

Crass, Have A Nice Day

same old stuff, you've heard it all before,
crass being crass about the system, or is it war?
we ain't got no humour, we don't know how to laugh
well, if you don't fucking like it -- fucking tough!
cos i'm the same old monkey in the same old zoo
with the same old message trying to get through
screaming from the platform when the train ain't even there,
i've got a one way ticket, but i don't fucking care.
if what i've got to say is always much the same,
it's cos the game the system plays is still the same old game.
senile idiots in their seats of power.
ancient rotting corpses breathing horror by the hour.
they're lovers of death those fucking creeps.
screwing our earth as our earth weeps.
iron ladies and steel men
waiting for their fucking war to start again.
blood lusting nutters plan death for us all,
they'll all be hiding in their bunkers as we watch the missiles fall,
ain't they just so decent, respectable and nice,
eating the fat of the land while it's us that pay the price.
westminster's full of psychopaths with blood clots 'stead of brains,
flesh hungry vultures picking our remains,
shitting on the world they've shat on many times before,
fucked it good and proper, in the name of the law.
well bollocks to the lot of you and you can fuck off too,
if your bored with what i say, no-one's asking you.
just fuck off and have your fun,
hoist your jolly roger and wave your plastic gun,
with your painted faces and your elegant style,
how about trying to think for a while?
as you decorate your lifestyle with cheap consumer bliss
forget about loving, it's your arse you're going to kiss.
as long as they've got you under their thumb
with t.v. lobotomy and media fun,
they'll have their way with you, what more can i say?
watch out for the mind police and have a nice day.