

## Behind the Counter

## The Fall

They're always hitting on me  
But I'm getting thin  
From waiting on  
They just want me to be

Behind the counter  
The hen centre  
Was always picking on me  
There they are tucking in all over shop  
Got no time  
For dinner or tea

Behind the counter  
Every car I see  
Is always picking on me  
They take a left turn when I cross, guaranteed  
They park on the pavement  
Some have paid parks on the pavement  
Here

I say "Wait sir, wait sir,  
You'd better wait sir"  
Guaranteed

I'm getting thin  
From idiots who write rock books  
Disparate  
Ex-groups cold would've played this  
"For Nose Pin and the Punk Piggies  
Didn't quite make it," they say  
Get behind the counter  
The other side of the counter

Chill it, boy  
The other side of the counter