

Zounds, Loads Of Noise

Well the news is on, I listen all day
It's stranger than fiction that they make up these days
The music is crap, that the radio plays
I know it for certain, it's true like all cliches

The kids are making loads of noise outside on the street tonight
They're stealing cars, crashing them, Cortinas, Jags and anything - that moves

The phone-ins are stupid and sometimes they're sad
All the people who call-in they are totally mad
The interviewer so certain, so smug and so right
Cut you off in a second, shut you down when he like

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All the D.J.'s play records, keep a permanent smile
Can't they be that happy, so much of the while
Do they think we're so stupid, so useless and dumb
That we need their inanities to have a little fun

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