

Days into weeks of Sunday afternoons  
Nothing much for us to say nothing real for us to do  
Just watch the carousel go round and round in endless circles  
In the pupil of the Deadeye until you just feel numb  
It's virtual Jerusalem. There's not much trouble anymore  
It's mostly the blissed-out stuff that people really go for  
And the juggernaut tyranny of oblivion 4/4  
Double, triple bluff and then back on itself  
A world of ironies and tribute bands, everything downsized  
I don't know where it was but I swear I've heard that song  
It was a century of answers and all of them have been wrong  
Wake me in a thousand years

Sorry little island, you look better in the rain  
You looked more honest in blue or something we can't see through  
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And out across the world I see four billion claims  
And all of them have faces and all of them have names  
Enough. Wake me in a thousand years

The Prozac dawn opens milky white  
I don't remember what it was I got so passionate about  
It's all now digitally synthesised, seduced, stainless  
The bad smell of poverty disguised, deodorised  
There's just the scent of money and Privilege still intact  
A century of madness put to sleep to start over again  
Here comes the Presidential train

We looked into the crystal and we felt the Fear  
But it's already here, it's already too late  
We're learning to love the things that we hate  
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