

Mess Of My

The Fall

And note of your own choice, boys and girls

Inadequate planters, methadone stubbies
You got energy vampires
More hands on the tranquillizers

An unholy alliance
And jokes about faith
Give me another drink
You're as strong as your weakest link

A mess of My age
A mess of my race
A mess of our radio

I remember the times
This was a beginning
Of a permissive new age
But it's the same old cabbage

A mess of my age
A mess of our race
A mess of our our our our

I don't look at myself
I have no health
Take no notice of me
I probably work for a record company

A mess of our age
A mess of my taste
A mess of our nervous systems

Cowering mockers
The company money's ran out
To longer hot properties
Get back in their closets

A mess of my age
A mess of my race
Fill the rest in yourself