

Fit and Working Again

The Fall

I'm fit and working again
Walk down the road in the sun
I make a path through a forty strong gang

I'm fit and working again
My sick, think I've seen the tail end
I'm fit and working again

I used to hang like a chandelier
My lungs encrusted in blood
But the flex is now cut clear

I'm fit and working, dear
Took me ten years to write this song
I'm fit and working again
I used to think this bog was the domain

Opinion is at most
One stimulus reason
If you've got the most
With the true precis
Analysis is academic
Some thoughts can get nauseous.

Sat opposite a freak on a train
Warts on his head and chin
Boy, was I getting so vain
I saw the recession around Victoria Station

I'm fit and working again
Gimme the sun.
I'm fit and working again

And I feel like Alan Minter*
I just ate eight sheets of blotting paper
And I chucked out the Alka Seltzer

Cause I'm fit and working again...
Don't you know that was the tail end.