

# Pete Townshend, Uniforms (Corp D'esprit)

I don't matter you don't matter  
Neither does this mindless clatter  
It don't matter where you're from  
What matters is your uniform

Wear your braces round your seat  
Doctor Martens on your feet  
Keep your barnet very neat  
For credibility on street

We are marching as to war  
We won't be obscure no more  
In uniform - In uniform

I am really living life inside a jar - I'm all alone  
So I feel forgiven if I'm under par - a fallen clone  
Only in the river can I claim a star to call my own  
I'm newly born,  
In uniform I'm up on the throne

I am frightened, you are frightened  
Should we get our trousers tightened?  
Where in Brighton is your norm  
Who wears enlightened uniform?

On my Parka is some band  
I don't really understand  
Perry is my guiding hand  
Scooter polo sweeps the land  
We are marching as to war  
We won't be obscure no more  
In uniform - in uniform

People think we dress alike to segregate identities  
Pills or drink or puffing pipes in integrated entities  
Then they wink and snort their line and say how great their Bentley is  
They feel so warm when they conform. . .

They say that nakedness is what our Lord intended  
When we stand naked then we all appear the same  
But it's just faking it if we all try pretending  
Are we just making all our prayers in the rain  
Heaven knows I need new clothes.

We are marching as to war  
But we are really fighting for  
Our uniform - our uniform

When I contemplate my future I go numb, don't feel a thing  
I don't overrate my suitors number one, I always sing  
But the State and their computers make me run for comfort in  
My uniform.  
In uniform I feel like a king.

They say that nakedness is what our Lord intended  
When we stand naked then we all appear the same  
But it's just faking it if we all try pretending  
Are we just making all our prayers in the rain  
It seems insane  
But heaven knows  
It's all the same  
And I need new clothes