

Cribs, The "Victim of Mass Production"

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Well he's a creature without a care
Except for the fact that he'll only wear
The things he sees in magazines
He is a victim of mass production
I was brought up with my own beliefs
And well, I prided myself on being free
But the powers-that-be invaded me
Looking for some weapons of mass destruction
The first time that I met my mate
Was in a building that houses the things I hate
But she seemed to feel the things I feel
She is the object of my affection
I never thought that you'd care
I can't believe that you're still living there
But you'll always be the last who sees
You are a victim of mass production

Well I've seen it all before but that's not for me to say
We'll live
We'll die
We'll never say goodbye
Cos we're not supposed to be here anyway

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The things he sees in magazines
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