

# The Fall, Idiot Joy Showland

Idiot groups with no shape or form  
Out of their heads on a quid of blow  
The shapeless kecks\* flapping up a storm  
Look at what they are: a pack of worms

Idiot Joy Showland

The nylon leaves are falling  
From the twisted shell of your cranium  
Your mystic jump suits cannot hide  
Your competitive plagiarism

Idiot Joy Showland

Freddie and the Dreamers, come on up  
Hey you imitators, come on up  
Hey little singer, come on up  
Show us your house and  
Show us your cock  
The working class has been shafted  
So what the fuck you sneering at?  
Your prerogative in life it seems  
Is living out an ad man's dream

Idiot Joy Showland

California has Disneyland  
And Blackpool has a Funland  
And Flanders had no man's land  
This place idiot show bands

Idiot Joy Showland

And now microcosms come and go  
And it's amazing what they show  
Your sportsmen's tears are laudanum  
Idiot Joy Showland

The locusts are all queuing in  
For Idiot Joy Showland  
Idiot Joy