

## Exploitation

## Conflict

Another fine timing for a step into line  
For four budding young stars who've just found the time  
An old tune and shit words, as long as they rhyme  
Well just watch them boys because they can't fail this time  
Well I've heard all the screams of another barmy army  
But who sits in hotels with champagne and salami?  
It only leaves you to be the one who's barmy  
You're being led on to make a superstars fortune

Yeah, we live in dead cities, and the streets are grey  
But I don't need Top of the Pops to make me think that way  
I can see this rebellion on my TV screen  
But no sign of a future for you and me  
A slight reflection of the past, but that didn't last  
Because the people who mattered weren't rolled in the cast  
They're lining up another lot, all idols who  
will be nailing down the coffin on me and you  
You tell me about the Conflict barmy army.  
Well, excuse me if I laugh, but I think it's rather funny  
That when the businessman farts the punters go running  
We are just the latest pile of shit; can't you see what's coming?

The businessmen whisper from backroom thrones  
Their long grasping tentacles are hungry and strong  
Top chart hits and in future, we can't go wrong  
But it's only their wallets that get fat on our songs  
Does it really matter about the businessman side?  
I don't really give a fuck, if punk's dead or alive.  
Top chart hits and future, they can do that for you.  
But just ask this question, is it false or is it true?