

I looked across the North Sea
And the sea looked so dead
(I wondered what this place would look like
In the next twenty years)
But where I'm living
All the shop shelves are full
Goods to help me shut out
Scenes of this dying world

And every time I tried to hide
The churning of my guts inside
Everybody failed to heed the warning
Mother, mother I just stand by
They push the needle deep inside
Pump poison in your veins
Intravenous

Holidays were different
All the things I learnt
All the boys were sunning
While the skin cancer burnt
Just for one split second
I saw the great work of man
As he turned the forests
Into deserts of sand