

# Porcupine Tree, The Sound Of Muzak

Hear the sound of music drifting in the aisles  
Elevator prozac stretching on for miles

The music of the future will not entertain  
It's only meant to repress and neutralise your brain

Soul gets squeezed out  
Edges get blunt  
Demographic  
Gives what you want

One of the wonders of the world is going down  
It's going down I know  
It's one of the blunders of the world that no one cares  
No one cares enough

Now the sound of music comes in silver pills  
Engineered to suit you building cheap thrills  
The music of rebellion makes you wanna rage  
But it's made by millionaires who're nearly twice your age

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