

# Fischer-Z, The Crank

I write a letter every day  
I don't believe a word I say.  
Curare Ball points in my hand  
I like to shock my fellow man.

I often like to yell abuse.  
At helpless strangers on the tubes.  
I've got a weakness for the arts.  
I like to study private parts.

I've got a right to be obscene  
Because the people are so mean  
They walk straight by me in the street  
They've got no to time to speak to freaks.

So I take pleasure when they squirm  
some stupid people never learn  
I hope they think of me in bed  
cos' I'll be lovely till I'm dead.  
Lonely.....Loneleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeey