

We demand a universal grid
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ID-Ray High, Gridlife Chronicles, November the tenth, 1992
I'm working on my own in here, going over some old music I did
in 1970
It's got something, something special, I could really dream the
n
It ain't such a bad dream either.

Walking to a club
I've been completely degraded by chasing publicity
Degraded, yeah, I'll never go back, I know too much
I know how it's done, I can't discover it all over again, make
it seem new

You're great, Ray, you know that, man, here, hold up, this is t
he place
What? Can't go in here, that bloody cow Ruth Streeting uses thi
s club
She hates my guts
It's her job to hate your guts, she's a journalist, it's nothin
g personal

Oh sod it, I forgot, of course she won't be here, she's in the
States
Oh c'mon, let's go in anyway
We've got to get back in the mainstream sometime
Come on, you own shares in the place

That cow wrote that I'm ugly
Well, you are ugly
I'm not
Yes, you are
No, I'm not
Well, you are, actually
Oh bullocks, Oh, let's go in