Under the Plastic and N.C.T.

Sleaford Mods

Ryvita Ryvita Crack black pepper

Comrades pick up your arms The long arm of the lawn is indeed in charge I won't talk to nice people if they look rich I know it's not on mate, I'm such a fuckin' bitch Surfing comments Lookin' at the likes Whilst the coppers chase bandits through the top valley skies To disagree on social networking sites Is to kill the counter-culture The overturn has died We pander to the camera And we want to be observed We don't get what we ask for We get what we deserve Stale fags hang on my clothes like indie band badges As I remember last night ignoring people I don't like Trying to buy a pint And what does it matter What if I rot inside a care home With eight of the bastards Immobile with crap banter Oh look there's Angry J - wah heeeey! Give us a tinkle on the rattling joanna, mate

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It's one of them ennit
The violent exit
Let's fuckin' bin it
Ryvita existence
A pointless opposition to the fat
Of pointless State resistance
And the State is no longer your voice
The mechanics hijacked by the lies
In false choice of a false fuckin' choice
Tied up in death
I hate the terror
The horrible fear
Whilst life knifes you as it screams:
"You got fuck all left!"

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People might be in groups willingly
Let 'em get on with it
You can't expect people to listen to your fucking
Mouth just because you don't believe in it

Thousands of Saturday lager bellies punching the air Denouncing the value of somebody else's flag Whilst viciously believing in theirs
Fucking useless this well-trodden street
Vague notions about the so-called elite
And that moulds spit Trent Bridge chaos
It's not really is it?
Cardboard heavies
Drones to the delusions of a never-never land
Where the cross rings out the orders
Don't let the mechanics of beer
Trick you into thinking you are some kind of warrior
Eating barbwire on the wave of violent disorder

Three words:
Cage, Wheel, Hamster

'Ere, here's a bit of cheese - nibble the bastard!

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