

Plastic Bag

X-Ray Spex

1977 and we are going mad
1977 and we're gonna show them all
It's 1977 and we've seen too many ads

That apathy's a drag
My mind is like a plastic bag
That corresponds to all those ads
That is fed in through by ear
I eat kleenex for breakfast
It sucks up all the rubbish
To dry my tears
And use soft hygienic weetabix

My mind is like a switchboard
I don't know what's going on
With crossed and tangled lines
Contented with confusion
That is plugged into my head
It's the operators job, not mine
I said

My dreams I daren't remember
Or tell you what I've seen
I dreamt that I was hitler
The ruler of the sea
The ruler of the universe
The ruler of the supermarkets
And even fatalistic me