

I can't wait till tomorrow,
I've got a suitcase packed, I'm leaving.
I've got a key to the lock in your head.
You know the truth is there for all.
Walking in the park just the other day,
Got hit with a rock,
Easy in the atmosphere, the people stole the money.
Those of us who stand around
And wait until the penny drops,
Introducing isolated isotopes of worry.
Blistered in the stinking sun,
The iris and the cataracts.
Got five hundred bucks, out of here,
Executing anarchy OK!
I got a.
Unfortunately time is geared
To spin around the centre clock,
Not as if you give a shit
Or give a fuck or care a lot.
Riding on a roller coaster,
Imitating counterfeit.
Come up for air, no one cares,
Jump the queue for
Anarchy OK!
Get up, you got to stand up,
You got to get up, you got to stand up.
Anarchy OK!