

Snog, Playstation Blues

Like a fish with a Playstation
Like a prison with rubber bars
Wandering, bewildered
Don't know where we are
More than useless, more than dim
This rollercoaster is a train wreck
Is a dumpster, is a bin

We're fucking for virginity
Believing authority
Praising the crim, beating the slave
Blind leading blind
Through a maze

With every rotation
With every turn of the page
Every hour, every second
Of this dismal abacus age
The chattering machines
Whisper in your ear
Dumber by the moment
Is the result I fear

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