Time Out

Crass

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

They're using skateboards as spastic chairs
For the legless fuckers who fought your affairs
They're moulding babies' dummies with a permanent smile
Keep the bleeders early in rank and file
They're giving you a chance to be a plastic wrap
Around the doggies' meat can full of fucking crap
They're making little dollies, they tell you "it's a boy"
Baby brother tender love to bring you lots of joy
They're making plastic families, all neighbourly folk
So she can dress and wash them, what a fucking joke
Teaching little johnny to shoot a gun
"A terrific way", say father, "to get to know your son"
Spare parts, body parts, I'm somebody
Ever seen the legs and arms of some poor squaddy?
Signs in the food stores, advertising meat
Beef blade, chuck roast, last you all the week
They're telling you you like it, you're saying that you do
They don't have to force it and tell you how to chew
You swallow it whole, without a fucking squeak
Sitting there quietly up they creep
You think you're fucking different, you think it's you and them
If they asked you a question, you'd ask them when
You think you're hard done by, but you just want the same
Chicken thighs, human thighs, it's all the same old game
Well, you made the choice, money, sex and crime
Tight little egos asking for the time
Well I ain't got it, you can sit in your pit
Middle class, working class, it's all a load of shit

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