

# Hong Kong

## Didley Squat

Lord, hear me now  
Junk boats and English boys  
Crashing out in supermarts  
Electric fences and guns You swallow me  
I'm a pill on your tongue  
Here on the nineteenth floor  
The neon lights make me calm And late in a star's life  
It begins to explode  
And all the people in a dream  
Wait for the machine  
To pick the shit up, leave it clean Kid, hang over here  
What you're learning in school  
Is the rise of an eastern sun  
Gonna be good for everyone? The radio station disappeared  
Music turned into thin air  
The DJ was the last to leave  
She had well-conditioned hair  
Was beautiful but nothing really was there

Lyrics provided by

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