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No need for confetti bombs
Or fallus symbols
To be obnoxious
Outrageous
But the sound will be very contagious
Like nuclear 'fall-out'... radius
No need for bands with tight 'spandex'
'Macho flex', high voices from larynx
Tight jockstraps stuffed with socks and walnuts to show sex
But plain obscure 'high-tec'
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell... the future in... computer-hell
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell... the future in... computer-hell
No slacker trendy attitudes
Or 'boys' that play rude
Or smokers of 'SEZ' and weed
To be hardcore with fatigues
Let the perpetrator weep
That it's the junkie beats that grim reap!
And shuffle the feet
But all to sleep
In front of their 'MTV screen sweep'
Yes lost souls are in deep
In their trash-cash middle-class heap
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell... the future in... computer-hell
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell
Junkie XL will tell... the future in... computer-hell
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