

My Twentieth Century

Gavin Friday

I woke up this morning,
Dreading the thoughts of another, dull and boring day.
Hey! Woe is me.
I go out on the streets, northside of the city
I see the steel, the fading rust
And the fields I used to play in...
My friends are famous and all my foes live happy
Loved by lycra, fooled by velcro
And fucked by what they need...
But who am I to criticise? My pointing finger backfires
I hang my head down low.
I once believed in Jesus,
Now I can't believe in rock'n'roll
From baptism to alcohol, in a land suffocatingly green
Hey! The myth is magic, do you know what I mean?
The politics of sin and of sex
Suffer the fools, pawn our jewels, will it ever change?
But who am I criticise? I've made my bed, I lie on it
And hold my head up high
My disbelief, my fake redemption
My twentieth century
My holy war, my self indulgence
My twentieth century
My human flesh, my sad dependence
My twentieth century
My apathy, my big decision.
My twentieth century.