Arms Control Poseur

The Fall

Death of a sense of humor
'N death of sense
How do you recover from this?
What do you fear being found out?Then why do you always give yourself away?
What do you want to do? Hide
Then why go out and make an exhibition of yourself?
What do you seek? OblivionAnd drugs walk the streets
What you want to be able to do is worst advice
Louse given in largesseArms control
Arms control poseur
Arms controlParliament connives a diseased access company
There's nothing much I can do about this
So I drink in recline with an acquaintance, sound
Spouse is talking on the phoneTo well-armed, arms control poseur
Arms control poseurI found my home
I made a calendar that wasn't there
To find whether it was the first of December or notArmed control poseur in pity and envy
Dragged from the streets
I quite very, very much enjoyed
His jovial lies lyingArms control poseur
Arms control poseur
Arms control poseurSports car interior
Encrusted with bluebottles
Armored car interior
Encrusted with bluebottlesI even stoop to an icy vodka
As I feel the inevitable
Battle creep nearer and nearer
Chip, chipArms control poseur
Arms control poseurGet me a nice woolly polo neck
With a red cardigan from next
Ideal summer wear
Arms control poseur

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