Bombs Up In My Face

Darren Hayes

Everybody's beautiful
When they're young
And I should know
I've had more than my share of fun
There's all this fascination
With the impossibly thin
With the surface of things
Airbrush Photoshop creation
In all that we are losing
Aren't we just confusing
Youth with beauty
Truth with duty?
There's something on the telly 'bout North Korea
Some war broke out, don't trust the media
I'd like to get a suntan
Some dude was shot in Pakistan
The track's got noddage
Moves my boddage
The track's got noddage
Track's got noddage
They've got those bombs up in the planes
They've got those bombs up in the trains
They've got those bombs up in my face
Don't want to talk about it
They've got those bombs up in the planes
They've got those bombs up in the trains
They've got those bombs up in my face
Don't want to talk about it
I was walking through the city
Past a phone shop and a homeless man
Was lying there, looked almost dead
And no one seemed to bother
I ran into a rock 'n' roll band
Two or three of them, maybe four
This one punk just nineteen years old
He gave me his persuasion
He stared at me with his one black eye
Looked down on me like I didn't have a life
And he was right

At least not the kinda life he'd been paradin'
Same sex union
Change the constitution
You can carry a gun
But you better not fall in love with someone
The President who fucked the world
For every future boy and girl
Is golfing in Aruba
With a suntan and scuba
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Now everybody dies or fades away
A permutation white and gray
A synergy of light and dust
And skin cells constantly aging
You fell in love with the dream
To fuck forever endlessly
But you don't, that's okay
The rest is better anyway
Botox bungle, CNN
Infomercial count to ten
Change the channel, VCR
Somethin' on my radar
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