

# The Adverts, Great British Mistake

The great British mistake was looking for a way out,  
Was getting complacent, not noticing  
The pulse was racing.  
The mistake was fighting.  
The change, was staying the same.  
It couldn't adapt so it couldn't survive,  
Something had to give.  
The people take a downhill slide into the gloom.  
Into the darn recesses of their minds.

I swoop over your city like a bird.  
I climb the high branches and observe.  
Into the mouth, into the soul.  
I cast a shadow that swallows you whole.  
I swoop, I climb, I cling, I suck,  
I swallow you whole.

String out the drip-feed, they're losing their world,  
They're losing their hard boys and magazine girls.  
Advert illegal, T.V. as outlaw, motive as spell.  
They'll see the books burn. They'll be 451,  
It's people against things and not against each other.  
Out of the pre-pack, into the fear, into themselves.  
They're the great British mistake.  
The genie's out of the bottle, call in the magician.  
They didn't mean to free him, devil behind them,  
devil in the mirror, chained to their right hands.  
They're the great British mistake.  
They'll have to come to terms now, they'll take it out somehow.  
They'll blame it all on something.  
The British mistake - when will it be over?  
How can they avoid it?

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