

# One Stringed Harp

## Bell X1

A safe pair of hands, a reason to stand  
Some guns to stick to rational demands  
Come on, now ladies, they won't fertilize themselves  
Get into the ball game, let's clear those shelves That's what I read in that Sunday magazine  
The anvil is falling, falling on your head  
But you're just picking your knickers from your arse  
Like you're playing a one stringed harp  
Like you're playing a one stringed harp, yeah Like Wily Coyote, as if the fall wasn't enough  
Those bastards from ACME, they got more nasty stuff  
Salt in my wounds, sticking in the boot  
Now we're all bulimic but keep forgetting to puke At least that's what I read in that Sunday magazine  
The anvil is falling, falling on your head  
But you're just picking your knickers from your arse  
Like you're playing a one stringed harp  
Like you're playing a one stringed harp Chalk it up and write it down  
Chalk it up and write it down  
Oh, chalk it up and write it down, oh, write it down The hand of history is clawing at my back  
The iron fist of she cupping my sack  
Grip is tightening, my voice is heightening  
This orange alert is beginning to crack That's what I read in that Sunday magazine  
The anvil is falling, falling on your head  
But you're just picking your knickers from your arse  
Like you're playing a one stringed harp Yeah, that's what I read in that Sunday magazine  
The anvil is falling, falling on your head  
But you're just picking your knickers from your arse  
Like you're playing a one stringed harp  
Like you're playing a one stringed harp, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah Chalk it up and write it down  
Oh, chalk it up and write it down  
Ah, chalk it up and write it down  
Chalk it up and write it down

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