

Conflict, Exploitation

Another fine timing for a step into line
For four budding young stars who've just found the time
An old tune and shit words, as long as they rhyme
Well just watch them boys because they can't fail this time
Well I've heard all the screams of another barmy army
But who sits in hotels with champagne and salami?
It only leaves you to be the one who's barmy
You're being led on to make a superstars fortune

Yeah, we live in dead cities, and the streets are grey
But I don't need Top of the Pops to make me think that way
I can see this rebellion on my TV screen
But no sign of a future for you and me
A slight reflection of the past, but that didn't last
Because the people who mattered weren't rolled in the cast
They're lining up another lot, all idols who
will be nailing down the coffin on me and you
You tell me about the Conflict barmy army.
Well, excuse me if I laugh, but I think it's rather funny
That when the businessman farts the punters go running
We are just the latest pile of shit; can't you see what's coming?

The businessmen whisper from backroom thrones
Their long grasping tentacles are hungry and strong
Top chart hits and in future, we can't go wrong
But it's only their wallets that get fat on our songs
Does it really matter about the businessman side?
I don't really give a fuck, if punk's dead or alive.
Top chart hits and future, they can do that for you.
But just ask this question, is it false or is it true?