

## Nineteen Eighty Bore

Crass

Who needs lobotomy when we've got the ITV?  
Who needs ECT when there's good old BBC?  
Switch on the set, light up the screen,  
Fantasise and dream about what you might have been,  
Who needs controlling when they've got the cathode ray?  
They've got your fucking soul, now they'll fuse your brains away.

Mindless fucking morons sit before the set,  
Being fed the mindless rubbish they deserve to get.  
Can't switch off big brother, they've lost all will to act,  
Lost in drab confusion, was it fiction, was it fact?  
Another plastic bullet stuns another Irish child,  
But no-one's really bothered, no, the telly keeps them mild.  
They've lost all sense of feeling to the every hungry glow,  
Drained of any substance by the vicious telly blow.  
No longer know what's real or ain't, slowly going blind,  
They stare into the goggle box while the world goes by, behind.

The Angels are on T.V. tonight, grey puke fucking shit.  
The army occupy Ireland, but the boot will never fit.  
Was it Coronation Street? Or was it Londonderry?  
Oh it doesn't fucking matter, Paul Daniels'll keep us merry.  
Yes, I've heard of Bobby Sands, wasn't it Emmerdale Farm?  
Yes, that's right, he was kicked by a cow, I hope it didn't do  
him no harm.  
And wasn't the Holocaust terrible, good thing it wasn't for real.

Of course I've heard of H-  
Block, it's the baccy with man appeal.  
Deeper and deeper and deeper, layer upon layer.  
Illusion, confusion, is there anyone left who can care?  
Yes, the Abbey National cares for you. Nat West, and Securicor.  
Well brings out the Branston bren-  
guns let's spice it up some more.  
The Sweeney are cruising Brixton, created another Belfast.  
And J.R.'s advising Thatcher on lighting, make up and cast.  
A thousand camera lenses point at the people's pain,  
As millions of mindless morons watch the action replay again, the  
action replay again.  
Softly, softly, into your life, you're held in it's brilliant glow.  
Softly, softly, feeding itself on the you you'll never know.  
You're life's reduced to nothing, but an empty media game.  
Big Brother ain't watching you mate, you're fucking watching him