Junk

NoMeansNo

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He thought he was putting his things in the right place
Everything had a name and everything had a place
But now there's so much of this stuff around
That when we look down on the ground
There is nothing there to see
Well, you're probably saying to yourself,
"I guess they buried it somewhere else"
Wait a minute, wait a minute, Please wait a minute
Just bend your neck, just crane your neck, just twist your neck
But don't break your neck
And look above you, look above you
Above us is the garbage, below us is the earth
Above us is the garbage, below us is the earth
And each day, each hour, each minute, each second
We're crawling, crawling, clawing, falling
More, more, more, more
It's junk

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