

Behind the Counter

The Fall

They're always hitting on me
But I'm getting thin
From waiting on
They just want me to be

Behind the counter
The hen centre
Was always picking on me
There they are tucking in all over shop
Got no time
For dinner or tea

Behind the counter
Every car I see
Is always picking on me
They take a left turn when I cross, guaranteed
They park on the pavement
Some have paid parks on the pavement
Here

I say "Wait sir, wait sir,
You'd better wait sir"
Guaranteed

I'm getting thin
From idiots who write rock books
Disparate
Ex-groups cold would've played this
"For Nose Pin and the Punk Piggies
Didn't quite make it," they say
Get behind the counter
The other side of the counter

Chill it, boy
The other side of the counter