



[CU] NEXT TUESDAY

::LYRICS::

There are two types of people in the world
Those who think that it
Is divisible by two
And those who know that s utter shit
We pointed all this out to him
He didn t care a bit.

The tattoos on his front eight teeth
Spelt out love and hate
One day he got punched in the mouth
And now he s lost the H
Love ATE what? I asked him
He replied let s make a date .

So we ll see you next Tuesday.

You re either with us or against us
Go to heaven or to hell,
He said. Then hid behind his flag
Big thinking doesn t sell
Postmodernism is just another
Word he couldn t spell.

Some people think he doesn t know
What s right and what is wrong
But I know he knows we know
He knows what s going on
But no-one would have cared
Had text slang not come along.

So we ll see you next Tuesday.

And we ll be together come what may
But you might have to put up with some grey
We ll stand in the firing-line
And dream.
Dream.
Dream about a totally different world.

We ll see you next Tuesday.