

a century of fakers

Prague

There are people going hungry every day
They've got nothing on their plates
And you're filling your fat
Face with every different kind of cake
And if you ever go, lardy or go lame
I will drop you straight away
That's the price you have to pay
For every stupid thing you say
There are people going lonely and they'll stay
Lonely fay into the year
Because you're making blinkers fashionable
And fashionably you'll say
All is equal in love and war and
I'm sorry, but I've got some things to do
And you pretend to read a book
You'll never finish till the day
That the author dedicates it
To a century of fakers
They took your mold and they burned it on the fire
In history today
Yeah, the author dedicates it
To a century of fakers
He was an anarchist, he tried his best
But it wasn't good enough
Did I say I would see you soon?
Well I'm sorry, but I just came off my bike
And my face is scarred
And chance has barred me seeing you tonight
I was over the other side of the city
And if the truth be known I'd say
That you look great from there before
You shaved your golden hair today
Everybody's trying to make us
Another century of fakers
They took you mold and burned it on the fire of
History today
Everybody's trying to make us
Another cool decade of fakers
Another century of fakers

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