

# Pet Shop Boys, The Lost Room

Sent away to school  
we were taught to march and shoot  
and take our discipline in teams  
They trained us to be hard  
or cruelty and manhood  
are synonymous it seems  
and we  
knew camaraderie

In the lost room  
our hideaway  
we would play the strangest games  
that any boy might like to play  
In the lost room  
both night and day  
candles flickered casting shadows  
on the monsters and their prey

Mother, I wrote to you  
but your answers only said  
that it's important to be brave  
Father was far away  
in a corner of the empire  
where we never shall be slaves  
For we  
know camaraderie

In the lost room  
a boy could see  
how survival of the fittest  
meant destruction of the weak  
In the lost room  
a tyranny  
was imposed by those who crowed  
they'd never turn the other cheek

Crash! And then again  
but the servants cleaning dormitories  
can't hear what we say  
Crack! It's only pain  
and important to be disciplined  
when war is on the way  
they say  
We will obey

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our hideaway  
we would play the strangest games  
that any boy might like to play  
In the lost room  
both night and day  
candles flickered casting shadows  
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In the lost room  
a boy could see  
how survival of the fittest  
meant destruction of the weak  
In the future  
as time would tell  
running riot under orders  
would create a living hell

Lost, mother, I'm lost

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