

# Popscene (Peel)

## Blur

A fervoured image of another world  
Is nothing in particular now  
And imitation comes naturally  
But I never really stopped to think how  
And everyone is a clever clone  
A chrome coloured clone am I  
So in the absence of a way of life  
Just repeat this again and again and again  
Hey, hey come out tonight  
Hey, hey come out tonight  
Popscene, all right I'm leaving town to run away  
Right into your twisted arms  
No queues and there's no panic there  
Just dangling your feet in the grass  
My lack of natural luster now  
Seems to be losing me friends  
So in the absence of a way of life  
I'll repeat this again and again, and again  
Hey, hey come out tonight  
Hey, hey come out tonight  
Popscene Hey, hey come out tonight  
Hey, hey come out tonight  
Popscene, all right  
Hey, hey come out tonight  
Hey, hey come out tonight  
Popscene

Songwriters

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