

Hard Life in the Country

The Fall

It's hard to live in the country
In the present state of things
Your body gets pulled right back
You get a terrible urge to drink

At three a.m.
The stick people recede
The locals get up your nose
And leather soles stick on cobble stones

It's hard to live in the country
It has a delicate ring
Nymphette new romantics come over the hill
It gets a bit depressing

Paper local
Drunken scandal
Publish your address as well
Locals surround where you dwell
Old ladies confiscate your gate railings
For government campaigns

Its tough in home country
Councils hold the ring
D. Bowie look-alikes
Permeate car parks
Grab the churches while you can
Port-a-loos
Yellow cabins by methodist doors
New Jersey car parks permeated by
D. Bowie [sound-alikes]

It's good to live in the country
You can get down to real thinking
Walk around look at geometric tracery
Hedgehogs skirt around your leathered soles
Fall down drunk on the road
It's good to live in the country

Look at yourself as a man
The valley rings with ice-cream vans
It's good to live in the country

Leather soles stick on precinct flagstones
Small up town Americas like your outskirts town

The villagers
Are surrounding the house
The locals have come for their due
It's hard to live in the country