

The Jam, Scrape Away

Your twisted cynicism - makes me feel sick -
Your open disgust for 'Idealistic naive'
You've given up hope you're jaded and ill
The trouble is your thoughts a catching disease
Ooh - you need to get away -
Ooh - you need a change of pace -
Because you're all dried up and you don't believe
You reckon I'm dreaming when I say I still feel real
You say you work for yourself and its the only way
But I look at you talking and to me you just scrape away -

What makes once young minds get in this state,
Is it age or just the social climate
You're talking like some fucking hardend MP
You're saying power's all!
And it's power you NEED!

Ooh - you need to get away -
Ooh - you need a change of place -
Because you've given up on hope -
You're emotionless -
You've no need for love it's just hate, hate, hate.
But I look at you shaking and it is you -
who is scraping away

You who is scraping away.