

## **Public Image Ltd.**

### **"Suburban Dreams"**

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If you need some time to think  
Then you probably want that time, to cultivate, all your  
entropy  
If you really fucking cared, you'd speak it from your  
heart  
Not sit around and plan attacks, rehearsing all your  
parts  
But you need some time to spread all your misery

Look me in the eye, and try to give it straight  
The hounds of hell are soon upon, the pathos that we  
take  
To persecute our dignity and throw it in our face  
All is lost, it's cut and run, it's time to leave this rotten  
place

If you need, an alibi for all your twisted lives  
Then you probably never had the chance, to peer  
inside  
An empty shell of hope, this stagnant pool of man  
Decapitate, resuscitate, all done by the same hand  
But you need time to perpetuate the hate and all the  
sadist ties

I can't believe this wack ass game you played on me  
Grade school tricks, of bait and switch, did this when I  
was three  
It doesn't take an eagles eye to measure up your  
deeds  
Just an ounce of pride, and a breath of life, to make  
your plans recede

A pinch of hate, demonstrates, the logic and the traits  
Of new world ordered, medicate, the future of  
restraints  
It's in your food, on the tube and products that you use  
And that fluoride in your toothpaste is mind control in a  
tube, now your screwed...

Your a picture perfect example, of the things I said  
today

Just take a look around you and your ways  
Suburban youth, there's no hope for you to ever find  
the truth

If you need, someone to tell you how to live your  
fucking life  
Well I think your home, you won the game, grand prize  
is a trophy wife.

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