

# Plastic bag

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1977 and we are going mad  
1977 and we're gonna show them all  
It's 1977 and we've seen to many ads That apathy's a drag  
My mind is like a plastic bag  
That corresponds to all those ads  
That is fed in through by ear  
I eat kleenex for breakfast  
It sucks up all the rubbish  
To dry my tears  
And use soft hygienic weetabix My mind is like a switchboard  
I don't know what's going on  
With crossed and tangled lines  
Contented with confusion  
That is plugged into my head  
It's the operators job, not mine  
I said My dreams I daren't remember  
Or tell you what I've seen  
I dreamt that I was hitler  
The ruler of the see  
The ruler of the universe  
The ruler of the supermarkets  
And even fatalistic me

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