

End of a Century

Blur

She says, "There's ants in the carpet"
The dirty little monsters, eating all the morsels
Just pickin' up the rubbish
Give her effervescence, she needs a little sparkle
Good morning TV, you're looking so healthy

We all say, "Don't want to be alone"
We wear the same clothes 'cause we feel the same
Kiss with dry lips, when we say goodnight
End of a century, oh it's nothin' special

Sex on the TV, everybody's at it
And the mind gets dirty as you get closer to thirty
Gives her a cuddle, and they're glowing in a huddle
Good night TV, you're all made up
And you're looking like me

We all say, "Don't want to be alone"
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Can you eat her?
Yes you can

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Oh end of a century, oh it's nothing special

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