

Fad Gadget, Under The Flag I

Well the story begins on the Isle of Dogs
In a time of world recession
There's a queue a mile long for every job
Young hopes deep in depression

Well our anti-hero's coy, such a weak-willed boy
He follows his nose, not his head
So the lap-dog finds a mate, and makes his first mistake
She winds up in a hospital bed

Now the baby's doing fine, but daddy hasn't got the time
He'll drink himself oblivious
Then return and hit the wife, she'll attack him with a knife
Oh the script is so damned obvious

Under the flag

Survival leads men to do foolish things
And yes he was a fool
He thought he'd try working for the government
A civil service tool

Now the boy is doing fine, but he'll have to toe the line
His orders are from high above
'Cos when you're working for the state you can sell your life to fate
You're not working anymore for love

Under the flag