

Crass "Chairman Of The Bored"

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Tiring moments, fucked up minds
Empty faces, eyes that are blind
Flick through the papers, car crash death
Vacant pages offer no breath
Of hope, future, possibility
To those fucked up mindless people who haven't got
the eyes
To see that the pages of The Guardian or the pages of
The Sun
Are just a load of fucking lies, are just a fucking con
Why do they feed us rubbish? Why do they feed us
shit?
Is this really what they think we want?
Scrapings from the pit?
Why don't they give us something which isn't just their
lies
Their own particular angle from their own unseeing
eyes?
I'm the chairman of the bored, and I'm asking for some
truth
I'm the chairman of the bored, and I'm looking for
some proof
That there's something more than their fucked up
game
That their mindless lives and mine aren't the same
I'm looking for something that I can call my own
Which ain't a Ford Cortina or a mortgage on a home
I'm the chairman of the bored, ad I'm asking for some
truth
I'm the chairman of the bored, and I'm looking for
some proof

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