

We demand a universal grid  
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ID-Ray High, Gridlife Chronicles, November the tenth, 1992  
I'm working on my own in here, going over some old music I did  
in 1970  
It's got something, something special, I could really dream the  
n  
It ain't such a bad dream either.

Walking to a club  
I've been completely degraded by chasing publicity  
Degraded, yeah, I'll never go back, I know too much  
I know how it's done, I can't discover it all over again, make  
it seem new

You're great, Ray, you know that, man, here, hold up, this is t  
he place  
What? Can't go in here, that bloody cow Ruth Streeting uses thi  
s club  
She hates my guts  
It's her job to hate your guts, she's a journalist, it's nothin  
g personal

Oh sod it, I forgot, of course she won't be here, she's in the  
States  
Oh c'mon, let's go in anyway  
We've got to get back in the mainstream sometime  
Come on, you own shares in the place

That cow wrote that I'm ugly  
Well, you are ugly  
I'm not  
Yes, you are  
No, I'm not  
Well, you are, actually  
Oh bullocks, Oh, let's go in