Suave and Suffocated

Ned's Atomic Dustbin

I waste nobody's time but my own
Well, it's mine to waste so let it go
My childhood inspection is my record collection
And sometimes I need to feel grownYou've got your head up your ass
To keep yourself covered, you trip up the past
Trip over your mother, how come?
How come I think you're capable?
That's bad enoughI need a kick up the ass
To stop feeling smothered
Look up at the past
Look down to discover
How come?My childhood obsession
Is my record collection
So what makes us so squeaky clean?
If we're food for worms that's not my scene

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