

The View, Wasteland

This is the wasteland, we call this the wasteland,
Where fewer little posh boys can't believe we treasure beer cans.
Where'd you get those fans,
Found them at the shop man,
Peculiar place to find them but they're dedicated View fans.
You think it's cynical to this home a miracle,
It's not a miracle; we're just so strangely typical,
Initiate in one gang, initiations tough man,
Imprisonment is on the cards,
We're heading for the quick sand.
Sign on the brew, coz there's nothing to do,
Nothing to do, but listen to you,
Not listening to you my parents told me not to,
This is the wasteland, our idealistic wasteland,
Regurgitated circle of a seven hour shop stand.
So steal a car chief, the police are off the beat thief,
They'll find it funny when they see insurance relief,
Sign on the brew, coz there's nothing to do,
Nothing to do, but I listen to you,
I'm not listening to you my parents told me not to,
Think you're a hard prick, something quite sadistic,
No you weren't sadistic when he'd done you with the brick vick,
Your land is boring, so very, very boring.
Wouldn't dream to wonder if it's raining or it's snowing.
This is the wasteland, wasteland...