

Ghost In The Shell

Thundamentals

So here's a little story 'bout Milly and Matt
Milly always told Matt, you stink and you're fat
And why is your shirt all stained, you one dumb pig
You got a hole in your socks, and where's your pumped up kicks?
Matt had come to live on housing estates
His mum was a nurse, worked late at hourly rates
Daddy was long gone, it was a lonely affair
He watched Home & Away to feel at home in his head
Cause at home there was nobody there
And at school, he was just a taboo, he was just that fat dude
So nobody cared, addicted to that fast food
Could even see the arches from the classroom
He'd eat it in a heartbeat, every afternoon at half 3
Catch him watching cartoons, Maccas within arms reach
He's whistle every jingle in the ad breaks
Those fuckers had him gagging on the catchphrase
But one day, when Matty's mother had a minute
She said "some day, you ain't always gonna have my hand to deal with"
Matt sat and listened, she had him thinking
She's on in on what the deal is
She told him how she feels, we are indifferent
Sees it on the media and reads it on the internet
Hears it on the radio, sex is selling product
Symptom of oppression, where the 1% get more than just the off cuts
And ignorance is bliss, why won't it let me hit that?
I've been trying to get my fix, it's just an empty mismatch
You can try to act the big man, fingers at the bad guy
You can open up your big mouth, close down your damn mind

I ain't got time to hold your hand
You know I know I'm gone
And I'm not here to make your mind up
You know I know I won't
You're more than just a ghost in a shell
A ghost in a shell

So here's a little story 'bout Milly and Matt
Milly always told Matt, you stink and you're fat
Matty struggled with confidence, kids thought he was chubby
Milly was the opposite, boys called her a honey
Born in the money, Milly's fam settled in Palm Beach
Some would say Summer Bay, has a shelter from harms reach
And a north mansion was heritage listed
Oak-floor boards, cabinets and sheridan in the linen
Extravagant living, you could tell that wealth was a given
From that high held prop in the kitchen
Butlers up in the ovens, after he's done the dishes
He buttering up the muffins, father's up in the spinach
Yeah daddy was minted, hit him with the amount
Cashing the cow, advertising exec'
Maccas was his biggest account
About 20 years back he scored his first billboard
Before long he made a mill', then a couple mill' more
But if only daddy actually cared
She'd wake up, and cake up with make up and glamorous hair
Dreaming of a face up on that billboard
Or half naked on the front page of Vanity Fair

Her mother had lips full of botox
Which influenced Mill to get work done
She would she get implants or nose job
She'd love both, but couldn't yet decide on the first one
September 4th fell on a Thursday
Just an ordinary day, in a day of her life
But it was Milly's 21st Birthday
The day she organised to go under the knife
Not content with the skin that she lived in
Her Pursuit of happiness is a curse
Before the blade made its incision
Milly grabbed the hand and Matty's mother who happened to be the nurse

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