Nick Kershaw, Radio Musicola

black vinyl man with black plasticised imagination more fodder for the new lost generation i got a question to send you to the nearest closet why can't you let us do it like JONI does it there you go again, giving it your very best trying so hard to make it sound like all thee rest and as your factory sanctifies your wooden soul you gave us T.V. dinners, now it's T.V. rock 'n' roll

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i got political inclinations to announce but no way, if it doesn't scan with your accounts i got some spiritual ideology for you i know it's gotta correspond with the corporation view

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you can find it in the streets you can find it in the elevators you can find it where the ladies wash their hands it emanates from littleboxes on the wall and it'll soon be coming in disposable tin cans

my soul shows art to me, but dollars says my radio wall street liquid lunches showing us the way to go why tolerate this numismatical polity? there isn't any other way, there isn't any other way, more's the pity

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