

The Buzzcocks

"Keep On"

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There's no two ways about it
There's nothing left to say
If only you'd paid attention
Then things wouldn't be this way
Crazy paved with good intentions
Is the rut that you're stuck in
So that all that's left to fear
Is the enemy within

Suffer from a little depression baby
Gotta tell the world what you feel
Nothing wrong with self-expression baby
Keep on keeping it real

Spare me your hypocrisy
I haven't got the time
For unreasonable reason's
More a punishment than crime
We all can take cold comfort
Now the writing's on the wall
But the pill that's left to swallow
Is the bitterest of all

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Gotta tell the world what you feel
Nothing wrong with self-expression baby
Keep on keeping it real

One more Pyrrhic victory
Another dodgy deal

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Don't jump to confusion
It's all a wind up

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