

# Chop-chop

## Killing Joke

Take a walk to the new town, take a look around  
Pretty road names pass us by, a foundation sound  
They paint their walls and ceilings white to feel clean inside  
Ten square miles so synchronized I could have cried And the bodies go by barely half awake  
Awaiting things to come again, nice things to come  
It's such a nice environment I'm in  
I wonder why I'm here and the bodies go by barely half awake. All but the few ever notice anything at all, Oh  
dear  
All but the few ever notice anything at all. I've got a nice new wristwatch with a bright red strap  
The second hand really moves quite fast - I'd never thought of that  
And then I pick my picture book to compensate outside  
It's back to fiction once again, I could have cried. And the bodies go by barely half awake  
Awaiting things to come again, nice things to come  
It's such a nice environment I'm in  
I wonder why I'm here and the bodies go by barely half awake. All but the few ever notice anything at all, Oh  
dear  
All but the few ever notice anything at all

Songwriters

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