

## Gang Of Four "Of The Instant"

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Who owns what you do?  
Who owns what you use?  
This land is your land  
This land is my land

Right now to touch flesh is real  
Let us think only of the instant  
There was something that I can't remember  
Did you say, "I've had enough"?

We are in a happy state  
It all comes to those who wait  
While others plot the fate of nations  
We spent the afternoons in an embrace

Somehow, you can't block it out  
The bitter taste of interference  
We still try to construct the difference  
The space between a word and its sense

We, it seems, can own ourselves  
In imagination

Then you say, we make our own world  
Not everyone takes what they are given  
If we believe what we are saying  
We have the chance to include ourselves out

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Who owns what you use?

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Did you say, "I've had enough"?

There was something that I can't remember  
We have the chance to include ourselves out

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