

Hawkwind

"Hi Tech Cities"

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?????? people always exist
Where there's no telly
And no place to get pissed
The crops they have sown
Have had a bad year
Their children will starve
And live in fear

Ordered matter's
Never random
Even God-dwellers
Live in cellars
Hi Tech Cities
Such a pity
Life is sterile
Never pretty

Originality
Is there no goal?
Be the same

All the same
??? Big Brother
All thoughts are common
There is no other

Nowhere to weep
The masses sleep
In occupations with incubations
All your movements are on the file
This we say "don't charge for style"

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