

C.R.E.E.P.

The Fall

He reads books; of the list book club
And after two months--his stance a familiar hunch
It's that same slouch - you had the last time he came around

His oppression abounds, his type is doing the rounds
He is a scum-egg; a horrid trendy wretch

C.R.E.E.P. CR E.E.P.
BLACK saucers at the back of your neck
Interruptions, from the side when you talk
In the presence, of this ugly gawk,
Is offending, make sure you're not absorbed
(With hideous luck - he'll absorb all your talk)

CR E.E.P. C.R.E.E.P.
CR E.E.P. C.R.E.E.P.
CR E.E.P. C.R.E.E.P.

FROM the bright sun, he came one fine morn
"Populist" - as well in his class at least
But then came REAL AGE, and for that we all must pay
(and for that we all do pay)

C.r.e.EP. C.R.E.E.P.
C.R. EEP C.R.E.E.P

CR E.E.P. - cr E.E.P. CR E.E.P. - CR E.EP (2 times)
And he wants world peace! (and for that we all must pay)
He likes ABC! (C.R.EE.P.)
C.R.EE.P. CR.E.E.P.
C.R.EE.P. CR.E.E.P.
CREEP!