

The View

"Wasteland"

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F**k all to do, but listen to you, not listening.

This is the wasteland, we call this the wasteland,
Where fewer little posh boys can't believe we treasure
beer cans.

Where'd you get those fans,
Found them at the shop man,
Peculiar place to find them but they're dedicated View
fans.

You think it's cynical to call this home a miracle,
It's not a miracle; we're just so strangely typical,
Initiate in one gang, initiations tough man,
Imprisonment is on the cards,
We're heading for the quick sand.

Sign on the brew, coz there's nothing to do,
Nothing to do, but listen to you,
Not listening to you my parents told me not to,
Listening to you my parents told me not to.

This is the wasteland, our idealistic wasteland,
Regurgitated circle of a seven hour shop stand.
So steal a car chief, the police are off the beat thief,
They'll find it funny when they see insurance relief.

Sign on the brew, coz there's nothing to do,
F**k all to do, but listen to you,
Not listening to you my parents told me not to,
Listening to you but my parents told me not to.

Think you're a hard prick, something quite sadistic,
No you weren't sadistic when he'd done you with the
brick vick,
Your land is boring, so very, very boring.
You wouldn't dream to wonder if it's raining or it's
snowing.

They call this the wasteland, wasteland, wasteland,
Idealistic wasteland, wasteland, wasteland,
This is the wasteland, your tragic mystic wasteland,
Idealistic circle of a new one in a wasteland.

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