

Plastic Bag

X-Ray Spex

My mind is like a plastic bag....It's 1977 and we are going mad
It's 1977 and we've seen too many ads
It's 1977 and we're gonna show them all apathy's a dragMy mind is like a plastic bag
That corresponds to all those ads
It sucks up all the rubbish
That is fed in through by ear
I eat kleenex for breakfast
And I use soft hygienic Weetabix
To dry my tears1977 and we are going mad
It's 1977 and we've seen too many ads
1977 and we're gonna show them all apathy's a dragMy mind is like a switchboard
With crossed and tangled lines
Contented with confusion
That is plugged into my head
I don't know what's going on
It's the operators job, not mine
I saidIt's 1977 and we are going mad
It's 1977 and we've seen to many ads
It's 1977 and we're gonna show them all apathy's a dragMy dreams I daren't remember
Or tell you what I've seen
I dreamt that I was hitler
The ruler of the sea
The ruler of the universe
The ruler of the supermarkets
And even fatalistic meIt's 1977 and we are going mad
It's 1977 and we've seen too many ads
It's 1977 and we're gonna show them all apathy's a drag!

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