

No more mirrors in supermarkets
No not even in the toilets
The eyes that fix on future eating
Packages avoid the greeting
Shift and stare in strangled fleeting
Glimpses of a life retreating
Onto shelves to be a part of
Human process
Now I'm just a product on a shelf
Saves me having to try to be myself
Here's the art of mass consumption
Eat the heart of self-respect
Put your feet up on assumption
And watch the adverts do the rest
Now 'Goods' are anything that's sold
And sold dictates a loss
Bottled up we sit reflecting
Life's expensive
Now I'm just a product on a shelf
Saves me having to try to be myself
No price is right for what was free
But now comes blaringly brand new
This bottled water taps the need
To wash the processed poison through
To what degree does quality
Now sink to pass its brief exam?
Whose sights were set to make us feel
So happy for so short a span?
The slaves who push the buttons
Greet the slaves who buy the stuff
We're on the path to madness
And can't get there fast enough
Now I'm just a product on a shelf
Saves me having to try to be myself