Plastic Bag

Ben Weaver

1977 and we are going mad
1977 and we're gonna show them all
It's 1977 and we've seen to many adsThat apathy's a drag
My mind is like a plastic bag
That corresponds to all those ads
That is fed in through by ear
I eat kleenex for breakfast
It sucks up all the rubbish
To dry my tears
And use soft hygienic weetabixMy mind is like a switchboard
I dont't know what's going on
With crossed and tangled lines
Contented with confusion
That is plugged into my head
It's the operators job, not mine
I saidMy dreams I daren't remember
Or tell you what I've seen
I dreamt that I was hitler
The ruler of the see
The ruler of the universe
The ruler of the supermarkets
And even fatalistic me

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