

# Wasteland

Gene

Meet me on the wastelands  
Later this day  
We'll sit and talk and hold hands maybe  
For there's not much else to do  
In this drab and colourless place  
We'll sit amongst the rubber tyres  
Amongst the discarded bric-a-brac  
people have no use for  
Amongst the smouldering embers of yesterday.  
And when or if the sun shines,  
Lighting our once beautiful features,  
We'll smile, but only for seconds,  
For to be caught smiling's to acknowledge life  
A brave but useless show of compassion  
And that is forbidden in this drab and colourless world  
Meet me on the wastelands  
the ones behind  
The old houses the ones left standing pre-war  
The ones overshadowed by those monolith monstrosities  
Councils call homes  
And there amongst the shit  
the dirty linen  
The holy Coca-Cola tins  
the punctured footballs  
the ragged dolls  
the rusting bicycles  
We'll sit and probably hold hands.  
And watch the rain fall  
watch it, watch it  
Tumble and fall  
tumble and falling  
Like our lives  
like our lives  
Just like our lives  
We'll talk about the old day  
When the wasteland was release  
when we could play  
And think  
without feeling guilty  
meet me later  
But we'll have to hold hands.  
Tumble and fall  
tumble and falling  
Like our lives  
like our lives  
Exactly like our lives.