

Def Con One (Including the Twilight Zone)

Pop Will Eat Itself

Ten to doomsday, moving fast, heads up, mind that blast
No time to sleep, it's Def. Con. One
Can't get no sleep as the ticking ticks on
No time for fear, it's Def. Con. One
No time to eat so get me someBig Mac, fries to go, gimme Big Mac, fries to go
Gimme Big Mac, fries to go, gimme Big Mac, gimme fries to go
Watchman, we love you all
Hup, hup, heads up, ground floor's coming upHow sick is Dick? How gone is Ron?
How sick is Dick? How gone is Ron?
What's the time? It's Def. Con. One
Say, what's the time? Just get me someBig Mac, fries to go, gimme Big Mac, fries to go
Gimme Big Mac, fries to go, gimme Big Mac, gimme fries to go
Watchman, we love you all
Hup, hup, heads up, ground floor's coming upBig Mac, fries to go, gimme Big Mac, fries to go
Gimme Big Mac, fries to go, gimme Big Mac, gimme fries to go
Watchman, we love you all
Hup, hup, heads up, ground floor's coming upGoodbye city, hello moon, hands up, vote Dr. Doom
You know it makes sense
It's Def. Con. One, hey, what's occurring, what goes on?
It's Def. Con. One, it's the only choice so get me someBig Mac, fries to go, gimme Big Mac, fries to go
Gimme Big Mac, fries to go, gimme Big Mac, gimme fries to go
Watchman, we love you all
Hup, hup, heads up, ground floor's coming up

Songwriters

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