

The Jam, The Combine

And life is very different, when you're in a crowd
When you're in a crowd, you see things as they really are
The smell the fear and hate, generated by all around -
I wanna breakaway, but the ties are too strong
I wanna go on holiday, but the crowd says I can't
See life is very difficult, when you're in a crowd
Sometimes in the night, I wish I was faraway
But then I realize, even escape will be in vain
I wanna close my eyes and be like the rest
I mean, nobody wants to die, although the crowd say they do
Look, life is very intricate, when you're in a crowd
Life becomes the movies
And everyone has a role
It's easy being the actors
When the combine's the only star -
Sunday papers
And the dailies
Ena Sharples
Page 3 girls
News at ten
War in Rhodesia
Far away
In a distant land
But we're alright
We're nice and warm here
No one to hurt us
Except ourselves