

# Confessions Of A Pop-group

The Style Council

Cheap and tacky bullshit land  
Told when to sit, don't know where you stand  
Too busy recreating the past to live in the future

Poor relations to Uncle Sam  
Bears no relation to the country man  
Too busy being someone else to be who you really are

Shitty plastic prefab town  
Mind where you walk when the sun goes down, down  
Too busy hating others to even love your own

Bobbies on the beat again  
Beating blacks for blues again  
That's one way to get involved in the community

Love me, love my jeans  
I must buy shares in Heinz Baked Beans  
Too busy buying up, selling out, oh, selling off

3 2 1 in others terms  
Win a life sentence and a queen mum perm  
The individual's the state, in a state of siege

Do pop, press and mix, do tits and news stew  
Say, the next one in the poor house could be you  
Too busy saying thank you to say what for  
What for, what for

No time to spare, spare me a dime  
The Great Depression is organized crime  
Their confessions are written in your blood  
Your blood

Kiss your ass and dreams goodbye  
Come back when you've learnt to cry  
Too busy trying to be strong to see how weak you are

Wave your flags and waive your fate  
The freedom you claim is the one you hate  
The victory you seek will never come

Brutal views through brutal eyes  
See no future, hear no lies  
Speak no truth to me or the people I love

And when I grow up, I want to be  
All the things you've never been  
And your opinion will count for none

Heading for a breakdown  
Heading for a breakdown  
Heading for a breakdown

[Incomprehensible]  
Heading for a breakdown  
Breakdown