

Pencey Prep

"The Third World In The U.K"

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Tijuana brass on a sunny day
It's only one hours drive from LA
Crying on the doorstep of the UK
Screaming to the world let me in
Or can you let me out?
A burning car in a cul de sac
Jeering youths like a Zulu war
It's ok as long as we stay in a pack
Tearing up a carriage on a railroad track
We carry the flag and the tools of the trade
You can't buy these they're mostly home made
VW badges torn out as souvenirs
Gonna shrink them put them
On a stick outside my door
Oh wonderful world
There's well known politician
In a doorway sitting with an out stretched hand
Thought he had a dream for the nation
But tried too hard to be king of this land
He was gonna plug their lives back in
With a single stroke of his hand
Rap trap rat race now they throw it in your face
Hey buddy can you spare us a dime?
So have your head and join the masses
Don't know why but it's the thing to do
And if one brave soul stands up to be counted
Then we can all stand up and be counted too
Anger dripping onto your cheek
How can the human race be so weak?
Metropolis economy laughing at monogamy
All ending in tears
And one big bang
I've had too much to drink
I've had too much to smoke
Now reality just a pantomime distorted into one big
haze
Comatose and blinded
I'll get round to doing something one of these days

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