

Throwing Bricks At Trains

Future of the Left

Slight
Bowel movements
Preceded
The bloodless coup
Though no-one
Must know it
I am at fault

I introduced
Reginald J. Trotsfield
To his lieutenant
The fearsome Brown

On Friday nights they gather on the bridges
With no intention of coming down
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)
There is no mercy
There is no fear
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)
There is no mercy
There is no fear
There is no fear

Still
The train will
Invariably
Come to a halt
The Wild West
Would eat it
We let it rot

I introduced
Reginald J. Trotsfield
To his lieutenant
The fearsome Brown

On Friday nights they gather on the bridges
With no intention of coming down
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)
There is no mercy
There is no fear
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)
Above the tracks (Above the tracks)
There is no mercy
There is no fear

Reginald, I, I cannot love you
I cannot love a man who cannot learn to love himself
The bricks, they are just sad reminders of former
glories
Though they are barely more than stories
They wandered through our homes at night

Reginald, I, I cannot love you

I cannot love a man who cannot learn to love himself
The bricks, they are just sad reminders of former
glories
Though they are barely more than stories
They wandered through our homes at night

Reginald, I, I cannot love you
I cannot love a man who cannot learn to love himself
The bricks, they are just sad reminders of former
glories
Though they are barely more than stories
They wandered through our homes in the dead of night