

Junk

Bronski Beat

He can't take the street no more
Street too full, full of junk
Thinks he'll hide in his room
Room too full, full of junkHe turns on his TV, TV full, full of junk
Processed zombies pushing junk
Junk food, junk clothes
Dressed in junk from head to toeEat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
Eat what you getEat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're givenAnd be thankful what you get
Instead he screams for moreHits the night life once again
Night life full, full of junk
Junk is all he'll ever know
Junk music, junk dance
Too many junk heads on the floorEat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
Eat what you getEat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're givenAnd be thankful what you get
Instead he screams for moreEat what you're given
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Eat what you're given
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Eat what you're givenAnd be thankful what you get
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