

## Crass "Deadhead"

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Tired bored sad people, tired bored sad lives  
Endless cars on endless roadways, endless shopfronts  
with endless lies  
Even the winners, even the punters, tight lipped  
packages, think it's bad  
Can't imagine a revolution could deal with anything so  
sad  
Well it's all set up so you can't do it  
No let up so you don't make it  
All arranged so you can't have it  
All enclosed so you won't take it  
Set in little pockets of isolation  
Separated by regulation  
Crushed for product in a rich man's passion  
Relative ration for the ration nation  
Tear a bit, smash a bit, cause a little pain  
That's a contribution then they build it up again  
Fool yourself thinking it's a holyheld belief  
When all the time it's just another light relief  
Oh boredom psychological stunt  
You never really feel it when you're up at the front  
And it doesn't really matter where the hell it's going  
As long as everybody has the hot blood flowing

Excitement and thrills  
Will put off the ills  
Radical frills  
Docility pills  
New wave, splash in the pan  
Real music by dildo dan  
Tired old discos, shame balam  
Soddern modern christ, futurists again  
Play the machine  
Crank up the dream  
We're just what we seem  
Know what I mean?

But no-one can wipe out the last five years  
So there's other ways of living than in supergloo pairs  
Marry me darling? Fuck off, creep!  
Tired and lonely, life on the cheap  
Didn't plan it, but now we're very happy

Another poor fucker drowns in it's nappy  
Bakunin and bollocks and fun and farts  
Hit the right fantasy and come up the charts

Treat people like shit and that's what you get.  
Thank you, good evening and good night!  
You're a wonderful audience!

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