

He wants to cry until the stars in his eyes are really dead  
(He cries until the stars in his eyes are dead)  
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He is poised to a very strange degree  
Wrapped up in emotional imagery  
Small and senseless on an alter ego trip  
He wants to alter your every ego trip  
Nothing special  
Nothing to see me  
Nothing doing  
Nothing with me  
Nothing much  
And nothing to do with me

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He is awash in competing theories  
He's glad to be out of the house  
It's that time of the evening  
I need to have some feeling  
I'm all surface tension no pretension  
Keeps you going, gets you nowhere  
Present tense in the worst person singular

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Because the message is cheap and exhilarating  
Now he's slobbering on the glass  
A sexist boy having a world wide wank  
He says well that's very punk of me  
Nothing special  
Nothing to see me  
Nothing doing  
Nothing with me  
Nothing much  
And nothing to do with me

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