

Subhumans

"Song No. 35"

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Working class hero? No such thing
Put on your Martens. you still can't sing
No organised class, it's out of control
Your mates are so young, you feel so old

No new religion follow yourself
Plastic fashions lined up on a shelf
The shop has closed down it's a supermarket pose
Wander back home and change all your clothes

No price tag on the cost of shit
Shit is free they got plenty of it
Conveyor belt message to the ignorant youth
This is free shit it's better than truth
Don't quote German freaks at me
It's all crap that's my philosophy
Shit class structure fuck TV
Looks like I gotta die if I wanna be free

Pessimist! Nihilist! Optimist! You don't exist
It's all in your dreams
Can't you hear the screams?

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