

The Abs, Luck

You've got to rise up before you're rooted
You're telling me
The air of perception gets polluted
You're telling me
You've got to size up what you're achieving
You've got to wise up and start believing
Or you've witnessed all you'll see

Resigned receipt of fate's despatches
You're pilot light's out, you've got no matches
The evidence lays before the clueless
You think you feigned content'll fool us
And you've witnessed all you'll see

Leaving our mark all over the map
Ain't landed in the generation trap
The luck of a lot of the chaps
Ain't been so good
A virgin territory looms
On a cold brick horizon, three bedrooms
Wake the bleedin' lot of you up
Perhaps it would!

You're quick enough to defend yourself
Too proud to hear the accusation
Clearly see the task ahead, but
Wallow in your resignation
Your livers doing overtime
Brain's working to rule
In the light of your potential
This is a treachery...