

XTC

"Funk Pop A Roll"

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Funk pop a roll beats up my soul
Oozing like napalm from the speakers and grill
Of your radio into the mouths of babes
And across the backs of its willing slaves

Funk pop a roll consumes you whole
Gulping in your opium so copiously
From a disco, everything you eat is waste
But swallowing is easy when it has no taste

They can fix you rabbits up
With your musical feed
They can fix you rabbits up
Big money selling you stuff that you really do not need

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Funk pop a roll for fish in shoals
Music by the yard for the children they keep
Like poseable dolls, the young to them are mistakes
Who only want bread but they're force-fed cake

Funk pop a roll the only goal
The music business is a hammer to keep
You pegs in your holes but please don't listen to me
I've already been poisoned by this industry

Funk pop a roll beats up my soul
Funk pop a roll beats up my soul

Bye bye

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