

## Fad Gadget "Ultramarine"

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Send in the choppers  
Bring down the axe  
Here comes Agent Orange  
With his mortar attacks  
Void of any conscience  
Wiped out from the start  
Never find compassion  
In his purple heart

Oh oh  
This move is obscene  
I don't feel part of  
This killing culture  
Oh oh  
The glassy eyes that I've seen  
I won't be entertained  
By this ultramarine

Ultramarine

Liberation comes  
In jeans and coca-cola  
Liberty this bullet's  
Got your name on it  
You make the films  
And you're making history  
Napalm-burger-bars  
Popcorn victory

Oh oh  
This move is obscene  
I don't feel part of  
This killing culture  
Oh oh  
Here's punishment for your dreams  
I won't be entertained  
By this ultramarine

Ultramarine

Oh oh

I don't feel part of  
This killing culture  
Oh oh  
I'm afraid, I'm repulsed  
By this ultramarine

Ultramarine  
Ultramarine

The year is 1963  
I'm 6 years old  
A monk in some far off land  
Dowses himself in petrol  
And strikes a match  
I'm watching television  
A black silhouette  
Engulfed in white flame  
Still moving after what seems  
A very long time  
Burning Buddha  
The room is filled with blue light  
We change channels  
And watch a James Cagney movie  
Marching soldiers singing  
"Over there over there..."

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