Deadhead

Crass

Tired bored sad people, tired bored sad lives
Endless cars on endless roadways endless shopfronts with endless lies
Even the winners, even the punters, tight lipped packages, think it's bad
Can't imagine a revolution could deal with anything so sad
It's all set up so you can't do it
Not let up so you don't make it
All arranged so you can't have it
All enclosed so you won't take it
Set in little pockets of isolation
Separated by regulation
Crushed for product in a rich man's passion
Relative ration for the ration nation
Tear a bit, smash a bit, cause a little pain
That's a contribution then they build it up again
Fool yourself thinking it's a holyheld belief
When all the time it's just another light relief
Oh boredom psychological stunt
You never really feel it when you're up at the front
It doesn't really matter where the hell it's going
As long as everybody has the hot blood flowing....
Excitement and thrills, Will put off the ills
Radical frills, docility pills
New Wave, splash in the plan
Real music by dildo dan
Tired old discos, shame balam
Soddern modern christ, futurists again
Play the machine
Crank up the dream
We're just what we seem
Know what I mean?
But no-one can wipe out the last five years
There's other ways of living than in supergloo pairs
Marry me darling? Fuck off, creep!
Tired and lonely, life on the cheap
Didn't plan it, but now we're very happy
Another poor fucker drowns in its nappy
Bakunin and bollocks and fun and farts
Hit the right fantasy and come up the charts
Treat people like shit and that's what you get

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