

Fad Gadget, Plain Clothes

In slow motion could you play that again
Watching Starsky and Hutch with the volume at number ten
Power mad and incompetent
They're as pleased as punch
Your feelings are irrelevant

They're out of our control
But it keeps them off the streets
And I don't mind it
The children are damned
But we keep them well fed
Watch out what they're putting in that head
Kids have got the vote
And they want to see the bad guys dead

In plain clothes they'll arrest you again
Beat you up on the street, fight back and you'll get the blame
They mix with the crowd in civilian dress
Just put one foot wrong they'll make you confess the rest

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They walk the streets in Plain Clothes
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