

Crass, Chairman Of The Bored

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, truth, truth, truth.
I'm the chairman of the bored, and I'm looking for some proof, proof, proof, 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, and I'm looking for some truth, truth, truth, truth.
I'm the chairman of the bored, and I'm asking for some proof.