

# The Abs, Luck

You've got to rise up before you're rooted  
You're telling me  
The air of perception gets polluted  
You're telling me  
You've got to size up what you're achieving  
You've got to wise up and start believing  
Or you've witnessed all you'll see

Resigned receipt of fate's despatches  
You're pilot light's out, you've got no matches  
The evidence lays before the clueless  
You think you feigned content'll fool us  
And you've witnessed all you'll see

Leaving our mark all over the map  
Ain't landed in the generation trap  
The luck of a lot of the chaps  
Ain't been so good  
A virgin territory looms  
On a cold brick horizon, three bedrooms  
Wake the bleedin' lot of you up  
Perhaps it would!

You're quick enough to defend yourself  
Too proud to hear the accusation  
Clearly see the task ahead, but  
Wallow in your resignation  
Your livers doing overtime  
Brain's working to rule  
In the light of your potential  
This is a treachery...