

Strangelove, 20th Century Cold

The very next time that you get me wrong
Will be the very last time that I ask you along
I'm just to uptight to be waiting around
I've taken more than enough to make up my mind
Unemotional - I know
A futureless peep show
All shimmering but it's empty and slow
Since I lost my feeling some time ago
20th century cold
My head's plugged in where the sun don't shine
Where there's no room for anybody else
Waging chemical warfare against myself
Just to get through the day
You see I gotta hurry it away
Unacceptable - I know
I'm an idiot sideshow
I'm .. (blah-blah-blah)
And I lost my caring some time ago
20th century cold
My heart still beats but I'm cold
Don't you feel it
Don't you feel it
As you breathe it
Don't you believe it
Don't you see it
Can't you feel it
Can't you feel it's cold -
It's cold.
Approaching Catatonia
It's a quarter to three
I see myself reflected
In the television screen
Somewhere very far away
I can hear myself scream
And I get that same old feeling
Get that same old feeling
Get that same old feeling
Get that same old feeling
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Get that same old feeling
20th century cold.