

Pop Will Eat Itself, City Zen Radio 1990, 2000 Fm

City Zen citizens walking past
Head down heading for
Nowhere fast
Keeping ahead
Keep business busy
Making bizarre schemes
To make us dizzy
Now I don't know
What's right or wrong
I'm too rapped up
In philosophical song
But we can offer our guidance
Proffer our suss
A stepping stone to
A collective consciousness
No ID cards! No poll tax!
When you score own goals
You need new backs
We've no time for brackets
Or boxes or cages
You're listening to
The rock of ages

Caught you on the dancefloor
Trousers down! Dancing to the
Ugliest sound around
>From City Zen to the powers
That be, you got
T.R.O.U.B.L.E.