

# 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 foundYou're a late twentieth century

Post-modern refugee

A late twentieth century

Post-modern refugeeA late twentieth century

Post-modern refugee

A late twentieth century

Post-modern tragedyThere's nothing that'll move you

There's plenty to be bought

There's no kind of mystery

There's no new thoughtTied up in your neurotic knots

Airhead celebrities, that's all you gotYou're a late twentieth century

Post-modern refugee

A late twentieth century

Post-modern refugeeA late twentieth century

Post-modern refugee

A late twentieth century

Post-modern tragedySeparated 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 fineYou're a late twentieth century

Post-modern refugee

A late twentieth century

Post-modern refugeeA late twentieth century

Post-modern refugee

A late twentieth century

Post-modern tragedy

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