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(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

2016 what a joke, Fuck this!
Disruption, corruption, division of the masses
Discrimination, aggravation, the fight between classes

**Nothing shock us anymore
The rich get rich, the poor stay poor
Money holds the power
Look down from their tower**

2016 now it's over, what's next?
Closing the borders and building walls
Cast our votes, now watch us fall

**Nothing shock us anymore
The rich get rich, the poor stay poor
Money holds the power
Look down from their tower**

Roadkill

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

**Road Kill, Road Kill
Rip up the land, convenience for man
Lethal weapon, on the throttle go!**

As mankind advance, they don't stand a chance
Once was their home, but soon they'll all be gone
Another shortcut, an easy way
Count the death toll at the end of the day

**Road Kill, Road Kill
Rip up the land, convenience for man
Lethal weapon, on the throttle go!**

Don't look to the left, don't look to the right
A gruesome blood bath, not a fair fight
Another speed freak, around the bend
Caught in headlights, a brutal end

**Road Kill, Road Kill
Rip up the land, convenience for man
Lethal weapon, on the throttle go!**

Zombie Crawl

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

Grey skies reflect it all
Passing lights a blinding glow
Urgency on the tarmac floor
Numb minds just vegetables

Clock is ticking, selfish all
Hungry for 2 places more
they'll cut you up before you even know
Blood thirsty, danger dawn

**Its a frenzy
What ya doing?
Zombie Crawl (What ya doing?)
Zombie crawl**

Clock is ticking, selfish all
Hungry for 2 places more
they'll cut you up before you even know
Blood thirsty, danger dawn

**Its a frenzy
What ya doing?
Zombie Crawl (What ya doing?)
Zombie crawl**

CRASH CRASH CRASH CRASH CRASH!!

Poser

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

Sitting on the train, taking in the views
Disrupted by a guy behind broadcasting all his news
Talking on the phone, boring office chat
Trying to sound important, but no one gives a fuck!

**Poser, self absorbed
Go back to Canary Wharf**

In your fancy car, life is face paced
Still talking on the phone in the fat cat race
9-5 (work)
5-9 (play)
12-6 (sleep)
Just another day

**Poser, self absorbed
Go back to Canary Wharf
Poser, are you working hard?
To stay in your material world**

First World Problems

(Lyrics: Ali Gavan, Victoria Smith, Lisa Lathwell)

**You've got problems, I've got problems
First world problems**

I've got too many clothes
I can't charge my phone
But all you did was moan
When they bombed your home

**You've got problems, I've got problems
First world problems**

You run for your life
You swim or you drown
I can't get out of bed
I'm feeling down

**You've got problems, I've got problems
First world problems**

We struggle to see
We are privileged and free
Unlucky souls, got the short straw
Born into war

I don't like cheese
Or overdraft fees
You're down on your knees
Hoping for peace

**But I've got problems, I've got problems, I've got problems
But I've got problems, I've got problems, I've got problems
You've got problems, I've got problems
First world problems**

The Daily Fail

(Lyrics: Victoria Smith)

Moan, moan, moan, small mind views
Moan, moan, moan, more bad news
Always the same, exaggerated claims
Always the same, minorities to blame

**Did you read it in The Daily Fail
Did you take it as The Holy Grail**

Hate, hate, hate, the welfare state
Hate, hate, hate, high tax rates
Conspiracies, who to believe?
Conspiracies, scare stories

**Did you read it in The Daily Fail
Did you take it as The Holy Grail**

Trash, trash, trash, Tabloid gash
Trash, trash, trash, makes the cash
Don't eat that, it'll make you fat
Don't read that, same old crap

**Did you read it in The Daily Fail
Did you take it as The Holy Grail**

Tearaway

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

He's a hellcat, celibate, saves himself for Kit-Kats
Always on the go
He's a pinhead, sweet tooth, likes girls that look dead
Always at a show
He's a shadow, new rose, overkill, rock and roll
Always has a say
He's a Fireball, Rover, punk rock collector
He'll always be this way

Tearaway, Tearaway

Worked on the docks, simple smile, wearing frocks
Now he hangs with Charlie Harper
Cappuccino, posh punk, one cider gets drunk
An Ibis shareholder

**Tearaway, Tearaway
Tearaway, Tearaway**

Cotton Wool Kids

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

Central London, Oxford Street
A homeless man raids bins to eat
Seen by a woman and her son 13
Then she shields the boys' eyes from him

A woman in denial
This ignorance to me is vile
Don't try to cover up the truth
Cotton wool is wrapped around his youth

**Protected lives, saving their pride
Middle class blindness
Suitably numb, why act so dumb
Come out of the darkness**

Don't know what she expected
Try to keep them so protected
In life there's worse to come
Go into the big bad world

**Protected lives, saving their pride
Middle class blindness
Suitably numb, why act so dumb
Come out of the darkness**

I Can't Cope

(Lyrics: Victoria Smith, Lisa Lathwell)

Hectic days, sleepless nights
Overloading my thoughts with trivial life
Overwhelmed, getting too much
Bursting brain is starting to hurt

I can't cope

Not enough hours in the day
Minute by minute they're slipping away
Adding more to my plate
Feeling heavy, starting to break

I can't cope

Sue Me

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

Can't think for yourself
No common sense left
Everything is stamped with a warning for your health
Spoon fed, brain dead
No responsibility, the worlds gone mad

**Sue me, sue me
Find a way to compensate
Sue me, sue me
A misfortune to celebrate
At your own risk, at your risk
At your own risk, at your own risk
Do what you want to**

Don't touch, just look
Something goes wrong, get hit by the book
Point your finger, place the blame
Litigation, Financial gain

**Sue me, sue me
Find a way to compensate
Sue me, sue me
A misfortune to celebrate
At your own risk, at your risk
At your own risk, at your own risk
Do what you want to**

Quarter Life Crisis

(Lyrics: Victoria Smith, Lisa Lathwell)

Quarter life crisis, Quarter life crisis

Finished college at 22, evaluate life
I had no clue
A degree, no job or a penny to my name
Took a job pulling pints just to pay my way

Quarter life crisis, Quarter life crisis

Quarter life crisis, Quarter life crisis

It's a first world problem

Got to 25, still living in a dive
Pressure to achieve, remember to breath
Not reached my goals, running out of time
Panic, panic! Everything's fine!

Quarter life crisis, Quarter life crisis

Quarter life crisis, Quarter life crisis

It's a first world problem

Ramonas go to Freiburg

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

The sun is out things started off well
Within one minute, descended into hell
Going to Freiburg, journey seemed to long
Checked a map, saw what I'd done wrong

**There's 2 different Freiburg's, how was I to know
One in the East, one in the West
What a mess!
Let's start today again**

4 days in, just played in Roermond
Had a day off, to get to Turin
We drove into a post, bashed up the van
A new Mercedes sprinter, 600quid down

**There's 2 different Freiburg's, but we'll never know
Spelt one letter different, we never got to go
Let's start today again, again, again**

Nowhere to stay, nowhere to go
Air con is broken, no air flow
Stewing in the ignorance of geography
Looking for somewhere to stay for free

**There's 2 different Freiburg's, but we'll never know
Spelt one letter different, we never got to go
Let's start today again, again, again**

V.O.I.D

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

**(You) It's all about
(You) Every part
(You) It's what you want, what you want
(x2)**

Wrapped in a bubble obviously
Shielded from reality
Everything is easy, but nothing is free
I don't care, but it's all about me (all about me)

**What are you seeking?
To be told you're beautiful? (beautiful, beautiful, here's some approval)
Online living, digital existing
Don't you think its minimal (minimal, minimal, critical, critical)**

**(You) It's all about
(You) Every part
(You) It's what you want, what you want**

Life is good apparently
Portraying a life of fantasy
Always so busy, or so it seems
But you're sat at home with your broken dreams (broken dreams)

**V.O.I.D filling the void
V.O.I.D filling the void
V.O.I.D filling the void
V.O.I.D filling the void**

**What are you seeking?
To be told you're beautiful? (beautiful, beautiful, here's some approval)
Online living, digital existing
Don't you think it's pitiful (minimal, minimal, pitiful, pitiful)**

Microwave Mandy

(Lyrics: Lisa Lathwell)

Always in a rush, never time to cook
Something with instructions, easy to nuke
Watch it going round, seconds to go
Just don't stand too close, you'll be cooking slow

**Radiation, radiation
Her insides melted 'til there was nothing left
She zapped herself to death**

Mandy had concerns, with no appetite
Something in her stomach didn't feel right
The macaroni, fish pie, chicken tikka, beef casserole
Ready in minutes but cooking that way took it's toll

**Radiation (radiation from her food)
Radiation (doctor, doctor it's not good)
Her insides melted 'til there was nothing left
She zapped herself to death**