

Pop Will Eat Itself, X, Y, & Zee

I am he who is X Y and Zee
I carry no card my life is cheap
Have no worries I do not fret
Some may have what I'm yet to get
And you may wonder, "Is it how?"
A kitten may turn into a cow
With bells and horns and
Tinned corned beef
Forests, profits
Plastic High Streets
I am he who is A B and Cee
An easy option
Like twentieth century
Satisfaction guaranteed
It's easy!

Let's steal a spaceship and
Head for the sun and
Shoot the stars with
A lemonade ray gun
Make a movie and
A TV show
You be Jane
I'm George Jetson

CHORUS

I am you! You are me!
X Y Zee to A B Cee
You, Me, Us
We are one

>From out our window
We can see
Electric sunshine
Oxygen factories
Clockwork tides
Synthetic trees
Just like the real ones
On Vee Tee
Mother Nature and Father Time
Used to be good friends of mine
But now we've put them
In a home
Filed them under "uses unknown";
"No Pop? No style!"
Is a phrase out of phase
To praise what's worthwhile
This is as good as it gets
this is the best

Let's catch the last rays
Of civilisation and tune-in to a
Sub-space station
Turn up the DJ
Let's get lost in intergalactic
Punk rock hip hop

CHORUS

This is the time
The time of our lives
Escaping time
For the all time highs
Of love, lust, laughter

That make us sweat
Let's stimulate
Sensory amplification
This is PWEI-zation!
This is this
It's the living end
"Je t'aime! Encore! Je t'aime!"

CHORUS