

# Crass, Reality Whitewash

the grey man at the wheel  
looks around to see if there's some skirt he can steal  
he doesn't really want to, he's just acting out a game  
and in their own fucked up way, most people do the same  
she cleans the bathroom mirror  
so she can line her eyes  
an expert in delusion, an artist in disguise  
she's not content with what she is, but she does the best she can  
but she doesn't do it for herself, she does it for her man  
and meanwhile he's out hunting, this master of the hunt  
cruising down the high street in his endless search for cunt  
and the posters on the hoardings encourage his pursuit  
glossy ads where men are men, and women simply cute  
and the men are in their motorcars and the men have nerves of steel  
and they dream of Charlie's angels as they firmly grip the wheel  
and they fantasise they're screwing in the back seat of the car  
fantasise they're fucking with a real life movie star  
fantasies to fill the gaps, to fill in every crack  
a whitewash on reality to hide the truth they lack  
now she's sponging down the cooker, on the surface all is fine  
his dinner's in the oven cos he's doing overtime  
she switches on the telly, it makes her feel secure  
helps confirm her way of life, who needs to ask for more  
she sees the happy family, wife and hubby on the screen  
the perfect social unit, just like it's always been  
she's done the very best she can  
to love and honour and obey her man  
and if she should ever doubt the wisdom of her choice  
she can turn to television for it's moderating voice  
the ads and weekly series are the proof she needs  
that a life of boredom outweighs the deeds  
she sits up till the epilogue and goes to bed alone  
content that when he's finished work he'll go straight home  
meanwhile he downs another scotch, the lady has a coke  
and he's asked about the wife he treats it as a joke  
?hear the one about the you-know-what?  
he's got what it takes and he takes what he's got  
he took his woman and he'll take plenty more  
she took on a rat to keep the wolf from the door  
then maybe in her loneliness she'll want to have a child  
who'll be taught the games of adulthood, boxed and filed  
another life to whitewash, to us a child is born  
to follow in its parents' tracks, the path's well worn  
fantasy and falsehood, truth and lie  
the fucked up system they call reality  
the system needs its servants, each birth is one more  
they'll gently talk of freedom as they quietly lock the door  
cos the system needs its servants if the system's going to run  
needs its fodder for the workhouse, it's targets for the gun.