X, y & Zee

Pop Will Eat Itself

I am he who is X, Y and Zee
I carry no card, my life is cheap
Have no worries, I do not fret
Some may have what I'm yet to getAnd you may wonder, "Is it how?"
A kitten may turn into a cow
With bells and horns
And tinned corned beefForests, profits
Plastic High Streets
I am he who is A, B and CeeAn easy option
Like twentieth century
Satisfaction guaranteed
It's easyLet's steal a spaceship
And head for the sun
And shoot the stars with
A lemonade ray gunMake a movie and
A TV show
You be Jane
I'm George JetsonI am you, you are me
X, Y, Zee to A, B, Cee
You, me, us
We are oneFrom out our window
We can see
Electric sunshine
Oxygen factoriesClockwork tides
Synthetic trees
Just like the real ones
On Vee TeeMother nature and father time
Used to be good friends of mine
But now we've put them in a home
Filed them under, "Uses unknown"No pop, no style"
Is a phrase out of phase
To praise what's worthwhile
This is as good as it gets
This is the bestLet's catch the last rays
Of civilization and tune-in to a
Sub-space station, turn up the DJ
Let's get lost in intergalactic
Punk rock, hip hopI am you, you are me
X, Y, Zee to A, B, Cee

You, me, us
We are oneThis is the time
The time of our lives
Escaping time
For the all time highsOf love, lust, laughter
That make us sweat
Let's stimulate
Sensory amplificationThis is PWEI-zation
This is this
It's the living end
"Je t'aime, encore, je t'aime"I am you, you are me
X, Y, Zee to A, B, Cee
You, me, us
We are one

Songwriters
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