

Junk

Bronski Beat

He can't take the street no more
Street too full, full of junk
Thinks he'll hide in his room
Room too full, full of junk
He turns on his TV, TV full, full of junk
Processed zombies pushing junk
Junk food, junk clothes
Dressed in junk from head to toe
Eat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
Eat what you get
And be thankful what you get
Instead he screams for more
Hits the night life once again
Night life full, full of junk
Junk is all he'll ever know
Junk music, junk dance
Too many junk heads on the floor
Eat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
And be thankful what you get
Instead he screams for more
Eat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
Eat what you get
Eat what you're given
And be thankful what you get
Instead he screams for more
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