

## Zero Tolerance

The Bluetones

It was in those wonder-lust years, after I'd just left school  
That I first started to notice the change in everything  
I realised that the people I'd known all my life (take a long hard look)  
My family and friends were all just like strange little islands  
(around the world you've helped to build)  
I didn't know who they were any more than I knew myself (a techni-colour wide-screen hell)  
It was at this point that I just started to drift (beyond your window sill)  
A small balloon escaping from a child's hand (get over it, I'm only just getting my stride)

Dig a hole for a broken man  
A man who could not cry  
Always a slave in a vacuous age  
Much passed him by

I withdrew from all social activity quite dramatically  
Never seeing anybody unless I absolutely had to  
For the first 8 and a half months (god-forsaken)  
I saw no-one except the guy who worked in the all-night petrol station (belly-aching)  
And that suited me just fine (low-life parasite)  
I dreamt of never having to go outside for any reason again, ever (so much angry cynicism)  
Of being buried in my house with all my stuff (so much angst and spite)  
Like a huge asbestos sarcophagus (get over it, I'm only just getting my stride)

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Always a slave in a vacuous age  
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And I know what you're thinking  
"This guy needs to get out a bit more, make contact"  
But that's not it, you see  
Since I've been away from other people  
Lots of things have improved in my life  
I'm a much better individual, thank you  
And now I've almost forgotten all the little things that used to bug me  
My appetites are healthy, and my mood is calm and even  
So go and pick on someone else