

Utopia, Winston Smith Takes It On The Jaw

We got no razor blades, we got no victory gin
I got no tiny alcove to hide myself in
To say things weren't good would not be an untruth
But I just met a girl from the anti-sex youth
We get up in the morning for physical jerks
We might pass in the hall as we're going to work
I have found us a place where there's no telescreen
And there's no hidden mikes and it's not too unclean
While the high remain high