

Blur

"End Of Century"

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She says there's ants in the carpet
Dirty little monsters
Eating all the morsels
Picking up the rubbish
Give her effervescence
She needs a little sparkle
Good morning TV
You're looking so healthy
We all say
Don't want to be alone
We wear the same clothes
'Cuz we feel the same
And kiss with dry lips
When we say goodnight
End of a century
It's nothing special
Sex on the TV
Everybody's at it
And the mind gets dirty
As you get closer
To thirty
He gives her a cuddle
Glowing in a huddle
Good night TV
You're all made up
And you're looking like me
Can you eat her?
Yes, you can

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