

## X, Y, & Zee

## Pop Will Eat Itself

I am he who is X Y and Zee  
I carry no card my life is cheap  
Have no worries I do not fret  
Some may have what I'm yet to get  
And you may wonder, "Is it how?"  
A kitten may turn into a cow  
With bells and horns and  
Tinned corned beef  
Forests, profits  
Plastic High Streets  
I am he who is A B and Cee  
An easy option  
Like twentieth century  
Satisfaction guaranteed  
It's easy!

Let's steal a spaceship and  
Head for the sun and  
Shoot the stars with  
A lemonade ray gun  
Make a movie and  
A TV show  
You be Jane  
I'm George Jetson

I am you! You are me!  
X Y Zee to A B Cee  
You, Me, Us  
We are one

>From out our window  
We can see  
Electric sunshine  
Oxygen factories  
Clockwork tides  
Synthetic trees  
Just like the real ones  
On Vee Tee  
Mother Nature and Father Time  
Used to be good friends of mine  
But now we've put them  
In a home  
Filed them under "uses unknown"  
"No Pop? No style!"  
Is a phrase out of phase  
To praise what's worthwhile  
This is as good as it gets  
This is the best

Let's catch the last rays  
Of civilisation and tune-in to a  
Sub-space station  
Turn up the DJ  
Let's get lost in intergalactic  
Punk rock hip hop

I am you! You are me!

X Y Zee to A B Cee  
You, Me, Us  
We are one

This is the time  
The time of our lives  
Escaping time  
For the all time highs  
Of love, lust, laughter  
That make us sweat  
Let's stimulate  
Sensory amplification  
This is PWEI-zation!  
This is this  
It's the living end  
"Je t'aime! Encore! Je t'aime!"

I am you! You are me!  
X Y Zee to A B Cee  
You, Me, Us  
We are one