

X-Ray Spex, Plastic Bag

(spoken)

My mind, is like, a plastic bag

(sung)

1977 and we are going mad

1977 and we've seen too many ads

1977 and we're gonna show them all

Apathy's a drag

(spoken)

My mind, is like, a plastic bag

That corresponds, to all those ads

It sucks up all the rubbish

That is fed in through by ear

I eat Kleenex for breakfast

And use soft hygienic Weetabix

To dry my tears

(sung)

1977 and we are going mad

1977 and we've seen too many ads

1977 and we're gonna show them all

Apathy's a drag

(spoken)

My mind, is like, a switchboard

With crossed and tangled lines

Contented with confusion

That is plugged into my head

I don't know what's going on

It's the operator's job, not mine, I said

(sung)

1977 and we are going mad

1977 and we've seen too many ads

1977 and we're gonna show them all

Apathy's a drag

(spoken)

My dreams, I daren't remember

Or tell you what I've seen

I've dreamt that I was Hitler

The ruler of the sea

The ruler of the universe

The ruler of the supermarket

And even fatalistic me

(sung)

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