## Hine Rupert "Psycho Surrender"

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She stroked the telephone

She touched the radio

She felt the magazine

She couldn't even scream

The cinema was far too far

Women sick of slimming

Eat the pills of living

Boredom, boredom, boredom

Psycho surrender

Boredom, boredom, boredom

Boredom, boredom, boredom

Psycho surrender

Boredom, boredom, boredom

And nothing seems important

In the corner with the wardens

Nothing happens and nothing shines

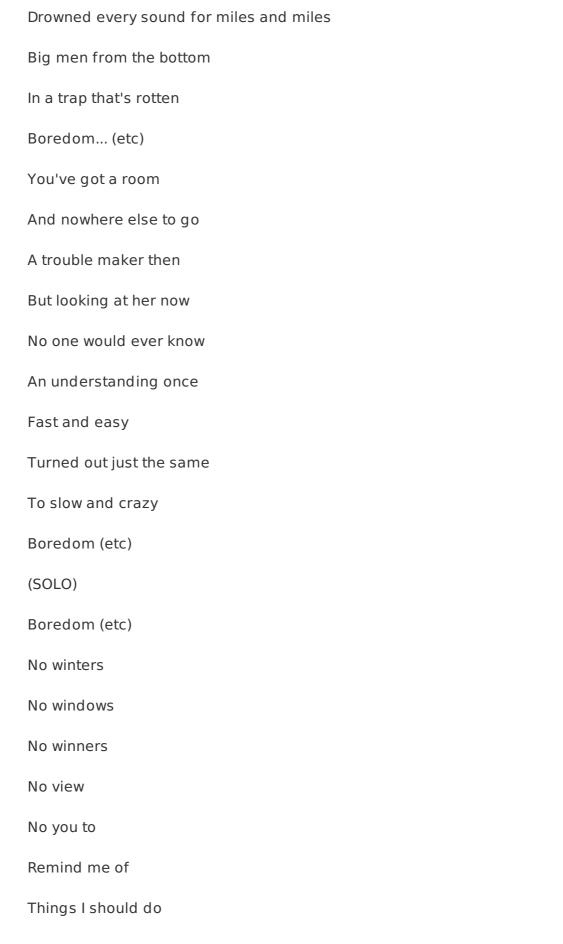
And no one minds

He locked another room

He threw away the key

No one would ever know

A siren in the crowd



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