

Thompson Richard Linda

"Civilisation"

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They're not human, they're with the . . .

They eat food I wouldn't give to my dog

They're hygienic, medicated

They wouldn't live next door to no wog

They're not human, where do they come from?

I don't know what they're living here for

They don't belong here on this planet

What are they doing in the house next door

Wives tranquilised, pets pasteurised

Kids hypnotised by the TV

Gotta beat you, gotta leech you

They'll treat you like family

All across the nation, it's civilisation

All across the nation, it's civilisation

They're not human, they've got a new car

They're gonna polish it all the day long

They've got a brand new rubber woman

They're gonna blow her up all the night long

They're not human, it's a double-cross

They sold out for a handful of beads

They sold everything for nothing

Just a hatful of dreams and a handful of greed

Keep 'em happy, keep 'em drinking

Keep 'em laughing, no thinking

No dying, no weeping

Keep 'em hypnotised, keep 'em sleeping

All across the nation, it's civilisation

All across the nation, it's civilisation

Pack you off to school, get working

Get a steady job, no shirking

Get to sixty-five, get a handshake

You're a vegetable with a heartache

All across the nation, it's civilisation

All across the nation, it's civilisation

(repeat

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