

They told us no future and that's what we've got
it don't seem so glamorous now
our rags turned to rags, we never saw riches
we lost them somehow

Less than ordinary bargain baby
in second hand charity chic
although they've got nothing still it's worth trying
to keep cheerful and cheap

Oh look at you and me
misfit society
is this all we were meant to be?

[Chorus]
We need a breath of fresh air
jump off the train to nowhere

The faceless and nameless wanna be famous
they've got to be out of their minds
to crawl on the treadmill all the way up hill
right to the finishing line

Reach from the future, tell us we made it
none of it went to waste
give us the years, the days and the minutes
backdated and back paid