

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)