

City Dweller

The Fall

Dictum: vestige of the euro-bore
Random
It's a good life bowing to a tyrant

Gone
Christian gang chants sweet
Regional
Keep your head down for the moment

(That now suit is now in bucket
It's a good life, Europe)

Avoid the dismantled old heads stuck in bloody plant pots
All looking at them
Forgetting the endless drive against nature
City dweller

Must we base ourselves again into organic mud?
You're well welcome to it
Get out of my city you mediocre pseuds
And take those red-tie bastards
Who put up the olympic flag with you
They walk around leering at young girls in packs
Worse than any jobs

(.....Catalonian)

It's January 20th
Euro-bore I support media
Keep olympic bidding

City dweller
Backwards
More than you can ever know
Mr cab driver
What do you want
Mr cab driver

City dweller

This hillbilly cab driver
He has submerged himself into the psyche of the average
Cab driver
They love me, they knock off 10 to 15 pence
This is wandering
Those casual days are over and dull
dull

Agricultural gangs chant for sweet freedom

Get out of my city
You mediocre pseud
And take those red tight bastards with you
City dweller

They should remember there's nothing worse
Than a half-educated grim red dwarf

City dweller
Cuts up
Cab driver, cab driver
Oh Mr cab driver

(He's up there now, listening to us, I know he is)

Why do you leave a a poxy card?
Oh Mr cab driver

What do about it?

Too much to drink
Too many dugs
Too much sex
Too young