

## Winston Smith Takes It On The Jaw

Utopia

We got no razor blades, we got no victory gin  
I got no tiny alcove to hide myself in  
To say things weren't good would not be an untruth  
But I just met a girl from the anti-sex youth  
We get up in the morning for physical jerks  
We might pass in the hall as we're going to work

I have found us a place where there's no telescreen  
And there's no hidden mikes and it's not too unclean  
While the high remain high  
And the middle change places  
The low don't want to know they tell all with their faces  
She might sit afront of me for the two minutes hate  
I might see her again if it's not already too late  
So they will take the book away from me  
So let them catch me talking in my sleep  
I guess I never really understood the law  
So winston smith takes it on the jaw

So let's do what we want, it makes no difference now  
When the thought police find us, we're dead anyhow  
Kick us out of the party and bust us to parole  
Then they'll stuff us both into a memory hole  
So let them haul me off to 101  
Public confessions of everything we've done  
Of everything I heard and everything I saw  
When winston smith takes it on the jaw