

Fatboy Slim "Echo Chamber"

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King Tubby died today,
Struck down by a careless cliché.
The Hitman had to say it was an error,
He was aiming for the airplay.

Is there hope, in being ahead of our time?
Brother can you spare me a bassline?
How come you've got pre-pubescents fainting,
When Van Gogh died before he sold a painting.

Now time keeps on slipping,
And we're to blame.
While the pioneers are starving in J.A.

So we spied like a fly on the wall,
Deep within the halls of the record companies.

And they know it is poor,
But what the hell, it's going to get "A" listed.

Now we've hit on 24 tracks,
Before the ink is dry upon the contracts.
We've a dream of Marx & Lenin,
Drowning in a sea of snow-washed denim.

Why should the masters innovate,
When every time we come along & rob them?
And well may you shrug & renovate,
If you're not part of the solution,
You're part of the problem

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