# Lay of the Land

## Fall

Lay
Lay
Lay
Armageddon
This beautiful tree
Boo hoo
Give up living
Ample
Eye
They give inOn The Buses, up the stair
By the television
Pretend to learnWhere's the lay of the land
My sonWhere's the lay of the land
My son
What's the lie of the land
My sonThe last Briton on the street
He's in a radio fuzz
He's dead and beat
No longer reflects our daft fate
We'll leave this city
Hit a quick coach, take the town in Surrey
There's no-one here but crooks and death
Kerb-crawlers,of the worst orderWhere's the lay of the land
My son
What's the lie of the land
My sonEldritch house
With green moss
Sound of ordinary on the waves
Tiles drip from its roof
Home secretary has a weird lookWhere's the lay of the land
My son
What's the lie of the land
My sonThe good Book of John
Surrounds the son
Sound of ordinary on the waves
Italic scribble on horizon
When the height of culture is a bad stew
Space bores, government disorder
Indian clerk, low-calorie drink

Where's the lay of the land
Where children circle in cycles
Giving jokes ad lib
By bearded writers
Who defected to
Higher realms
Advertising realmsWhere's the lay of the land
My son
What's the lie of the land
My son(People laughing..people fighting..people watching)
Between the ticker and the mind lies an air-block of wind

Songwriters
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