

"And it was the new music and it was timid, humble and stern. It was brown and light brown and sepia. It was almost forgotten, it lays in a ditch on the side of the road, you and I drove along once, and it was happy to lie there day dreaming. It stretched into the distance further than you ever thought possible, and it didn't give a fuck about you and I either way."

We're into all of those and it's into overload.
We're into all of those, our time and it's into overload.
Overload.
Shot down in the road, let's see your number.
Wake up shoppers from your slumber.
Jackpot lottery, got bonanza.
Saionara propaganda.
Zeitgeist eye sore, got the price right.
Cut to add break, urban fist fight.
Insurrection on the free way,
Turn around and go the wrong way.
The wrong way, the wrong way.
I can't hear you! Overload,
Forgot to mention, chain reaction in detention.
September-sylum contradiction.
Lifestyle, litmus causing friction.
Insurrection on the free way,
Turn around and go the wrong way.
I'm a servant in this palace,
So corrupt and out of balance.
I can't hear you. The wrong way, the wrong way.