

C'n'C-S Mithering

The Fall

Three days
Three months
Three days
Three months
A treatise
A treatise
To explain these
First was cash 'n' carry house dance
In Lancashire they're A
In King Nat Ltd. empire
Kwik Save is there
The scene started here
Then was America
Then was America
We went there
Big A&M Herb was there**
His offices had fresh air
But his rota was mediocre
US purge, rock 'n' pop filth
Their material's filched
And the secret of their lives
Is...
All the English groups
Act like peasants with free milk
On a route
On a route to the loot
To candy mountain
Five wacky English proletariat idiots
Californians always think of sex
Or think of death
Five hundred girl deaths
A Mexico revenge, it's stolen land
They really get it off on
"Don't hurt me please"
Rapist fill the TVs
And the secret of their lives
Is S.E.X..
I have dreams, I can see
Carloads of negro Nazis
Like Faust with beards
Hydrochloric shaved weirds
[Applause from audience at Cyprus Tavern]
This was going to be called crap rap fourteen,
but it's now Stop Mithering.
The things that drain you off and drive you off the hinge.
Boils, dirty socks, the ceilings collapse.
The Sunday morning loud lawn mower,
the upstairs Jewish girl damn hoovering, with valium cig
withdrawal.
She wants communal, fluent flat household.
I want privacy.
The bastard dentist doctors surgery,
Clip, clop, ring, knock, ring
Stop mithering***
The estates stick up like stacks
The estates stick up like stacks
The residents keep wild dogs

And on that father's bedroom closet top,
electric blanket boxes
Surplus jonnies, demob pictures
To their children they sing
Stop mithering
You think you've got it bad with thin ties,
miserable songs synthesized, or circles with A in the middle.
Make joke records, hang out with Gary Bushell,
Join round table. "I like your single yer great!"
A circle of low IQ's.
There are three rules of audience.
My journalist acquaintances, go soft, go places,
on record company expenses.
I lose humor, manners become bog writers, don't know it.
The smart hedonists, same as last verse, allusions with
H in electronics, on stage false histrionics,
Corpse mauling dicks, pose to a good film, him, him
Stop mithering
I'm not joining conventional rock band.
The conventional is experimental, the conventional is now
experimental,
And is no way noble, and I'm no chock stock thing.
So stop mithering.
Engineers save up for cars.
I try to let down their tyres with matches to make them molten.
Ouch! Ouch!
They say I rip off Johnny Rotten
They always strike for more pay.
They say "See yer mate..Yeh...see yer mate"
To their mothers they sing
Stop mithering
Even the drowned penile tissue test.
He hangs out for sex.
He enters magazine contest.
White tan horror in the mirror.
Spotty exterior hides a spotty interior.
He's not your enemy.
He's not your enemy, his name is not Harry.
The secret of Cash and Carry.