

# 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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