

# 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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