

Artist: gbh

Title: Mass Production

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Was it you who took the money,
to the land of milk and honey ?
Your past is catching up on you,
put it on a conveyor belt.
The chips are down, the cards are dealt,
you won't be calling trumps no more.

Everone's getting decent,
and that's what I regret.
Don't want no mass production,
don't want no mass production blues.

I believe in quality,
liberate the quantity.
Not like battery hens in a cage,
the self-help seekers soldier on.
They won't stop 'till the war is won,
got no industrial spies 'round here.

One a penny, two a penny,
blocking up all the roads.
One a penny, two a penny,
trucks are ditching their loads.
Piling 'em here, piling 'em there,
blocking out the light of the sun.
One a penny, two a penny,
and that's just about as cheap as they come.

Your brand new name ain't no good,
I never ever thought it would.
Just another snake in the grass,
your cheapskate brain waves schemes,
are just a fantasy of your brains,
wake up it's the 20th Century.