

Gene, Love Won

Now weve entered
New Britannia
Lord dont tell me
Love wont work
Ive seen my face
Of course I know my place
Yes, I started life retarded
Voices told me "take your chances";
So I run through all the things
Ive said and done
Is it too late to find someone?
I lie in wait to be undone
By anyone
In bars from perth to Hampstead we crowd
And canonise the stupid
Still proud, the pavements full,
the praise is loud
At last a victim well endowed
With every quality allowed
The truth will out
Some thrive, we try to keep ourselves alive
Strike first, the rich must be deprived
Or Highgate armies will arrive
Ive seen the right
Love wont work
Weve lost the urge
Love wont work
Now I come first
Love wont work
Weve lost the urge
Love wont work
Now I come first