

# The Fall, Gross Chapel - Gb Grenadiers

Porterage down  
The dark gross chapel  
The stepped streets around now  
Sells person mobile  
Porterage down  
Dark gross chapel  
The stepped streets around now  
Was introduced by a woman loose-limbed, slim  
One look up to a whitewashed ugly wall  
Whoosh made worse by dirty postcards  
Trapped in their town  
Their bracing criminals in panicky hall  
No time for The Fall group  
I'll put you down  
Porterage down  
To the dark gross chapel  
These stepped streets around now  
(So's cro-cellar...)  
I'll put you down  
To the gross chapel  
You were right said Peter  
Dying for a smoke  
But you should've said to them please  
(Job's idea) how little they (...)  
(Like Canava's) coming up assaulted  
They were as fed up as I was  
Waiting outside after putting blame on you  
Porterage down  
(I slam) I am ailing  
Porterage down  
(...)  
.Wearing his clothes, they (...)  
and their commandos live happy  
In that scaly (eard)  
Where (air) were commandos  
Storm all pallisades  
Our leaders will not refuse us  
We will (tangle maze)  
Throw them from glasses  
And about the enemy's ears  
Sing  
Ta ra ra ra ra  
For the British Grenadiers  
I'll put you down