

Townshend Pete

"Uniforms Corp D'esprit"

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I don't matter you don't matter
Neither does this mindless clatter
It doesn't matter where you're from
What matters is your uniform

Wear your braces round your seat
Doctor Martens on your feet
Keep your barnet very neat
For credibility on street

We are marching as to war
We won't be obscure no more
But we're really fighting for our uniform - our uniform

I am really living life inside a jar - I'm all alone
So I feel forgiven if I'm under par - a fallen clone
Only in the river can I claim a star to call my own
I'm newly born,
In uniform I'm up on the throne.

I am frightened, you are frightened
Should we get our trousers tightened?
Where in Brighton is the norm
Who wears enlightened uniform?

On my Parka is some band
I don't really understand
Perry is my guiding hand
Scooter polo sweeps the land

We are marching as to war
We won't be obscure no more
But we're really fighting for our uniform - our uniform

They say that nakedness is what our Lord intended
When we stand naked then we all appear the same
But it's just faking if we all try pretending
Are we just making all our prayers in the rain
It seems insane, but heaven knows
I need knew clothes.

People think we all dress alike to segregate identities
Pills or drink or puffing pipes in integrated entities
Then they wink and snort their line and say how great
their Bently is
They feel so warm when they conform....

When I contemplate my future I go numb, don't feel a
thing
I don't overrate my suitors number one, I always sing
But the State and their computers make me run for
comfort in
My uniform.
In uniformmm I feel like a king

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