

Lucksmiths, The

"Remote Control"

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Twenty-five year old teenager steals every scene
He's got wrinkles in his forehead
He's supposed to be younger than me
He's a rebel with a cause
His contracts guaranteed
He's filthy rich and he's squeaky clean

The beautiful ugly girl frowns for a while
But I'll give her half an hour before she's wearing a smile
A few home truths in a telephone booth
Her lipstick and her liposuction, new hair style
Rich little poor girl smiles at me
And her conscience shines as white as her teeth
It's yellow below, it's decaying beneath
Too much apple pie and ice cream and not enough to eat

Mother and father are so understanding
They never get upset and they never get angry
Home sweet home is sickly so
I'd like to throw the switch on the nuclear family
It's right against wrong
Good against evil
Perfect problems for perfect people
Remote Control

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