

# My Twentieth Century

## Gavin Friday & The Man Seezer

I woke up this morning,  
Dreading the thoughts of another, dull and boring day  
Hey! woe is me.  
I go out on the streets, northside of the city  
I see the steel, the fading rust  
And the fields I used to play in....  
My friends are famous and all my foes live happy  
Loved by lycra, fooled by velcro  
And fucked by what they need....But who am I to criticise? my pointing finger backfires  
I hang my head down low.I once believed in jesus,  
Now I can't believe in rock 'n' roll  
From baptism to alcohol, in a land suffocatingly green  
Hey! the myth is magic, do you know what I mean?  
The politics of sin and of sex  
Suffer the fools, pawn our jewels, will it ever change?But who am I to criticise? I've made my bed, I lie on it  
And hold my head up highMy disbelief. my fake redemption.  
My twentieth century.  
My holy war. my self indulgence.  
My twentieth century.  
My human flesh. my sad dependence.  
My twentieth century.  
My apathy. my big decision.  
My twentieth century.

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