

Jalane

"Scrape Away"

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SCRAPE AWAY - Paul Weller

Your twisted cynicism - makes me feel sick -
Your open disgust for 'idealistic naive'
You've given up hope - you're jaded and ill
The trouble is your thoughts a catching disease.
Oh - you need to get away
Oh - you need a change of pace
Because you're all dried up and you don't believe
You reckon I'm dreaming when I say I still feel real,
You say you work for yourself and it's the only way
But I look at you talking and to me you just scrape away

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What makes once young minds get in this state,
Is it age or just the social climate?
You're talking like some fucking hardened MP
You're saying power's all
And it's power you NEED!
Oh - you need to get away
Oh - you need a change of pace
Because you've given up on hope -
You're emotionless -
You've no need for love it's just hate, hate, hate.
But I look at you shaking and it is you -
Who is scraping away.

You who is scraping away..

SMITHER-JONES - Bruce Foxtan

Here we go again, it's Monday at last,
He's heading for the Waterloo line.
To catch the 8am fast, it's usually dead on time,
Hope it isn't late, got to be there by nine.
Pin stripe suit, clean shirt and tie,
Stops off at the corner shop, to buy The Times
'Good Morning Smithers-Jones'
'How's the wife and home?'
'Did you get the car you've been looking for?' (repeat)
Let me get inside, let me take control of you,
We could have some good times,
All this worry will get you down,
I'll give you a new meaning to life - I don't think so.
Sitting on the train, you're nearly there
You're a part of the production line,

You're the same as him, you're like tin-sardines,
Get out of the pack, before they peel you back.
Arrive at the office, spot on time,
The clock on the wall hasn't yet struck nine.
'Good Morning Smithers-Jones',
'The boss wants to see you alone'.
'I hope it's the promotion you've been looking for'
(repeat)
'Come in Smithers old boy'
'Take a seat, take the weight off your feet'.
'I've some news to tell you'
'There's no longer a position for you' -
'Sorry Smithers-Jones'.
Put on the kettle to make some tea
It's all a part of feeling groovy
Put on your slippers turn on the TV
It's all a part of feeling groovy
It's time to relax now you've worked your arse off
But the only one smilin' is the sun tanned boss
Work and work and work and work til you die
Cause there's plenty more fish in the sea to fry.
LITTLE BOY SOLDIERS - Paul Weller
Its funny how you never knew what my name was,
Our only contact was a form for the election.
These days I find that you don't listen,
These days I find that we're out of touch,
These days I find that I'm too busy,
So why the attention now you want my assistance -
what have you done for me?
You've gone and got yourself in trouble,
Now you want me to help you out.
These days I find that I can't be bothered,
These days I find that it's all too much,
To pick up a gun and shoot a stranger,
But I've got no choice so here I come - war games.
I'm up on the hills playing little boy soldiers,
Reconnaissance duty up at 5:30.
Shoot shoot shoot and kill the natives,
You're one of us and we love you for that.
Think of honour, Queen and country.
You're a blessed son of the British Empire,
God's on our side and so is Washington.
Come out on the hills with the little boy soldiers.
Come on outside - I'll sing you a lullabye,
And tell the tale of how goodness prevailed.
We ruled the world - we killed and robbed,
The fucking lot - but we don't feel bad.
It was done beneath the flag of democracy,
You'll believe - and I do, yes I do - yes I do -
Yes I do -
These days I find that I can't be bothered,

To argue with them - well, what's the point?
Better to take your shots and drop down dead,
Then they send you home in a pine overcoat.
With a letter to your mum
Saying 'find enclosed one son, one medal' - and a note
to say he won.

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