

Snog, Late Twentieth Century Boy

You wake in the morning, but you're hard to find
A look in the mirror, what you've left behind
You go to your job, or you wander 'round
There's plenty of stuff, but nothing to be found

You're a late twentieth century
Post-modern refugee
A late twentieth century
Post-modern tragedy

There's nothing that'll move ya
There's plenty to be bought
There's no kind of mystery
There's no new thought
Tied up in your neurotic knots
Airhead celebrities, that's all you got

You're a late twentieth century
Post-modern refugee
A late twentieth century
Post-modern tragedy

Separated from nature and earth
You foraged once, now you're chained to the hearse
You disappeared in the checkout line
The price you paid was always just fine

You're a late twentieth century
Post-modern refugee
A late twentieth century
Post-modern tragedy