Blender

Sven van Thom

In a sea of white faces
I heard the latest version of The Clash.
Still no ticket for the races,
And the sisters still get the shaft.
We got a punk rock problem
I'm tired of playing shirts and skins here.
How do we sing against the system
When we're a main offender?Put it in a blender and let me get the hang
Of how it fits together
And how we came to be.I'm a child
Of the M to M Program.
Bus em out to the suburbs,
But we never got to know em.
I had a sex education
Without a word for my gender
All these half-hearted tries-Put em in a blender.
Let me get the hang of
How we can fit together
And still keep our identity.Now the kids are hip hip hopping,
And everybody's co-opting.
The straight girls are slumming it
At The Suicide Queers' gig.
Yeah, we're all assimilatin',
But we're still segregated.
And its all for the market man,
He says "Put em in a blender and
See where the money lands."Put em in a blender and let them get the hang
Of thinking that they've been here

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