

The Style Council, Confessions Of A Pop-Group

Cheap and tacky bullshit land
told when to sit don't know where you stand
too busy recreating the past
to live in the future.

Poor relations to Uncle Sam - bears no relation to the country man
too busy being someone else to be who you really are.

Shitty plastic prefab town
mind where you walk when the sun goes down
too busy hating others to even love your own.

Bobbies on the beat again - beating blacks for blues again.
It's one way to get involved in the community.

Love me, love my jeans
I must buy shares in Heinz baked beans
too busy buying up, selling out, selling off.

3,2,1, in others terms - win a life sentence and a queen mum perm
the individuals that state, in a state of seige.

Do pop and press and mix, do tits and news stew
The next one in the poor house could be you
to busy saying "thank you" to say what for?

No time to spare - "spare me a dime"?
the Great Depression is organised crime
Their confessions are written in your blood.

Kiss your ass an' dreams goodbye
come back when you've learnt to cry
to busy try'na be strong to see how weak you are.

Wave your flags and waive your fate
the freedom you claim is the one you hate
the victory you seek will never come.

Brutal views through brutal eyes
see no future, hear no lies
speak no truth to me or the people I love.

When I grow up I want to be
all the things you've never been
and your opinion will count for none.