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 shelvesThat'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, yeahLike 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 pukeAt 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 harpChalk it up and write it down
Chalk it up and write it down
Oh, chalk it up and write it down, oh, write it downThe 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 crackThat'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 harpYeah, 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, yeahChalk 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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