

# The Buzzcocks, Paradise

Where in the world are we  
Everything's fake nothing's real  
I guess it just depends on how you feel  
Why are you wasting my time  
With questions when everything's fine  
Why are things so nice  
Is this the place that they call Paradise  
Oh it's Paradise

Look around you day by day  
See the people on their way  
On Friday nights collecting their pay  
So don't tell me what's wrong and what's right  
'Cos a knife fight on Saturday night  
Is the only kind of justice not nice  
But it's the only kind that's given here in Paradise  
Oh it's Paradise