

# The Buzzcocks, Keep On

There's no two ways about it  
There's nothing left to say  
If only you'd paid attention  
Then things wouldn't be this way  
Crazy paved with good intentions  
Is the rut that you're stuck in  
So that all that's left to fear  
Is the enemy within

Suffer from a little depression, baby  
Gotta tell the world what you feel  
Nothing wrong with self-expression, baby  
Keep on keeping it real

Spare me your hypocrisy  
I haven't got the time  
For unreasonable reason's  
More a punishment than crime  
We all can take cold comfort  
Now the writing's on the wall  
But the pill that's left to swallow  
Is the bitterest of all

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One more Pyrrhic victory  
Another dodgy deal

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