

## Procession

### "Age - Sex - Location"

Visit "[Age - Sex - Location](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Weâ€™re loaded up, and logging on,  
Our time has come.  
The futureâ€™s looking up on you,  
And Paul doesnâ€™t like this song.

In a darkened house with drawn curtains,  
Pot noodles on the floor,  
The man returns with a little joy,  
Thereâ€™s something in the air.

Age â€“ sex â€“ location  
Secret self-depreciation  
Exist as information  
His lies are all thatâ€™s real.

Weâ€™re loaded up and logging in,  
Our time has come,  
Electric fire brings life and power,  
Itâ€™s only just begun  
No human contact from day to day,  
Living the truth of lies.  
The weekends gone,  
Five more days,  
As plain old simple John.

Age â€“ Sex â€“ Location  
Secret self-depreciation  
Exist as information  
His lies are all thatâ€™s real.

The weekends gone,  
Another life,  
Heâ€™s no longer a man.

Age â€“ Sex â€“ Location  
Secret self-depreciation  
Exist as information  
His lies are all thatâ€™s real.

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