

I've got a mind bomb disposal unit knocking on my head
Checking out the rumour that I meant just what I said
They've drawn so many chalk lines that I may as well be dead
On the blackboard, on the pavement, but I won't eat what I'm fed - what I'm fed

I've seen the public access but they wouldn't let me in
Conformity has dress code and I'm two stone overthin
And anyhow the chances are they wouldn't let me in
Presumptions give the innovator no chance to begin
It's either "Be one step ahead" or "Keep up with the rest"
There's so many messages telling me they know what's best
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They've opened up the corridors and left the doors ajar
With anoraks and plastic bags the consumer can go far
Ashtrays fill and pinballs tilt to emphasise the scars
Of a society raised on promises, falling back on credit cards - credit cards

So let's go on a cathode raid and steal some empty minds
Fill 'em full of hopes and dreams and call it leisure time
There's a guy who's got no T.V. and we've got him on the line
Stay detuned for further progress, here's a few things you can buy - you can buy
I've strolled across the empty roads as pedestrians stare
At lights to turn from red to green, to get from there to there

Billboard faces mock attention given unaware
Reliance on subliminals and a defiance of being scared
And there's a token comic strip at the bottom of the page
It isn't very funny but we're laughing anyway
Smiles are hard to come by when the picture starts to fade
And someone's favourite punchline is another person's wage
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I've thought in terms of relaxation, giving things a rest
Cos the constant realisation leaves presumptions in a mess
But every turn in the situation seems to be a test
A dotted line for the mind to sign away it's intellect - but not me not yet
The altered state of reality that's printed screened and said
Is feeding time for the mind that knows of nothing else instead

Keen to kill the essential will of refusing to be fed
I've got a mind bomb disposal unit knocking on my head - knocking on my head