

No Xmas for John Quays

The Fall

The x in x-mas is a substitute crucifix for Christ
No Christmas for John Quays

The powders reach
And the powders teach
And when you find they can't reach
There is no Christmas for junky

He thinks he is
More interesting
Than the world
But buying cigs
Puts him in a whirl

A packet of three-five fives
555
A packet of those over there
And 20 special offer cigars

Found talking to the cigarette machine
Into nicotinic acid
Good king Wenceslaus, he looked out
Silly bugger, he fell out

He spits in the sky
It falls in his eye
Then he gets to sit in
Talking to his kitten

And talking about Frankie Lymon

Tell me why is it so?
Tell me why is it so?

Out of his face with The Idle Race
Out of the room with his tune

Although the skins are thin
He knows its up to him
To go out or stay in

I'll stay in
I'll stay in

You
Me
X-Mas
X-Mas

There is no Christmas for junkies
No girls
No curls
Just the traffic passing by
Bye bye bye bye bye bye bye
1,2,3,4