

# The Buzzcocks, Flat-Pack Philosophy

I'm cracking up can't take the strain  
From heaven to hell and back again

And so each night I say a prayer  
Someone to love someone to care

Hold on  
Why am I here ?  
What are we living for ?  
All of my hopes, dreams and desires  
Assembly required  
That's flat-pack philosophy

So when my thoughts make me depressed  
I think the best and f\*\*k the rest

Despite it all the future's key  
The double decker bus, the one I didn't see

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