

## **Pop Will Eat Itself** **"X, y, & Zee"**

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I am he who is X, Y and Zee  
I carry no card, my life is cheap  
Have no worries, I do not fret  
Some may have what I'm yet to get

And you may wonder, "Is it how?"  
A kitten may turn into a cow  
With bells and horns  
And tinned corned beef

Forests, profits  
Plastic High Streets  
I am he who is A, B and Cee

An easy option  
Like twentieth century  
Satisfaction guaranteed  
It's easy

Let's steal a spaceship  
And head for the sun  
And shoot the stars with  
A lemonade ray gun

Make a movie and  
A TV show  
You be Jane  
I'm George Jetson

I am you, you are me  
X, Y, Zee to A, B, Cee  
You, me, us  
We are one

From out our window  
We can see  
Electric sunshine  
Oxygen factories

Clockwork tides  
Synthetic trees  
Just like the real ones

On Vee Tee

Mother nature and father time  
Used to be good friends of mine  
But now we've put them in a home  
Filed them under, "Uses unknown?"

"No pop, no style"  
Is a phrase out of phase  
To praise what's worthwhile  
This is as good as it gets  
This is the best

Let's catch the last rays  
Of civilization and tune-in to a  
Sub-space station, turn up the DJ  
Let's get lost in intergalactic  
Punk rock, hip hop

I am you, you are me  
X, Y, Zee to A, B, Cee  
You, me, us  
We are one

This is the time  
The time of our lives  
Escaping time  
For the all time highs

Of love, lust, laughter  
That make us sweat  
Let's stimulate  
Sensory amplification

This is PWEI-zation  
This is this  
It's the living end  
"Je t'aime, encore, je t'aime"

I am you, you are me  
X, Y, Zee to A, B, Cee  
You, me, us  
We are one

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