

Chairman of the Bored

Crass

Tiring moments, fucked up minds
Empty faces, eyes that are blind
Flick through the papers, car crash death
Vacant pages offer no breath
Of hope, future, possibility
To those fucked up mindless people who haven't got the eyes
To see that the pages of The Guardian or the pages of The Sun
Are just a load of fucking lies, are just a fucking con
Why do they feed us rubbish? Why do they feed us shit?
Is this really what they think we want?
Scrapings from the pit?
Why don't they give us something which isn't just their lies
Their own particular angle from their own unseeing eyes?
I'm the chairman of the bored, and I'm asking for some truth
I'm the chairman of the bored, and I'm looking for some proof
That there's something more than their fucked up game
That their mindless lives and mine aren't the same
I'm looking for something that I can call my own
Which ain't a Ford Cortina or a mortgage on a home
I'm the chairman of the bored, ad I'm asking for some truth
I'm the chairman of the bored, and I'm looking for some proof

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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