

Republica, Millenium

Everybody's talking about a new beginning
A new place to drink in, a fast new boyfriend.
A new science for a brand new century
A message to the future, electronic holiday
Let the clock roll.
So let the clock (the question is why)
Roll (the stars in the sky)

Clock hits midnight
Devils hitting midnight
We hit midnight
New Year - everything's goine quiet

Everybody's talking about a new space station
Your teeth falling out in the radiation
All your insurance and all your air miles
In gigantic computer millenium violence
Let the clock roll
So let the clock (the word is out now)
Roll (the sky's falling down)

Clock hits midnight
Devils hitting midnight
We hit midnight
New Year - everything's gone quiet

Everybody suddenly thinks its underground to get into bands that split up in the Sixties.
Burn up that software, Learn that Guitar and get on the radio in America, Yeah!

Clock hits midnight
Devils hitting midnight
We hit midnight
New Year - everything's gone quiet

Clock hits midnight
Devils hitting midnight
Rip it up midnight
New Year - everything's gone quiet