

# The Sound of Muzak

Porcupine Tree

ear the sound of music  
Drifting in the aisles  
Elevator Prozac  
Stretching on for miles

The music of the future  
Will not entertain  
It's only meant to repress  
And neutralise your brain

Soul gets squeezed out  
Edges get blunt  
Demographic  
Gives what you want

Now the sound of music  
Comes in silver pills  
Engineered to suit you  
Building cheaper thrills

The music of rebellion  
Makes you wanna rage  
But it's made by millionaires  
Who are nearly twice your age

One of the wonders of the world is going down  
It's going down I know  
It's one of the blunders of the world that no-one cares  
No-one cares enough