

# Crass, Nineteen Eighty Bore

who needs lobotomy when they've got the ITV?  
who needs ECT when there's good old BBC?  
switch on the set, light up the screen  
fantasise and dream about what you might have been  
who needs controlling when they've got the cathode ray?  
they've got your fucking soul, now they'll fuse your brains away  
mindless fucking morons sit before the set  
being fed the mindless rubbish that they deserve to get  
can't switch off big brother, they've lost all will to act  
lost in drab confusion, was it fiction? was it fact?  
another plastic bullet stuns another irish child  
but no-one's really bothered, no the telly keeps them mild  
they've lost all sense of feeling to the ever hungry glow  
drained of any substance by the vicious telly blow  
no longer know what's real or ain't, slowly going blind  
they stare into the goggle-box while the world goes by, behind  
the angels are on tv tonight, grey puke fucking shit  
the army occupy ireland, but the boot will never fit  
was it coronation street? or was it londonderry?  
oh it doesn't fucking matter, paul daniels'll keep us merry.  
yes i've heard of bobby sands, wasn't it emmerdale farm?  
yes, that's right, he was kicked by a cow, i hope it didn't do him no harm  
and wasn't holocaust terrible, a good thing it wasn't for real  
of course i've heard of h-block, it's the baccy man appeal  
deeper and deeper and deeper, layer upon layer  
illusion, confusion, is there anyone left who can care?  
yes, the abbey national cares for you. nat west and securicor  
well brings out the branston bren-guns, let's spice it up some more  
the sweeney are cruising brixton, they've created another belfast  
and j.r.'s advising thatcher on lighting, make up and cast  
a thousand camera lenses point at the people's pain  
as millions of fucking morons watch the action replay again  
softly, softly, into your life, you're held in it's brilliant glow  
softly, softly, feeding itself on the you you'll never know  
you're life's reduced to nothing, but an empty media game  
big brother ain't watching you mate, you're fucking watching him.