

Meg Lee Chin, Nutopia

my generation
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the cities all wrapped up

I saw the best minds of my generation
running on empty, superglued to the TV
Dreaming of prosperity,
Talking incessantly,
Saying nothing.
Sleeping on platforms at train stations,
Sipping chemical cocktails,
Alive to the Universe,
Dead to the World.

Hallucinating delusions of media reality in Camden Town, Desperate in the pursuit of cool.

He's in a suit, she's in a straight jacket,
7-11 nightmares at 3am. lay low..

"and the moon is quiet and holy"
Watch all the bridges collide,
And I think we might have to lay low, for a while.

I saw the best minds of my generation,
caught up in the virtual reality of living.
Memorizing pin numbers and secret codes.
Swaying robotically to non-existent rhythms,
Flashing memberships to clubs so exclusive
nobody belongs.

Scared shitless, witless, clueless, useless, tight-lipped, tight-fisted, tight-assed, half-assed, ass-lick
lay low..

ass-licking, coke-sniffing, money grabbing, ego-jabbing.

lay low..

Sniveling, groveling, moaning, groaning
Sniveling, groveling, moaning, groaning
sniveling, groveling, sniveling, groveling
sniveling, groveling, sniveling, groveling

"and the moon is quiet and holy"
Watch all the bridges collide,
And I think we might have to lay low, for a while.

Jesus said "Lay down your arms." Jesus said "Children come home."

The city's all wrapped up in plastic like an electronic cocoon.
If you lay in the street you can hear it humming,
Building up slowly from underground.
If you close your eyes you can observe the blueprint,
The man-made DNA that spirals breathlessly out of control.
As synapses collapse, bridges snap, to a restless utopia:
Nutopia.

Now the rain has arrived, and I think we might have to lay low, lay low..
Watch all the bridges collide, and I think we might have to lay low.

Jesus said "Lay down your arms." Jesus said "Children come home."
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