

It was three in the morning
And I turned on the screen
I flipped to channel
Four thousand seventeen
I watched the remake
Of the nine o'clock news
Left them a message
They wanted my views
I dialed it in
At three forty four
I wanted them to have them
I didn't want them anymore

Yes I wanted them to have them
They were no use to me
You can't sell them
You get them for free
But my line was cut
By an incoming e
My views had been rejected
Instantly
The screen flashed
Don't move freeze
And they were coming round to question me

I heard the exits lock
I was trapped
I thought it might be the drugs
But you can't argue with facts
Nevertheless I called a judge
I got a number
But the number didn't budge
Line kept saying
This call is free
And to hold on
In a legal emergency

Well I held on
Just as long as I could
But the micro-waves they use
Kinda boil your blood

I was feeling pretty woozy
I had to act
I called for DIV
Regardless of tact
I got a virtual reprimand
For lack of PC
And the last thing I remember
Is collapsing to my knees

Well I woke up here
All tattered and torn
And the sign on the door
Says I wished #i'd never been born
They've got it all wrong
I try to tell them that
But they've injected me with something
I think they smell a rat

Tomorrow they're going to
Introduce me to straight jack
His initials are ET
He wears them on his back
If anyone gets my AEE
I'll love you forever
If you come and rescue me
I'll change my name ID ethnicity
Just punch in your PIN
Under CARE IN THE COMMUNITY