

Xray Spex

"Plastic Bag"

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1977 and we are going mad
It's 1977 and we've seen to many ads
1977 and we're gonna show them all
That apathy's a drag
My mind is like a plastic bag
That corresponds to all those ads
It sucks up all the rubbish
That is fed in through by ear
I eat kleenex for breakfast
And use soft hygienic weetabix
To dry my tears
My mind is like a switchboard
With crossed and tangled lines
Contented with confusion
That is plugged into my head
I don't know what's going on
It's the operators job, not mine
I said
My dreams I daren't remember
Or tell you what I've seen
I dreamt that I was hitler

The ruler of the see

The ruler of the universe

The ruler of the supermarkets

And even fatalistic me

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