

The Jam, The Great Depression

I think we must have all gone mad
Maybe right turned over
They promise us the earth
Instead we've got the great depression
Now you're free and easy with the base
You blame your brothers and sisters
And neurotics say "sod the rest"
It's the new dissention

Into the abyss
By pushing forwards
It's always down
It's a desperate war
You're trying to blow yourselves up
You don't care who you stand... with the help about
Hey hey - well that's not the way

No sense or reason in your fussing and fighting
And your violent obsession
Who's ever really left feeling fine
After the great depression?
No sense of purpose in the competition
Keeping up with the Jones's
You buy a house,
You buy a car
You buy a marriage and a bed of roses

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