

## XTC

# "Obscene Procession"

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Can't you see 'em, in obscene procession?  
Clad in fox fur all cocky, they're violent and insane  
Pink and wobbling with all their possessions  
They live on junk food and tv and booze  
And bottles of pain relief pills and all.

Don't you love them?  
They make life hell here  
And think there's heaven above 'em.

Can't you hear 'em in obscene procession?  
It's called talking, it's how they betray their closest  
friends.  
Cough and wheezing, they dribble pretension,  
Slimy tongues tell the truth which they love to bash and  
bend.

Can't you smell 'em in obscene procession?  
Stink of bacon, defoliants, [fear/beer] and [small  
cigars/swastikas]  
Whips and semen, adulterous confessions,  
Mixed with money and those little refreshments  
Hung in their cars and wardrobes and all

Don't you hate  
Those full of hot air  
They need their warfare  
To deflate 'em.

Animals beware  
Knives and forks that glare  
Never trust those staring humans  
Being the worst  
Especially when they're hungry.

Animals beware  
Knives and forks so bare  
Never trust those staring humans  
Being the worst  
Especially when they're hungry  
They make each other hungry  
There's no need to be hungry

Not today.

Can't you see 'em, in obscene procession?  
Fat and pompous, they crush their only children to the  
floor  
Aren't you glad that I told you about them?  
Aren't you glad you never evolved up any more?

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