

View "Wasteland"

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Listening to you, not listening

This is the wasteland, we call this the wasteland
Where fewer little posh boys can't believe we treasure
beer cans
Where'd you get those fans? Found them at the shop,
man
Peculiar place to find them but they're dedicated View
fans

You think it's cynical to this home a miracle
It's not a miracle, we're just so strangely typical
Initiate in one gang, initiation is tough, man
Imprisonment is on the cards, we're heading for the
quick sand

Sign on the brew 'cause there's nothing to do
Nothing to do but listen to you
Not listening to you, my parents told me not to
Listening to you, my parents told me not to

This is the wasteland, our idealistic wasteland
Regurgitated circle of a seven hour shop stand

So steal a car, chief, the police are off the beat, thief
They'll find it funny when they see insurance relief

Sign on the brew 'cause there's nothing to do
Nothing to do but listen to you
Not listening to you, my parents told me not to
Listening to you, look, my parents told me not to

Think you're a hard prick, something quite sadistic
No, you weren't sadistic when he'd done you with the
brick wick
Your land is boring, so very, very boring
You wouldn't need to wonder if it's raining or it's
snowing

We call this the wasteland, wasteland, wasteland
Idealistic wasteland, wasteland, wasteland
This is the wasteland, your trick is the wasteland

Idealistic circle of a little bit of wasteland

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