

Fall Together

Lloyd Cole

To the corner of the market
Place your wager to the price of tea in China
And the smell of dirty money
On your fingers, in the honey pot, is empty Fall together
Pretty boys, don't you cry Wrote the sequel to the Bible
Bought the rights to the Original Sin
Made the movie, did the business
Took a mortgage on a mortgage, on a loan Fall together
Right now, pretty boy Sold the Lamborghini, baby
Got the baby, now your broker's on the phone
From the land of wine and plates
Send your resume, we'll call you back Jack Fall together
Right now, over me 'Cause nothing very good or very bad
Will ever last for very long
Nothing very good or very bad
Will ever last for very long Nothing very good or very bad
Will ever last for very long
Nothing very good or very bad
Will ever last for very long, no

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