

XTC, Across This Antheap

Soldiers, workers, slaves and farmers,
Nurses, queens and drones.
Wish they'd leave my head tonight,
Let me rest my bones.
(Ziggedy zig zag just look at 'em. Ziggedy zag, hey hey)
A billion feet sound just like a billion drums.
A bed is creaking as the messiah comes.
The cars are crashing and the bacon is hacked.
The coffin's lowered and the lunches get packed.
Still segregating 'cause we insects are too proud.
Doesn't matter what colour of cat you are there's no dogs allowed.
And the screaming sky won't let me sleep.
The stars are laughing at us,
As we crawl on and on across this antheap.
War planes go over but no wages go 'round.
A sign goes up to say hey we're twin towned.
The dough is rising but no bread will be baked.
The fur is genuine but the orgasm's faked.
We're spending millions to learn to speak porpoise,
When human loneliness is still a deafening noise.
And the screaming sky won't let me sleep.
The stars are laughing at us,
As we crawl on and on across this antheap.
Soldiers, workers, slaves and farmers,
Nurses, queens and drones.
Wish they'd leave my head tonight,
And let me rest my bones.
And all the world's babies are crying still.
While all the police cars harmonize with power drills.
As jets and kettles form a chord with screeching gulls.
Accompanied by truncheons keeping time on human skulls.
And the screaming sky won't let me sleep.
The stars are laughing at us,
As we crawl on and on past lovers who'll leap.
On and on past widows who'll weep.
On and on no more than skin deep.
On and on across this antheap.