

Confessions Of A Pop-group

The Style Council

Cheap and tacky bullshit land
Told when to sit, don't know where you stand
Too busy recreating the past to live in the future

Poor relations to Uncle Sam
Bears no relation to the country man
Too busy being someone else to be who you really are

Shitty plastic prefab town
Mind where you walk when the sun goes down, down
Too busy hating others to even love your own

Bobbies on the beat again
Beating blacks for blues again
That's one way to get involved in the community

Love me, love my jeans
I must buy shares in Heinz Baked Beans
Too busy buying up, selling out, oh, selling off

3 2 1 in others terms
Win a life sentence and a queen mum perm
The individual's the state, in a state of siege

Do pop, press and mix, do tits and news stew
Say, the next one in the poor house could be you
Too busy saying thank you to say what for
What for, what for

No time to spare, spare me a dime
The Great Depression is organized crime
Their confessions are written in your blood
Your blood

Kiss your ass and dreams goodbye
Come back when you've learnt to cry
Too busy trying to be strong to see how weak you are

Wave your flags and waive your fate
The freedom you claim is the one you hate
The victory you seek will never come

Brutal views through brutal eyes
See no future, hear no lies
Speak no truth to me or the people I love

And when I grow up, I want to be
All the things you've never been
And your opinion will count for none

Heading for a breakdown
Heading for a breakdown
Heading for a breakdown

[Incomprehensible]
Heading for a breakdown
Breakdown