

"What's it all about, I hear the global shout.
Blind man draws the tribal line
and it all seems such a waste of time.
Stars and spies, thug in ties.
Power man refuels the line.
Talk of nonsense, such a waste.
The whole wide world has got bad taste."

What price beauty now.
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What price beauty now.
What price beauty now.
(Oh what price beauty)

"Smalltown bangs, headless gangs.
Police and law, the people hang.
Ego, power, jealous wealth.
Shelter, care, love and health.
Unshed tears, hidden fears.
Silence bows, rolls back the years.
Talk of nonsense, such a waste.
The whole wide world has got bad taste."

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