

Joy Division  
Simon Joyner

**Em** **C**  
that crucial filament is all but spent  
**Em** **C**  
and soon it will be dark in my basement  
**Em** **C**  
my heart is waxing the slick floor again  
**Em** **C**  
hoping i ll slip, and fall in love  
**Am**  
well, she gave me the choice  
**Am** **C** **F**  
to remain and rejoice or to recoil and rebel  
**C** **F** **C** **F**  
well, papa, this gravity attack  
**C** **F**  
yeah, it s a gravity attack  
**G** **F**  
and i can t seem to carry, much less bury the past

(same for all verses)

well, your ex-girlfriend said i was a terrible mess  
yeah, she s got a real good head on her shoulders  
when the singer spoke and confessed  
he didn t really smoke cigarettes,  
she said her teenage brother smouldered  
on a hotbed of coal in a sterile white room  
underneath that joy division poster  
he moaned papa, he moaned papa,  
sometimes i gotta vent my spleen!  
sometimes i gotta vent my spleen  
when i get shattered in the heart  
and scattered in the brain

well, all the medicine in these sermons  
still can t keep his brazen nose from turning  
and salvation, it may come free of charge  
but faith always costs him something  
they say there s nothing as sacred  
as the blood between brothers  
when it s pricked from their thumbs  
and exchanged beneath the covers  
well, papa, my brother is gone!  
yeah, my brother is gone!  
so would you tell me now how it is  
i m supposed to get along?

well, you asked for a chorus but you got a refrain  
yeah, it s another sad song that moves like a train  
you can t whistle to it  
but you can fast-forward through it  
flick it off your shoulder like dead skin  
they say my head on a plate  
may curve the debate  
about the unbearable high cost of living  
but papa, everything falls apart!  
everything falls apart  
and the grass will grow  
as surely as they ll break your heart