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Van Der Graaf Generator ''Nutter Alert''

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It might come in a letter, darkness falls in a telephone call; I await the unexpected with one ear to the party wall. Is it the pricking of the conscience, is it the itching of hair shirt, is it the dictionary definition of a precipice to skirt? It's the nutter alert.

Though this face is familiar something in it has bred contempt; I never asked for your opinion or your back-handed compliments. Oh, but here comes that special nonsense all the words out in a spurt, the unhinging of the trolley as the mouth begins to blurt... it's the nutter alert

I can see we're in trouble from that glint in the eye you've got; there's no sense to the story, comprehensively lost, the plot.
And how contorted is that logic you so forcefully exert: you're a car crash in the making, head-on, that's a racing cert. It's the nutter alert, this is the nutter alert.

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