Hugh Cornwell, Wired

Wired antisocial beast
Wired not put out in the least
Someone's got up my nose
Bothering me who knows
The whys and the wherefores
Speaking in semaphores
Wired everything moves in slow motion
Wired some sort of a computer
The tapes running backwards
Keep up your step on the moving pavement
So what are you on? x4
An escalator taking you underground
That's what it is it is
That's what it is it is it is