

Darren Hayes, Bombs Up In My Face

Now everybody's beautiful
When they're young
And I should know
I've had more than my share of fun

There's all this fascination
With the impossibly thin
With the surface of things
Airbrush Photoshop creation

In all that we are losing
Aren't we just confusing
Youth with beauty?
Truth with duty?

There's something on the telly 'bout North Korea
Some war broke out don't trust the media
I'd like to get a suntan
Some dude was shot in Pakistan

The track's got noddage
Moves my boddage
The track's got noddage
The track's got noddage

They've got those bombs up in the planes
They've got those bombs up in the trains
They've got those bombs up in my face
Don't wanna talk about it
[x2]

I was walking through the city
Past a phone shop and a homeless man
Was lying there looked almost dead
And no one seemed to bother

I ran into a rock and roll band
Two or three of them, maybe four
This one punk just 19 years old
He gave me his persuasion

He looked at me with his one black eye
Looked down on me like I didn't have a life
And he was right
At least not the kinda life he'd been paradin'

Same sex union (ooh!)
Change the constitution
You can carry a gun
But you better not fall in love with someone

The President who fucked the world
For every future boy and girl
Is golfing in Aruba
With a suntan and scuba

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[x2]

Now everybody dies or fades away
A permutation white and grey
A synergy of light and dust
And skin cells constantly aging

You fell in love with the dream
To fuck forever endlessly
But you don't, and that's ok
The rest is better anyway

Botox bungle CNN
Infomercial count to ten
Change the channel VCR
Something's on my radar

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Moves my boddage
The track's got noddage

They've got those bombs up in the planes
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Don't wanna talk about it
[x4]

They've got those bombs up in the planes
They've got those bombs up in the trains
Don't want to talk about it