

Pulp, Deep Fried In Kelvin

Oh children of the future ... conceived in the toilets at Meadowhall ...
to be raised on the cheap cold slabs of garage floors ...
rolling empty cans down the stairway ... (don't you love that sound?) ...
whilst the thoughts of a bad social worker ran through his head ...
trying to remember what he learnt at training college ...
Lester said he wasn't allowed in here ... so why don't you get lost? ...
and if you grow up ... then when you grow up, maybe ... maybe you can live ...
live on Kelvin ... yeah you can live in Kelvin ...
on the promenade with the concrete walkways ...
where pigeons go to die ...
(a woman on the fourteenth floor noticed that the ceiling
was bulging as if under a great weight.
When the council investigated they discovered that the man in the flat
above had transported a large quantity of soil into his living-room,
in which several plants he had stolen from a local park were growing.
When questioned, the man said all he wanted was a garden.
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Oh God, I think the future's been fried ... deep fried in Kelvin ...
and now it's rotting behind the remains of a stolen motorbike ...
I haven't touched it, honest ... but there isn't anything else to do ...
we don't need your sad attempts at social conscience based
on taxi-rides home at night when exhibition opens ...
we just want your car radio ... and those Reflux speakers ...
now ... suffer the little children to come to me ...
and I will tend their adventure playground splinters with cigarette burns
and feed them fizzy orange and chips ...
and then they grow up straight and tall ...
and then they grow up to live ... on Kelvin ...
yeah ... we can have ghettos too ...
only we use air-rifles instead of machine-guns ...
stitch that ... and we drunk driving lights ...
in the end ... the question you have to ask yourself is ...
are you talking to me ... or are you chewing a brick?