

XTC, Funk Pop A Roll

Funk pop a roll beats up my soul
Oozing like napalm from the speakers and grill
Of your radio
Into the mouths of babes
And across the backs of its willing slaves
Funk pop a roll consumes you whole
Gulping in your opium so copiously from a disco
Everything you eat is waste
But swallowing is easy when it has no taste
They can fix you rabbits up
With your musical feed
They can fix you rabbits up
Big money selling you stuff that you do not need
Funk pop a roll for fish in shoals
Music by the yard for the children they keep
Like poseable dolls
The young to them are mistakes
Who only want bread but they're force-fed cake
Funk pop a roll the only goal
The music business is a hammer to keep
You pegs in your holes
But please don't listen to me
I've already been poisoned by this industry!
Funk pop a roll beats up my soul