

## Funk Pop a Roll

XTC

Funk pop a roll beats up my soul  
Oozing like napalm from the speakers and grill  
Of your radio  
Into the mouths of babes  
And across the backs of its willing slaves

Funk pop a roll consumes you whole  
Gulping in your opium so copiously from a disco  
Everything you eat is waste  
But swallowing is easy when it has no taste

They can fix you rabbits up  
With your musical feed  
They can fix you rabbits up  
Big money selling you stuff that you do not need

Funk pop a roll for fish in shoals  
Music by the yard for the children they keep  
Like poseable dolls  
The young to them are mistakes  
Who only want bread but they're force-fed cake

Funk pop a roll the only goal  
The music business is a hammer to keep  
You pegs in your holes  
But please don't listen to me  
I've already been poisoned by this industry!

Funk pop a roll beats up my soul