

Nik Kershaw, Roses

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
we're growing p
we're growing up
to radio musicola
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
we're growing up
we're growing p
to radio musicola
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
we're growing up
we're growing up
to radio musicola