

Chumbawamba, K-2

The weekend booze-up, out with your mates
To the indian restaurant--open til late
Mugs out of nightclubs, hungry and cold
Last chance for action before they stagger home
Work, ties, empty minds.
Years of lies, dumb and blind
Caged, bound and ready to ruck
Crudely wrapped, fed, fucked
Its easy in numbers to make racist jokes
And you have to prove to everyone youre one of the blokes
No imagination, never stopped to think
A lack of respect, a bellyful of drink
Work, ties, empty minds.
Years of lies, dumb and blind
Caged, bound and ready to ruck
Crudely wrapped, fed, fucked