

Pet Shop Boys, The Lost Room

Sent away to school
we were taught to march and shoot
and take our discipline in teams
They trained us to be hard
or cruelty and manhood
are synonymous it seems
and we
knew camaraderie

In the lost room
our hideaway
we would play the strangest games
that any boy might like to play
In the lost room
both night and day
candles flickered casting shadows
on the monsters and their prey

Mother, I wrote to you
but your answers only said
that it's important to be brave
Father was far away
in a corner of the empire
where we never shall be slaves
For we
know camaraderie

In the lost room
a boy could see
how survival of the fittest
meant destruction of the weak
In the lost room
a tyranny
was imposed by those who crowed
they'd never turn the other cheek

Crash! And then again
but the servants cleaning dormitories
can't hear what we say
Crack! It's only pain
and important to be disciplined
when war is on the way
they say
We will obey

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that any boy might like to play
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both night and day
candles flickered casting shadows
on the monsters and their prey

In the lost room
a boy could see
how survival of the fittest
meant destruction of the weak
In the future
as time would tell
running riot under orders
would create a living hell

Lost, mother, I'm lost

Lost, mother, I'm lost