond plastic piece of wood
And I knew that I'd never be any good
And never wear a hard-hat and do things like that
So I joined the police force

Damp in Dumbarton dip about the fourteen of May

The publican dropped me a line thought there had
been foul play
The farmer up the hill came in with his knife
He mumbled something darkly about his young wife

Riding up on the postcoach I thrummed on my
notebook
The wind was up, I held on my hat. I do up my coat, look
The farmer stumbled past holding his gun
He mumbled something darkly about his young son

About your wife, sir
What about her
Pray, where is she
Nowhere you'll see

Locked him up in the store room of Mrs. McVeigh's Inn
Take tea up in the manor Sir Robert Grayson
The farmer through the window came in with his sword
He mumbled out of breath, forgive me my Lord

And after that rustic imposition I took a deposition
I shared a Woodpecker cider with a local fraticider
Who told me all this stuff and more

Well I rode up to Springfield on my motorcycle
And I's gonna stay with my younger brother Michael
Mom's oxycontains and the Amstel Light
But I noticed I was doing most of the talking that night

So I got both remotes and turned off the DVD
And said Michael is there something that you need to
say to me
Well I don't know how to tell you
You can tell me anything that you want 'cept I started
seeing Jenny

I started seeing Jenny
My Jenny
And he looked down at the floor
You know damn well she ain't your Jenny no more

And I said, Get her on the phone
Don't you think it's a little late
No, I don't think it's a little late
But I went out the room cause I knew I'd better wait

So I went down to her dad's bakery and she said
I'm gonna go outside take a break smoke a cigarette
I'm still surprised at how mad you get
Well what'd you expect

That you wouldn't try to wreck your little brother's
happiness

And I said, Listen to you
I know what you're trying to do
And what would that be
Mess with Michael's head as some kind of revenge
back at me

So I drove up to Springfield in my wife's new car
And went and had a drink at my buddy's old bar

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