

# Lay of the Land

The Fall

Lay  
Lay  
Lay  
Armageddon  
This beautiful tree  
Boo hoo  
Give up living  
Ample  
Eye  
They give in

On The Buses, up the stair  
By the television  
Pretend to learn

Where's the lay of the land  
My son

Where's the lay of the land  
My son  
What's the lie of the land  
My son

The last Briton on the street  
He's in a radio fuzz  
He's dead and beat  
No longer reflects our daft fate  
We'll leave this city  
Hit a quick coach, take the town in Surrey  
There's no-one here but crooks and death  
Kerb-crawlers, of the worst order

Where's the lay of the land  
My son  
What's the lie of the land  
My son

Eldritch house  
With green moss  
Sound of ordinary on the waves  
Tiles drip from its roof  
Home secretary has a weird look

Where's the lay of the land  
My son  
What's the lie of the land  
My son

The good Book of John  
Surrounds the son  
Sound of ordinary on the waves  
Italic scribble on horizon  
When the height of culture is a bad stew  
Space bores, government disorder  
Indian clerk, low-calorie drink  
Where's the lay of the land  
Where children circle in cycles

Giving jokes ad lib  
By bearded writers  
Who defected to  
Higher realms  
Advertising realms

Where's the lay of the land  
My son  
What's the lie of the land  
My son