## 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 reciept 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...