

XTC, Travels In Nihilon

You've learnt no lessons
all that time so cheaply spent
there's no youth culture
only masks they let you rent
Travels, travels in Nihilon
we've seen, no Jesus come and gone
Fashion, their vampire
drapes itself across your back
as you fall from style
it waits rebirth on its rack
Building your whimsy
hypnotising you to need
dance goes full circle
one step ahead of your greed
You've learnt no lessons
all those years to get it right
flashes of promise
burn out faster than strobe light