

Buzzcocks

"Flat-Pack Philosophy"

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I'm cracking up can't take the strain
From heaven to hell and back again

And so each night I say a prayer
Someone to love someone to care

Hold on
Why am I here ?
What are we living for ?
All of my hopes, dreams and desires
Assembly required
That's flat-pack philosophy

So when my thoughts make me depressed
I think the best and fuck the rest

Despite it all the future's key
The double decker bus, the one I didn't see

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