Reality Whitewash

Crass

The grey man at the wheel
Looks around to see if there's some skirt he can steal
He doesn't really want to, he's just acting out a game
In their own fucked up way, most people do the same
She cleans the bathroom mirror
So she can line her eyes
An expert in delusion, an artist in disguise
She's not content with what she is, but she does the best she can
Doesn't do it for herself, she does it for her man
And meanwhile he's out hunting, this master of the hunt
Cruising down the high street in his endless search for cunt
And the posters on the hoardings encourage his pursuit
Glossy ads, where men are men, and women simply cute
And the men are in their motorcars and the men have nerves of steel
And they dreams of Charlies Angels as they firmly grip the wheel
And they fantasise they're screwing in the back seat of the car
Fantasise they're fucking with a real life movie star
Fantasies to fill the gaps, to fill in every crack
A whitewash on reality to hide the truth they lack
Now she's sponging down the cooker, on the surface all is fine
His dinner's in the oven cos he's doing overtime
She switches on the telly, it makes her feel secure
Helps confirm her way of life, who needs to ask for more
She sees the happy family unit, wife and hubby on the screen
The perfect social unit, just like it's always been
She's done the very best she can
To love and honour and obey her man
And if she should ever doubt the wisdom of her choice
She can turn on the television for its moderating voice
The ads and weekly series are the proof she needs
That a life of boredom outweighs the deeds
She sits up till the epilogue and goes to bed alone
Content that when he's finished work he'll go straight home
Meanwhile he has another scotch, the lady has a coke
If he's asked about the wife he treats it as a joke
"Hear the one about the you-know-what"
He's got what it takes and he takes what he's got
He took his woman and he'll take plenty more
She took on a rat to keep the wolf from the door

Then maybe in her loneliness she'll want to have a child
Who'll be taught the games of adulthood, boxed and filed
Another life to whitewash, to us a child is born
To follow in its parents' tracks, the path's well worn
Fantasy and falsehood, truth and lie
The fucked up system they call reality
They system needs its servants, each birth is one more
Gently talk of freedom as they quietly lock the door
Cos the system needs its servants if the system's going to run
Fodder for the workhouse, targets for the gun

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