

## In the Park

## The Fall

Night though I do not sleep  
I dream of the park up the road  
I open the bushes, a couple of lovers  
Trying to be [lust-rockers]  
And although my spouse is in the other room  
I think we can do it here  
Yes, uh, and she makes me pay  
For every [girl and dussel of hat]  
Anyway here, quiet here  
You thought it'd be great  
You thought it'd be great  
But a good mind does not a good fuck make

I take you to the park up the road  
But here is the rain  
Rain makes policemen no threat  
Turns cars into little specks  
Muffles the shouts of your neighbour  
And we will have sex here  
Here, here  
Couch, shagged out  
There's no hard-ons  
It's just come and it's gone

I'm becoming everything I used to hate  
But I can't go back there  
Not back there, I can't go back there  
Not back to the park  
The brown monk ghost'll catch us  
And make us lust-rockers  
Make us wear huckleberry masks and, uh, huckleberry masks  
You sing you don't believe in [couples]  
But I can't believe that  
Especially the crap about the huckleberry masks