

Junk Culture

I Am Kloot

Stepping into small life nowhere England
Shaking hands with the big life idiots I was
Trying to pick up some ordinary-ness
From the shopping bag inspirational quiet Picking up a detail from a muscle magazine
Whilst talking to someone else's wife
and wondering do I really care about sheet metal workers
Caught you looking though your, shop window reflection, shop window reflection,
shop window reflection. Some run down amusement arcade humour
Like cheap beer and instant coffee was pouring out
Over the cities pavements
Calling closing time on that cinema cue further Thursday night on the railway lines
Is life and death burnt away in the distance and
A billion TV screens close their weary eyes

Lyrics provided by

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