

Crass, Time Out

They're using skateboards as spastic chairs
For the legless fuckers who fought your affairs,
They're moulding babies' dummies with a permanent smile
Keep the bleeders early in rank and file.
They're giving you a chance to be a plastic wrap,
Around the doggies' meat can full of fucking crap.
They're making little dollies, they tell you "it's a boy,"
Baby brother tender love to bring you lots of joy.
They're making plastic families, all neighbourly folk,
So she can dress and wash them, what a fucking joke.

Teaching Little Johnny to shoot a gun,
"A terrific way", say father, "to get to know your son."
Spare parts, body parts, I'm somebody.
Ever seen the legs and arms of some poor squaddy?
Signs in the food stores, advertising meat,
Beef blade, chuck roast, last you all the week.
They're telling you you like it, you're saying that you do,
They don't have to force it and tell you how to chew.
You swallow it whole, without a fucking squeak,
Sitting there quietly up they creep.
You think you're fucking different, you think it's you and them,
If they asked you a question, you'd ask them when.
You think you're hard done by, but you just want the same,
Chicken thighs, human thighs, it's all the same old game.
Well, you made the choice, money, sex and crime,
Tight little egos asking for the time.
Well I ain't got it, you can sit in your pit,
Middle class, working class, it's all a load of shit.
Middle class, working class, it's all a load of shit.
Middle class, working class, all a load of shit.