Hong Kong

Didley Squat

Lord, hear me now
Junk boats and English boys
Crashing out in supermarts
Electric fences and gunsYou swallow me
I'm a pill on your tongue
Here on the nineteenth floor
The neon lights make me calmAnd 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 cleanKid, 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

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