

The Buzzcocks, Driving You Insane

It's a blur
It's a slur
As you were
It's a thing all covered in pain

Half a mind
There's no time
Do a line
You can't find anything to say

Any way
Any day
Can you play
With a list of human remains

Have a shave
Take a rave
Be a slave
From a kestrel to a knave

On the go
Feeling fast
Feeling slow
Want to throw
Want to know
Want to throw

In the door
Out the door
On the floor
You want more
To adore
It's a bore

Any way
Any day
Can you play
With a list of human remains

It's a chance
It's a stance
It's a dance
It's a recoil on advance

Being stuck on the things
That drives you insane
You're hung up on the things
That drives you insane

It's a blur
It's a slur
As you were
It's a thing all covered in pain, yeah

Half a mind
There's no time
Do a line
You can't find anything to say

Any way
Any day
Can you play
With a list of human remains

Have a shave
Take a rave
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