

Quietly Alone

Kirsty MacColl

There's an old ... coming on my new tv
So I go out for a quiet drink
But it costs a packet and it's such a racket
That I can't hear myself think
There's a microchip one armed bandit with a screw loose
A stripper in the corner with a face like thunder
A terrible band playing "johnny be goode"
So I'd rather go home and stay quietly alone
I get up in the morning with the radio on
I do my makeup and I go to look for work
Somebody tells me that the job's just gone
And I've been replaced by some computer jerk
I would talk to my boyfriend but I never can
'cause a space invader stole my man
There's a dreadful playing "johnny be goode"
So I'd rather go home and stay quietly alone
Trying to keep my sanity is hard to do
Living like a hermit all alone
Find an occupation that won't deafen me
My sense of reality's gone
My temperature is getting higher and higher
And I'm shaking in my jeans
'cause I get so angry when I'm shut in
With one of those machines
I would talk to my boyfriend but I never can
'cause a space invader stole my man
And the synthesizer's playing "johnny be goode"
Then I'd rather go home and stay quietly alone
Quietly alone
Quietly alone
Quietly alone
Quietly alone