

# Nineteen Forty-Eightish

Roy Harper

The lemmings push their pens and rush  
In hoards of crashing stupor  
Towards the farms of Babylon  
To scramble mother nature  
Where unrelenting drudgery  
Is all there is to nurture  
And life and death are by consent  
And love is for oppression  
Welcome to my nightmare  
It's the one in which I always press the button

A million tons of printed shit  
Come through my door each day  
Up to my dick, around my neck  
I can't even throw it away  
Bills for my shirt, receipts for my soul  
With only a moment to pay  
Before the thud of the future  
Gives me the shakes  
Welcome to my nightmare  
It's the one in which I always burn the cakes

In 1649

Just as I light the loaded fire  
A space invader lands  
It's full of cops and bureaucrats  
With bouquets of final demands  
And I see my life flash before me again  
Slipping through my hands  
As the sound of harvest closes in  
Swooping - reaping  
Welcome to my nightmare  
It's the one in which I walk when I'm not sleeping

In thirteen twenty four  
The one we've all been waiting for  
Nineteen eighty-four

There's a little man left to hold the can  
He don't know how and his only plan  
Is everlasting life

He beats the street with his plates of meat  
In the sandwich board of his final retreat  
Bellowing goodbye

Everyone sees and nobody shares  
Everyone knows its the truth that he bears  
That the end is nigh

And he stands against the rails at Oxford Circus  
Leafleting the souls who keep this pace  
That gathers speed and calls itself  
The human race

And shadows fight with men of straw

In pockets of derision  
While mother checks up on the stars  
Denies her intuition  
And sends young Julia to school  
To learn an empty vision  
That's full of paper tiger rats  
To pass to her own children  
Welcome to my nightmare  
I'm the father, son and whole polluted system

In nineteen eighty-four  
Nineteen eighty-four  
Nineteen eighty-four  
The one we've all been longing for  
Nineteen eighty-four