

Tism

"Julius Seizure"

Visit "[Julius Seizure](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Second Plebian: Peace! Let us hear what Anthony can say.

Anthony: You gentle Romans-

All: Peace, ho! Let us hear him.

Anthony: I come to praise, not to bury, the shoddy and the rooted -
To lament for the passing of those men, Safari suited,
Who'd flatten you with mindless glee when they got really newted.

Behind the bottleshop you'd see the roughest justice done:
Yeah, it was assault and battery - but with a sense of fun,
And a drink together after, when the ambulance had come.

Who would have thought you'd ever miss the barmaid's brutal snarl
And guys looking at you strange while she says,
"What's yours, darl?"
"Wanna go?" is all you recall, before the blow and grand mal.

"You gotta fucking mouth on ya," those moustached yobs would say
Back when being literate was something to hide away
And being mediocre meant you played in the V.F.A.

But now everyone is talking, and it's oh so tres witty:
All those fucking D.J's and their flashy repartee -
It's always breakfast down in Hell, and radio compulsory.

From McGuinness to McGuire to Douglas fucking Aiton
There's a whole new type of person that's takin' over this damn nation:
And I'm not talkin' some racist crap about Asian

immigration -

If you're a jobbo now, you're rooted; no one says, "I'll 'ave ya, pal" -

Listen to Adrian Martin, Jon Casimir, et al:

Excellence is demanded, or the critics give you hell.

Everyone's got a fucking voice - there's personae right and left:

They must learn this stuff in school: I mean, what fucking next?

Even the E.G cadets crap on, then move to the London desk.

Who needs another columnist to point out that the thing 'Bout living in the suburbs is that it ain't like Berlin? - Just in case all of you in Melton were ever wondering.

I tell you what can get fucked, and that's fucking them for starters:

If there's one thing we just don't need, it's another mouthy smartarse

Slagging off the guys who wear footy shorts and zappatas.

You know who we've swapped them for? People who say "rad"

And blokes who go round reading books on being a modern dad -

Why, everything's so cool these days, I can't even understand Telstra ads.

Excellence surrounds us like a fucking voodoo curse:

There's Helen Garner's sister's book; there's all of modern verse;

There's world's best practice, and business men talking terse

On mobile phones on a mobile net that reaches round the earth;

Everything is excellent: nowadays, there's nothing worse

Than saying "I don't give a shit": you'd be in a fucking hearse

Driven by some consultant git who's analyzed your system

And wants to fully integrate you into modern wisdom: He's gonna take you by the balls and flush you down the cistern.

You know what killed the Anzacs? It weren't the fucking
Turks,
It was the Australians coming after them talking up the
perks
Of fucking multi-skilling and how the Internet fucking
works.

So give me back the good old days, though I know they
really stank,
When everyone could seem to tell when you were
talking wank,
And we didn't all have to go around pretending to be
Yanks.

Give us back those great ideas that made this nation
free,
Like the end of season footy trip, and inefficiency,
And if they aren't part of freedom - well, who gives a
fuck? Not me.

Why find voice now at this stage, when silence was just
fine?
Why learn to talk in coffee shops? It's a fucking wank,
for mine.
Coathanger one of these effete guys, next thing you
know he's cryin'.

The one thing good 'bout dumbing down is you're not
so fucking smart;
I thought Australia was the country that had a silent
heart -
It's time we just shutfucking up. I know what. I'll start.

Visit [Tism](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.