

Poundshop Kardashians

Sam Fender

I drink and watch the zoo in motion
Beautiful people devoid of emotion
Sterilised, pedicured, pedigrees and mankind
Thick as fuck and soulless and no longer fear genocide
It's gonna end from what I reckon
As I puke my guts up all over the decking
Cos the square reeks of plastic action men
And Poundshop Kardashians

How am I supposed to change it?
If I can't see the wood for the trees?
How am I supposed to change it?
If I can't see the wood for the trees?

There's an orange-faced baby
At the wheel of the ship
Doing donuts in the carpark
We watch as it all falls apart
We idolise idiots
Masturbate to their sex tapes
We love them we hate them
We want to see them fall from grace
We laugh at them dishevelled
On the front page of the mail
Then grab ourselves a pitchfork
And go in for the kill
Together light vigils
Eulogise them on the Internet
When they top themselves
When they couldn't take it no more

How am I supposed to change it?
If I can't see the wood for the trees?
How am I supposed to change it?
If I can't see the wood for the trees?

And how are we supposed to change it?
When we can't see the wood for the trees
When we can't see the wood for the trees
If we can't see the wood for the trees