Deep Fried In Kelvin

Pulp

Oh, children of the future
Conceived in the toilets at Meadow hall
To be raised on the cheap cold slabs of garage floors
Rolling empty cans down the stairway
Don't you love that sound?
Whilst the thoughts of a bad social worker ran through his head
Trying to remember what he learnt at training college
Lester said he wasn't allowed in here
So why don't you get lost?
And if you grow up then when you grow up
Maybe, maybe you can live, live on Kelvin
Yeah, you can live in Kelvin on the promenade
With the concrete walkways where pigeons go to die
A woman on the fourteenth floor noticed
That the ceiling was bulging as if under a great weight
When the council investigated they discovered
That the man in the flat above had transported
A large quantity of soil into his living-room
In which several plants he had stolen
From a local park were growing
When questioned the man said all he wanted was a garden
When questioned the man said all he wanted was a garden
Oh God, I think the future's been fried deep fried in Kelvin
And now it's rotting behind the remains of a stolen motorbike
I haven't touched it, honest but there isn't anything else to do
We don't need your sad attempts
At social conscience based on taxi-rides
Home at night when exhibition opens
We just want your car radio and those Reflux speakers now
Suffer the little children to come to me
And I will tend their adventure playground splinters with cigarette burns
And feed them fizzy orange and chips
And then they grow up straight and tall
And then they grow up to live on Kelvin
Oh yeah, we can have ghettos too
Only we use air-rifles instead of machine guns
Stitch that and we drunk driving lights
In the end the question you have to ask yourself is
Are you talking to me or are you chewing a brick?

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