

# Pssyche (John Peel - 17/10/79)

## Killing Joke

You're alone in the pack, you're feeling like you wanna go home  
You're feeling life's finished but you keep on going, the reason is there  
You won't find it till you've been and gone because you're living a hoax  
Someones got you sussed Dull your brain or seek inspiration  
You feel illusion and then you finally say transfer  
Transform a machine to play with your head  
So you can stand back and watch or take part and learn If you don't know the game, then you're still part of it  
Because out on the streets, it's strange to see the show  
Knowing full well that you're on the range  
Dodge the bullets or carry the gun, the choice is yours Look at the controller, a Nazi with a social degree  
A middle-class hero, a rapist with your eyes on me  
Increase your masturbation, three cheers for the Nazi  
You fuck, you'd wipe out spastics if you had the chance  
But Jesus wouldn't like it, no

Songwriters

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