

Future in Computer Hell

Junkie XL

No need for confetti bombs
Or phallus symbols
To be obnoxious, outrageous
But the sound will be very contagious
Like nuclear fallout radius
No need for bands with tight Spandex
Macho flex, high voices from Larynex
Tight jockstraps stuffed with socks
With walnuts to show sex
But plain, obscure, high tech
Junkie XL will tell
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The future in computer hell
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The future in computer hell
No slacker trendy attitudes
Or boys that play so crude
Or smokers obsessed on weed
To be hardcore with fatigues
Let the perpetrator weep
That is the Junkie beats that grim reaper
And shuffle the feet and put all asleep
In front of their MTV screens sweep
Lost souls are in deep
In their trash cash, middle class heap
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell
The future in computer hell
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell
The future in computer hell
We, the Junkie megabyte creep, hell

Songwriters

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