

# The Great Depression

The Jam

I think we must have all gone mad  
Maybe right turned over  
They promise us the earth  
Instead we've got the great depression  
Now you're free and easy with the base  
You blame your brothers and sisters  
And neurotics say "sod the rest"  
It's the new dissention

Into the abyss  
By pushing forwards  
It's always down  
It's a desperate war  
You're trying to blow yourselves up  
You don't care who you stand... with the help about  
Hey hey - well that's not the way

No sense or reason in your fussing and fighting  
And your violent obsession  
Who's ever really left feeling fine  
After the great depression?  
No sense of purpose in the competition  
Keeping up with the Jones's  
You buy a house,  
You buy a car  
You buy a marriage and a bed of roses

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Hey hey - well that's not the way