

# Primal Scream, Electric Soup Dub

In every hick town in caledonia  
Across this pseudo nation  
You can see the most fucked up scum  
That was shat into creation  
Where a blue mckewan's lager top equals  
No imagination

You're hunbelievable  
You're hunbelievable

What do they do with all the confiscated bevy,  
The polis?  
Buckets and bags of it?  
Give it to the jakies? nah.  
Drink it themselves? mibbe.  
Give it back to the retailers  
So they can sell it all back to us over again  
The cunts (echo)  
You're hunbelievable  
You're hunbelievable

The mystery of scottish sport  
Is why we hate the english so.  
I love the english very much  
As long as they don't fuckin beat us  
In the european nations cup  
You're hunbelievable  
You're hunbelievable

Sitting outside wembley in `79,  
Jock punks in london, massive carry out  
Talking to a guy in an ice cream van  
So drunk for weeks and we're goin  
Way past the point of wantin tickets.  
It would be horrendous now if someone  
Was to hand you a fuckin ticket

You'd have to leave all the bevy  
Outside the grounds by the polis dump bins  
No fuckin way!  
Ten minutes into the fuckin game  
We'd be climbing up the walls to get out.  
Fuc-kin hell.  
Remember the banner  
"alcoholism beats communism",  
Well it beats the fuck out of football as well.

Think you're a success  
Your psyche's a mess  
Your economy is in distress

Sittin and waiting for the inevitable shot out  
That never comes  
Sittin and waiting for the inevitable shot out  
That never fuckin comes.