

# Late Twentieth Century Boy

## Snog

You wake in the morning but you're hard to find  
A look in the mirror what you've left behind  
You go to your job or you wander 'round  
There's plenty of stuff but nothing to be found You're a late twentieth century  
Post-modern refugee  
A late twentieth century  
Post-modern refugee A late twentieth century  
Post-modern refugee  
A late twentieth century  
Post-modern tragedy There's nothing that'll move you  
There's plenty to be bought  
There's no kind of mystery  
There's no new thought Tied up in your neurotic knots  
Airhead celebrities, that's all you got You're a late twentieth century  
Post-modern refugee  
A late twentieth century  
Post-modern refugee A late twentieth century  
Post-modern refugee  
A late twentieth century  
Post-modern tragedy Separated from nature and earth  
You foraged once, now you're chained to the hearse  
You disappeared in the checkout line  
The price you paid was always just fine You're a late twentieth century  
Post-modern refugee  
A late twentieth century  
Post-modern refugee A late twentieth century  
Post-modern refugee  
A late twentieth century  
Post-modern tragedy

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