

Gut of the Quantifier

The Fall

I'm telling you now and I'm telling you this
Life can be an onward, downward
Chip-chit-chip-chit-chip

I'm not saying they're really thick
But all the groups who've hit it big
Make the Kane Gang look like
An Einstein chip, chip
NYC, chip, a place to live
Chip, this is the Thule group.
This is the cool group.
I'm telling you now and I'm telling you this.

Shawn and (the Chewer/Petula), macabre
Here are your wedding pictures
They are black
Stick it in the gut
Stick in the mud.
Boffins bray, boffins brag
Stick it in the gut
Stick in the mud.

They take from the medium poor to
Give to the needy poor
Via the government poor
Give it to the poor poor
They're knocking on my door
Entrance, entranced

Stick it in the mud
Stick it in the gut

Cheap fog, cheap fog
Rotting scout-belt
Stick it in the gut

Who are the riff-makers.
Who are they really?
How old are the stars really?
Half-wit philanthropist, cozy charity gig
If God could see this
He'd stick it, they stick it in the gut
Cheap fog, rotting scout-belt

Stick it in the gut
Stay in the mud
They take it from the medium poor
To give it to the medium poor
Via the government poor
And give it to the poor poor
Stick it in the gut
Red composite
Wealthy philanthropist
You son of a bitch

Entranced, entrance, entranced

Stick in the mud
Stick it in the gut

I'm telling you now
And I'm telling you this,
Life can be a downward chip.