

XTC, Traffic Light Rock

Sindy's spending too much money on clothes
Ken is going back to Gay Bob
The Teddy bears swear the neighbourhood's gone
Since the moving in of Golliwog
Rag doll gets beaten up by the Action man
The one with the real life hair
He walks and he talks in a commanding voice
But sexually he's not all there
Oh dear what can the matter be, my children sweet children
What gives down in the nursery, my children sweet children
Oh dear what if the cradle falls, my children sweet children
Toys are only human after all, who killed 'em we killed 'em
If toys are quarreling amongst themselves
What hope is there now for the world?
The smell of smoke hanging thick over funland
As the older toys are pushed down a ramp
The microchip master race are melting them down
In a dolly concentration camp
The world's gone mad but in miniature
The kids can only do what they feel
See them copy what their parents have done
'Til they're old enough to do it for real
Burn!