

# Jimmy Somerville, Junk

He can't take the street no more  
Street too full full of junk  
Thinks he'll hide in his room  
Room too full full of junk

He turns to his t.v. t.v. full full of junk  
Processed zombies pushing junk  
Junk food junk clothes  
Dressed in junk from head to toe

Eat what you're given  
Eat what you get  
Eat what you're given  
Eat what you get  
Eat what you're given

Eat what you get  
Eat what you're given  
Eat what you get

Be thankful what you get  
He screams for more  
Hits the night life once again  
Night life full full of junk

Junk is all he'll ever know  
Junk music junk dance  
Too many junkheads on the floor

(repeat chorus to end)