

# Pop Will Eat Itself, Token Drug Song

Transfixed to the TeeVee station,  
Burning through my brain,  
Mutant news flashes from the neon grain,  
I'm a reptile,  
You're &quot;Doug Quaid.&quot;  
Go on, I say, I'll make your day,  
I'll give you what you want,  
But the price you pay is the pleasure,  
The pleasure is mine  
I say, &quot;Handed me your head on a plate,  
How did you turn out to be so lightweight?&quot;  
I can't hurt you more than you've hurt yourself,  
I can't touch you but you've already felt  
So high now you're going so low.  
go on, I say, I'll make your day,  
I'll give you what you want,  
But the price you pay is the pleasure,  
The pleasure is mine  
I say, &quot;Looked into your blackened soul,  
Your emptiness complete and whole,  
Handed me your head on a plate,  
How did you turn out to be so lightweight?&quot;  
Bad trip? Toough shit!  
Bad trip? Tough shit!  
Bad trip? Tough shit!  
That's what you get when you think with your dick!