

Winston Smith Takes It on the Jaw

Utopia

We got no razor blades, we got no victory gin
I got no tiny alcove to hide myself in
To say things weren't good would not be an untruth
But I just met a girl from the anti-sex youth
We get up in the morning for physical jerks
We might pass in the hall as we're going to work
I have found us a place where there's no telescreen
And there's no hidden mikes and it's not too unclean
While the high remain high
and the middle change places
The low don't want to know they tell all with their faces
She might sit afront of me for the two minutes hate
I might see her again if it's not already too late
So they will take the book away from me
So let them catch me talking in my sleep
I guess I never really understood the law
So Winston Smith takes it on the jaw
So let's do what we want, it makes no difference now
When the thought police find us, we're dead anyhow
Kick us out of the party and bust us to parole
Then they'll stuff us both into a memory hole
So let them haul me off to 101
Public confessions of everything we've done
Of everything I heard and everything I saw
When Winston Smith takes it on the jaw

Songwriters

RUNDGREN, TODD/POWELL, ROGER/SULTON, KASIM/WILCOX, JOHN
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