

Gang Of Four, Broken Talk

He's talking broken talk

He's one of us here
But he's processing by code
You should list some contacts
Art as if overloads, self-medication
A slave to it all.

Redeemer of coupons in a lonely mall
He don't know
In a state deteriorating
He don't sleep at night
He's talking broken talk
And so he's getting ill
The shaking keeps him steady
He's in a waken dream
He's talking broken talk

He's talking broken talk

Where does he come from?
Dollar and hits that won't describe
Sometimes he guesses he might be wrong
Sometimes guesses that he don't belong

He trusts in fate
He's a war consulate
He won't come at all
He trusts in fate
But he checks up by days.

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