Psycho Mafia

The Fall

Spitting on the streets
Numb heads and feet
Nowhere to go
Won't let us in the shows

'Cos we talk about love And the Psycho-Mafia I'm talking 'bout love And the Psycho-Mafia

No soul in the discos No rock in the clubs Won't let us in the pubs And the city joys

Going on about love And the Psycho-Mafia I'm talking about love And the Psycho-Mafia

Psycho-Mafia Psycho-Mafia 'cho Mafia 'cho Mafia

Spitting on the streets Shot heads and teeth Our eyes are red Our brains are dead

Going on about drugs Psycho-Mafia I'm talking about love Psycho-Mafia