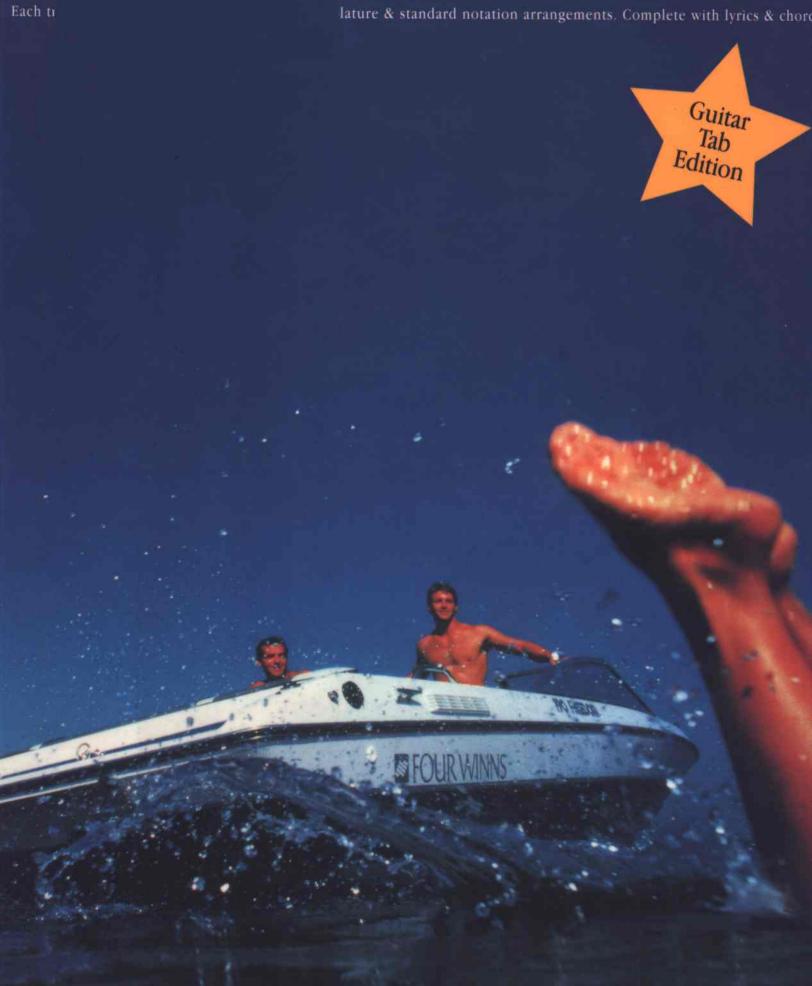
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Stereotypes

THE SUBURBS THEY ARE DREAMING
THEY ARE A TWINKLE IN HER EYE
SHE'S BEEN FEELING FRISKY
SINCE HER HUSBAND SAID GOODBYE
SHE WEARS A LOW CUT T-SHIRT RUNS A LITTLE B&B
SHE MOST ACCOMMODATING WHEN SHE'S IN HER LINGERIE

WIFE SWAPPING IS THE FUTURE YOU KNOW THAT IT WOULD SUIT YOU

YES, THEY RE STEREOTYPES
THERE MUST BE MORE TO LIFE
ALL YOUR LIFE YOU ARE DREAMING
FROM TIME TO TIME YOU KNOW
YOU SHOULD BE GOING ON ANOTHER BENDER

THE SUBURBS THEY ARE SLEEPING
BUT HE'S DRESSING UP TONIGHT
SHE LIKES A MAN IN UNIFORM HE LOVES TO WEAR IT TIGHT
THEY ARE ON THE LOVERS SOFA THEY ARE ON THE PATIO
AND WHEN THE FUN IS OVER WATCH THEMSELVES ON VIDEO

THE NEIGHBOURS MAY BE STARING BUT THEY ARE JUST PAST CARING

Best Days

BOW BELLS SAY GOODBYE TO THE LAST TRAIN
OVER THE RIVER THEY ALL GO AGAIN
OUT INTO LEAFY NOWHERE HOPE SOMEONE
WAITING OUT THERE FOR THEM
CABBIE HAS HIS MIND ON A FARE TO THE SUN
HE WORKS NIGHT BUT IT'S NOT MUCH FUN
PICKS UP THE LONDON YOYO'S, ALL ON THEIR OWN DOWN SOHO
PLEASE TAKE ME HOME

OTHER PEOPLE WOULDN'T WANT TO HEAR YOU
IF YOU SAID THAT THESE ARE THE BEST DAYS OF THEIR LIVES
OTHER PEOPLE WOULD TURN AROUND AND LAUGH AT YOU
IF YOU SAID THAT THESE WERE THE BEST DAYS OF OUR LIVES

TRELLICK TOWERS BEEN CALLING I KNOW SHE'LL LEAVE ME IN THE MORNING

IN HOTEL CELLS LISTENING TO DIAL TONES
REMOTE CONTROLS AND CABLE MOANS
IN HIS DRINK HE'S BEEN TALKING
GETS DISCONNECTED SLEEPWALKING BACK HOME



Country House

(SO THE STORY BEGINS)
CITY DWELLER, SUCCESSFUL FELLA
THOUGHT TO HIMSELF
OOPS I'VE GOT ALOT OF MONEY
I'M CAUGHT IN A RAT RACE TERMINALLY
I'M A PROFESSIONAL CYNIC
BUT MY HEARTS NOT IN IT
I'M PAYING THE PRICE OF LIVING LIFE AT THE LEGAL LIMIT
CAUGHT UP IN THE CENTURIES ANXIETY
IT PREYS ON HIM, HE'S GETTING THIN

NOW HE LIVES IN A HOUSE, A VERY BIG HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY
WATCHING AFTERNOON REPEATS
AND THE FOOD HE EATS IN THE COUNTRY
HE TAKES ALL MANNER OF PILLS
AND PILES UP ANALYST BILLS IN THE COUNTRY
IT'S LIKE AN ANIMAL FARM.
LOTS OF RURAL CHARM IN THE COUNTRY

NOW HE'S GOT MORNING GLORY, LIFE'S A DIFFERENT STORY EVERYTHING GOING JACKANORY
IN TOUCH WITH HIS OWN MORALITY
HE'S READING BALZAC, KNOCKING BACK PROZAC,
IT'S A HELPING HAND
THAT MAKES YOU FEEL WONDERFULLY BLAND
OH, IT'S THE CENTURIES REMEDY FOR THE FAINT AT HEART A NEW START

HE LIVES IN A HOUSE, A VERY BIG HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY
HE'S GOT A FOG IN HIS CHEST
SO HE NEEDS ALOT OF REST IN THE COUNTRY
HE DOESN'T DRINK SMOKE LAUGH
HE TAKES HERBAL BATHS IN THE COUNTRY
OH, IT'S LIKE AN ANIMAL FARM
BUT YOU'LL COME TO NO HARM IN THE COUNTRY
BLOW BLOW ME OUT I AM SO SAD I DON'T KNOW WHY



Charmless Man

I MET HIM IN A CROWDED ROOM
WHERE PEOPLE GO TO DRINK AWAY THEIR GLOOM
HE SAT ME DOWN AND SO BEGAN, THE STORY OF A CHARMLESS MAN
EDUCATED THE EXPENSIVE WAY, HE KNOWS HIS CLARET FROM A BEAUJOLAIS
I THINK HE'D LIKE TO OF BEEN RONNIE KRAY
BUT THEN NATURE DIDN'T MAKE HIM THAT WAY

HE THINKS HE'S EDUCATED, AIRS THOSE FAMILY SHARES
WILL PROTECT HIM THAT WE WILL RESPECT HIM
HE MOVES IN CIRCLES OF FRIENDS
WHO JUST PRETEND THAT THEY LIKE HIM
HE DOES THE SAME TO THEM, AND WHEN YOU PUT IT ALL TOGETHER
THERE'S THE MODEL OF A CHARMLESS MAN

HE KNOWS THE SWINGERS AND THEIR CAVALRY
SAYS HE CAN GET IN ANYWHERE FOR FREE
I BEGAN TO GO A LITTLE CROSS EYED
AND FROM THIS CHARMLESS MAN I JUST HAD TO HIDE

HE TALKS AT SPEED HE GETS NOSE BLEEDS
HE DOESN'T SEE HIS DAYS
ARE TUMBLING DOWN UPON HIM
AND YET HE TRIES SO HARD TO PLEASE
HE'S JUST SO KEEN FOR YOU TO LISTEN
BUT NO ONE IS LISTENING
AND WHEN YOU PUT IT ALL TOGETHER
THERE'S THE MODEL OF A CHARMLESS MAN



The Universal

THIS IS THE NEXT CENTURY
THE UNIVERSAL IS FREE
YOU CAN FIND IT ANYWHERE
YES, THE FUTURE HAS BEEN SOLD
EVERY NIGHT WE ARE GONE
AND THE KARAOKE SONGS
WE LIKE TO SING ALONG
ALTHOUGH THE WORDS ARE WRONG

IT REALLY, REALLY, REALLY COULD HAPPEN
WHEN THE DAYS SEEM TO FALL STRAIGHT THROUGH YOU
JUST LET THEM GO

NO ONE HERE IS ALONE
SATELLITES IN EVERY HOME
THE UNIVERSAL IS HERE
HERE FOR EVERYONE
EVERY PAPER THAT YOU READ
SAYS TOMORROW IS YOUR LUCKY DAY
WELL, HERE'S YOUR LUCKY DAY

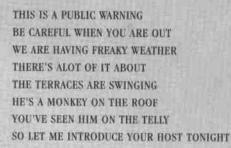
Fade Away

THEY STUMBLED INTO THEIR LIVES
IN A VAGUE WAY BECAME MAN AND WIFE
ONE GOT THE OTHER THEY DESERVED ONE ANOTHER
THEY SETTLED IN A BRAND NEW TOWN
WITH PEOPLE FROM THE SAME BACKGROUND
THEY KEPT THEMSELVES BUSY
LONGS HOURS LEFT THEM DIZZY
NOW WHEN HE'S IN SHE'S OUT

ALL YOU EVER DO IS FADE AWAY THEY ARE NOT MAKING PLANS BECAUSE NOW THEY UNDERSTAND ALL YOU EVER DO IS FADE AWAY

HE NOTICED HE HAD VISIBLE LINES
SHE WORRIED ABOUT HER BEHIND
THEIR BIRTH HAD BEEN THE DEATH OF THEM
IT DIDN'T REALLY BOTHER THEM
NOW WHEN SHE'S IN, HE'S OUT

TOPMAN



T.O.P.M.A.N.

HE'S NAUGHTY BY NATURE

ON DOUBLES AND CHASERS

HE'S A LITTLE BOY RACER

SHOOTING GUNS ON THE HIGH STREET OF LOVE

IN A CROWD IT'S HARD TO SPOT HIM, BUT ANONYMITY CAN COST HE'S NEVER CHEAP N' CHEERFUL, HE'S HUGO AND HE'S BOSS HE'S RIDING THROUGH THE DESERT ON A CAMEL LIGHT AND ON A MAGIC CARPET, HE'LL FLY AWAY TONIGHT OPEN SESAME

T.O.P.M.A.N.
SEES HER IN DOUBLE
THEN PUKES ON THE PAVEMENT
LIKES HER ALL CLEAN AND SHAVEN
SHOOTING GUNS ON THE HIGH STREET OF LOVE



Mr. Robinson's Quango

MR. ROBINSON AND HIS QUANGO
DIRTY DEALER, EXPENSIVE CAR
RUNS THE BUSES AND THE EVENING STAR
HE GOT A HAIR PIECE AND HE GOT HERPES
HIS PRIVATE LIFE IS VERY DISCREET
A NICER MAN YOU'LL NEVER GOING TO MEET

A SELF PROFESSED SAVIOUR OF THE DIM RIGHT WING HE'S GOT RESPITORY PROBLEMS AND A MASONS RING

MR. ROBINSON AND HIS QUANGO
DRINKS WITH THE GENERAL AND THE COUNTY WIVES
YES THE FAMILY BUSINESS IS DOING ALL RIGHT
THEY ARE DOING TANGO'S DOWN IN THE QUANGO'S
HE MAKES THEM TICK AND HE MAKES THEM TOCK
AND IF HE DOESN'T LIKE YOU HE'LL PUT YOU IN THE DOCK

HE JUST SITS IN HIS LEATHER CHAIR AND TWIDDLES HIS THUMBS GETS HIS SECRETARY IN AND PINCHES HER BUM

HE RAN INTO THE TOILET IN THE TOWN HALL
GOT A BIRO OUT AND WROTE ON THE WALL
I'M WEARING FRENCH KNICKERS ON UNDER MY SUIT
I'VE GOT STOCKING AND SUSPENDERS ON
I'M FEELING RATHER LOOSE

OH I'M A NAUGHTY BOY
OH I'M A NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY BOY

He Thought Of Cars

MOSCOW'S STIEL RED
THE YOUNG MAN'S DEAD
GONE TO HEAVEN INSTEAD
THE EVENING NEWS SAYS HE WAS CONFUSED
THE MOTORWAYS WILL ALL MERGE SOON
THEY'VE COME TO SAVE US
THE SPACE INVADERS ARE HERE

HE THOUGHT OF CARS AND WHERE, WHERE TO DRIVE THEM AND WHO TO DRIVE THEM WITH AND THERE, THERE WAS NO ONE, NO ONE

THERE'S A PANIC AT LONDON HEATHROW
EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO UP INTO THE BLUE
BUT THERE'S A TEN YEAR QUEUE
COLUMBIA IS IN TOP GEAR
IT SHOULDN'T SNOW AT THIS TIME OF YEAR
NOW AMERICAS SHOT GONE
AND DONE THE LOT

HE THOUGHT OF PLANES AND WHERE WHERE TO FLY TO AND WHO TO FLY THERE WITH AND THERE, THERE WAS NO ONE, NO ONE

It Could Be You

CHURCHILL GOT HIS LUCKY NUMBER
BUT TOMORROW THERE'S ANOTHER
COULD BE ME COULD BE YOU
NO SILVER SPOON
STICKY TEETH THEY ROT TOO SOON
YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE THE BEST TUNES
OR THAT'S IT YOU'VE BLOWN IT

ALL WE WANT IS TO BE HAPPY
IN OUR HOMES LIKE HAPPY FAMILIES
BE THE MAN ON THE BEACH WITH
THE WORLD AT HIS FEET
YES, IT COULD BE YOU

THE LIKELY LADS
ARE PICKING UP THE UGLIES
YESTERDAY THEY WERE JUST PUPPIES
BEERY SLURS NOW LIFE'S A BLUR
TELLY ADDICTS
YOU SHOULD SEE THEM AT IT
GETTING IN A PANIC
WILL WE BE THERE
TRAFALGAR SOUARE?

SO DON'T WORRY
IF IT'S NOT YOUR LUCKY NUMBER
BECAUSE TOMORROW THERE IS ANOTHER
COULD BE YOU, COULD BE ME

Ernold Same

ERNOLD SAME AWOKE FROM THE SAME DREAM IN THE SAME BED AT THE SAME TIME LOOKED IN THE SAME MIRROR MADE THE SAME FROWN AND FELT THE SAME WAY AS HE DID EVERY DAY, THEN ERNOLD SAME CAUGHT THE SAME TRAIN AT THE SAME STATION, SAT IN THE SAME SEAT WITH THE SAME NASTY STAIN NEXT TO SAME OLD WHAT'S HIS NAME ON HIS WAY TO THE SAME PLACE TO DO THE SAME THING AGAIN AND AGAIN ... POOR OLD ERNOLD SAME. OH ERNOLD SAME, HIS WORLDS STAYS THE SAME, TODAY WILL ALWAYS BE TOMORROW. POOR OLD ERNOLD SAME, HE 'S GETTING THAT FELLING ONCE AGAIN, NOTHING WILL CHANGE TOMORROW.

Globe Alone

WHO MADDEST ONE ON THE MI
WHO HASN'T STOPPED SUCKING HIS THUMB
WHO VERY STRAIGHT AND NEVER GRINS
WHO CARES WHAT CAR HE'S DRIVING IN

HE IS BECAUSE HE SAW IT ON A COMMERCIAL BREAK AND IF HE DOESN'T GET WHAT HE WANTS THEN HE'LL GET A HEADACHE BECAUSE HE WANTS IT, NEEDS IT, ALMOST LOVES IT HE'S HERE ON HIS OWN, ON GLOBE ALONE

WHO JOINED HEALTH CLUB TO GLISTEN INTO HI FI PRECISION WHO'S MOBILE PHONE GIVES HIM THE BONE WHO VERY KEEN ON SHARON STONE

WHO ONLY EATS AT THE NEW BRASSERIE WHO ONLY EVERY GETS MERRY WHO WOULDN'T BE SEEN AT BED TIME WITHOUT PUTTING CALVIN KLEINS ON

Dan Abnormal (The Meanie Leanie)

MEANIE LEANIE COME ON DOWN
COME AND ENTERTAIN THE TOWN
IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT AND WE'RE ALL BORED
TIMES BEEN CALLED THERE IS NO MORE
TIMES BEEN CALLED IT'S SUCH A BORE

DAN ABNORMAL NOT NORMAL AT ALL IT'S NOT HIS FAULT WE MADE HIM THIS WAY HE'LL IMITATE YOU TRY TO APE YOU BUT IT'S NOT HIS FAULT DAN WATCHES TV

THE MEANIE LEANIE STAYS UP LATE
MOPES AROUND GETS IN A STATE
HE'S THE KILLER IN YOUR ARCADE
KILLING GANGSTAS READY MADE
CAUSE THAT IS WHERE THE FUTURES MADE

TELE PORT ME

DAN WENT TO HIS LOCAL BURGER BAR I WANT MCNORMAL AND CHIPS OR I'LL BLOW YOU TO BITS GIVE US IT

IT'S THE MISERIES AT HALF PAST THREE WATCHING VIDEO NASTIES HE HAS DIRTY DREAMS WHILE HE'S ASLEEP DAN'S JUST LIKE YOU YOU SEE HE'S THE MEANIE LEANIE

Entertain Me

THE WEEKEND IS BACK
BUT SO IS HE
HEAD TO THE FLOODLIGHTS
SEE THE FRATERNITY
THEY ARE WAITING
I HEAR THEM UP IN THE NORTH
AND DOWN IN THE SOUTH
ALL THAT IS SPEWING
SPEWING OUT OF HIS MOUTH

ENTERTAIN ME
AT HIS AND HERS DATING
BORED MINDS AGREE
REQUIREMENTS TO BE STATED
REPLIES AWAITED
SHE WANTS A LOOSE FIT
HE WANTS INSTANT WHIP
HE GUESSTIMATES HER ARRIVAL
WILL SHE WANT IT REALLY BADLY

ENTERTAIN ME

A CAR, A HOUSE BOTH IN STREET
THE BOREDOM OF THE SOBER WEEK
THE WEEKEND IS HERE, HIP HIP HOORAY
TO MAKE THE BLUES JUST GO AWAY

ENTERTAIN ME

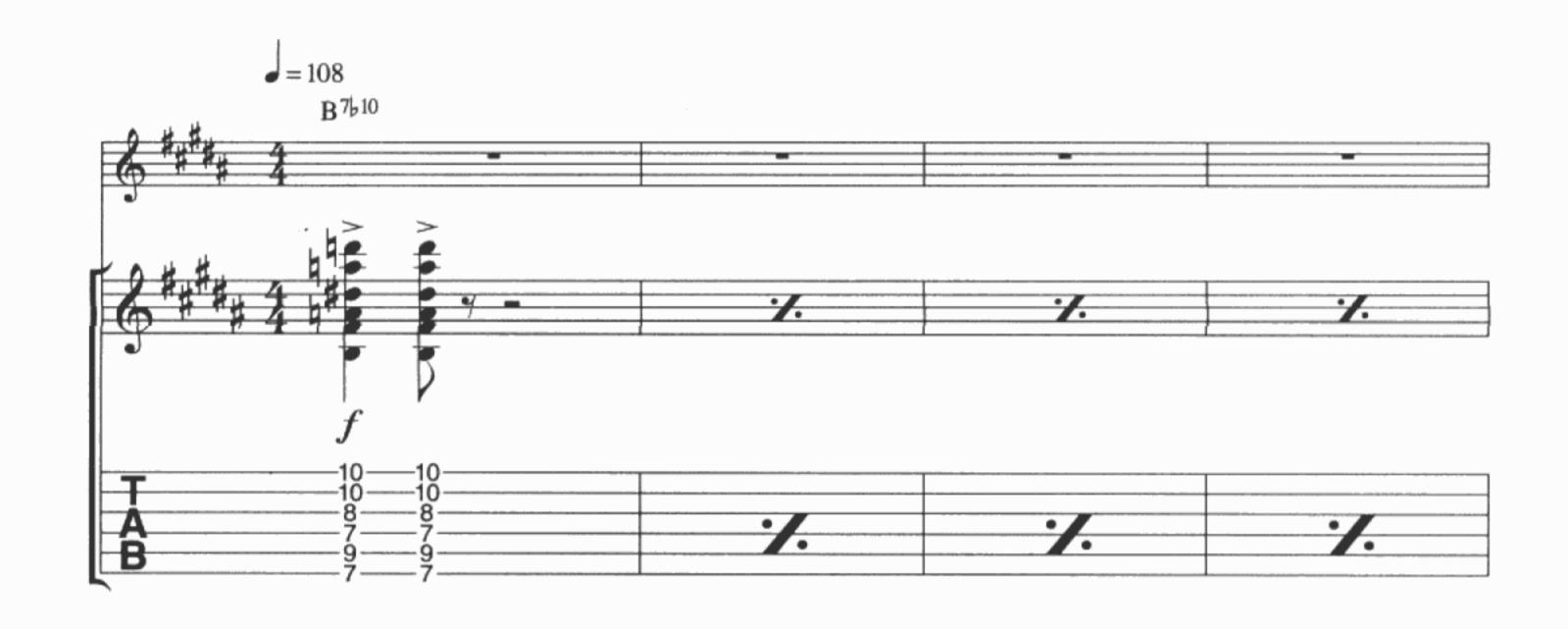
Yuko and Hiro

THIS IS MY WORK PLACE
AND THESE ARE THE PEOPLE I WORK WITH
YUKO AND HIRO
WE WORK TOGETHER
WE WORK FOR THE COMPANY
THAT WORKS TO THE FUTURE
THEY WILL PROTECT US
WE WORK TOGETHER

I NEVER SEE YOU
WE ARE NEVER TOGETHER
I'LL LOVE YOU FOR EVER

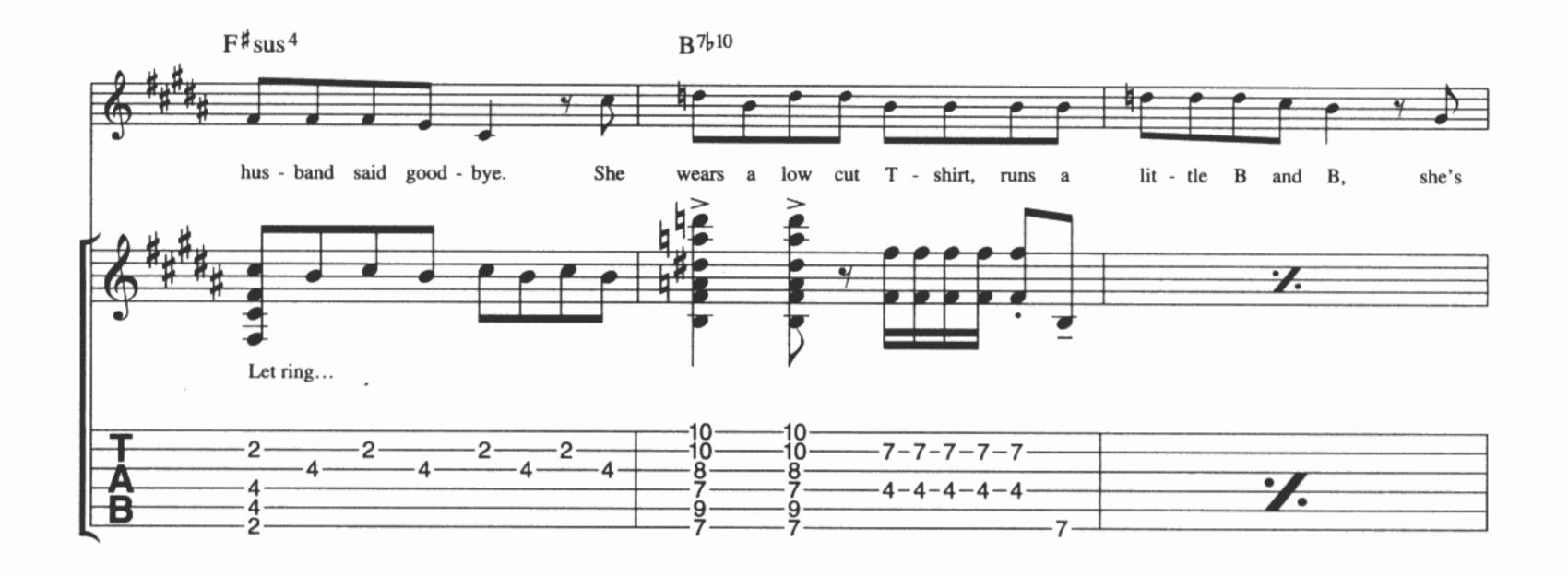
I DRINK IN THE EVENINGS
IT HELPS WITH RELAXING
I CAN'T SLEEP WITHOUT DRINKING
WE DRINK TOGETHER
FROM MONDAY TO SATURDAY
I GO TO MY WORKPLACE
BUT ON SUNDAY WE ARE TOGETHER
YUKO AND HIRO

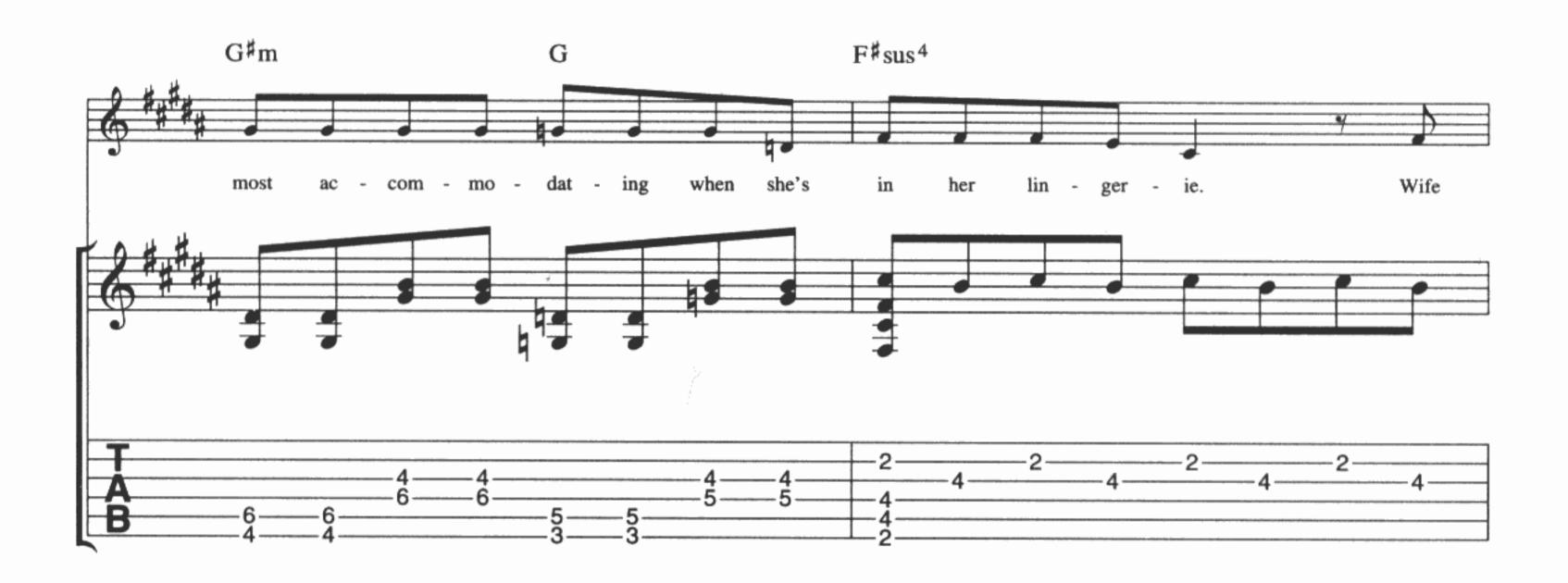
Stereotypes

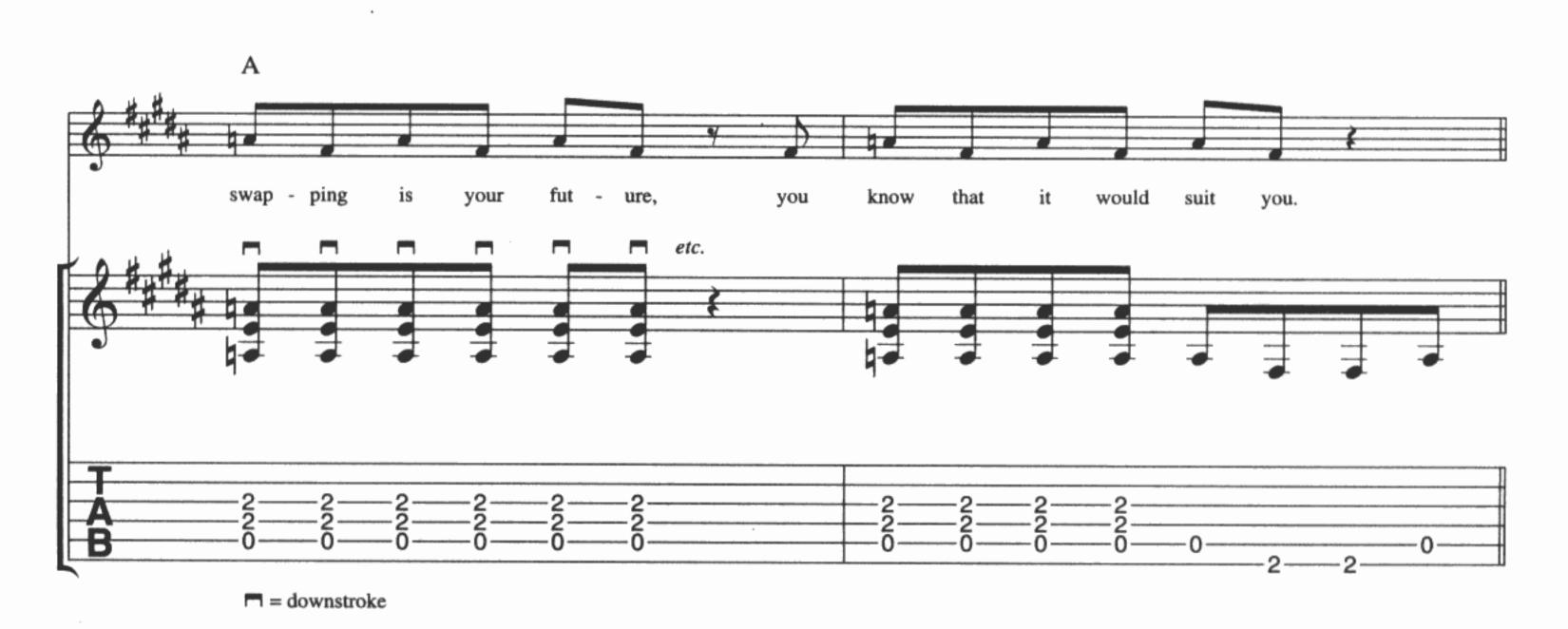




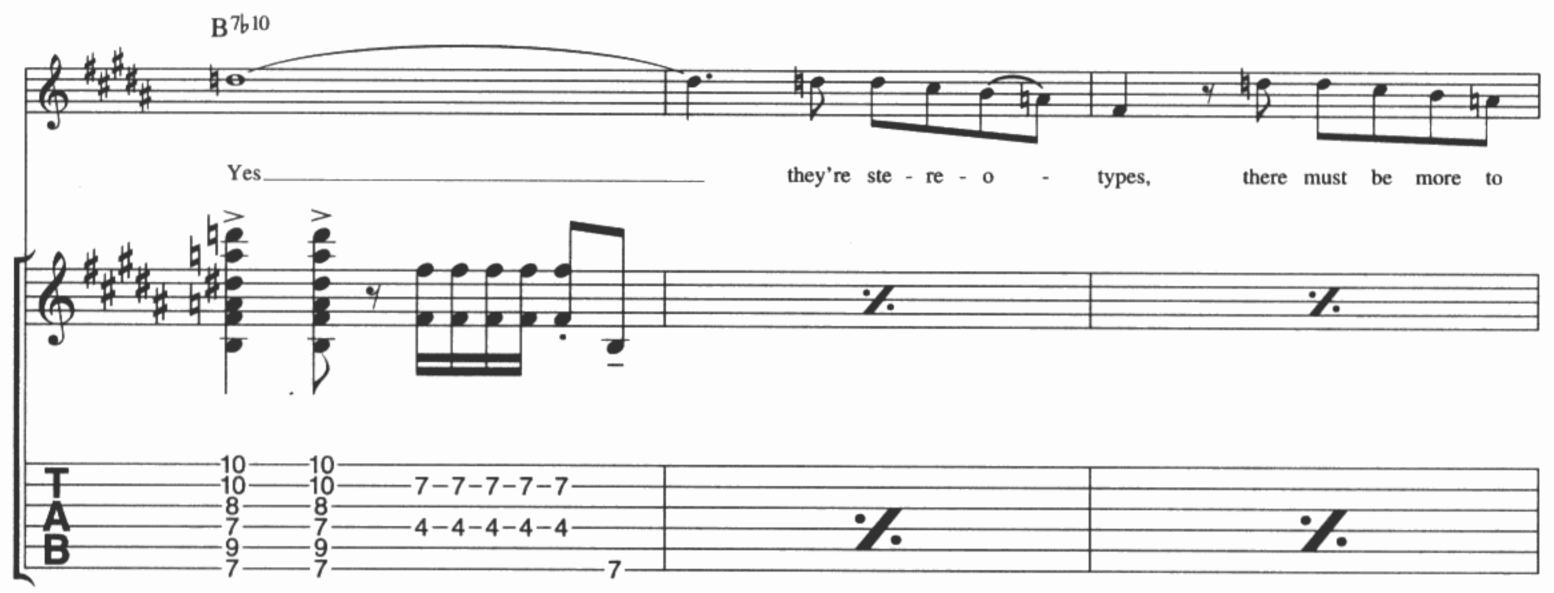
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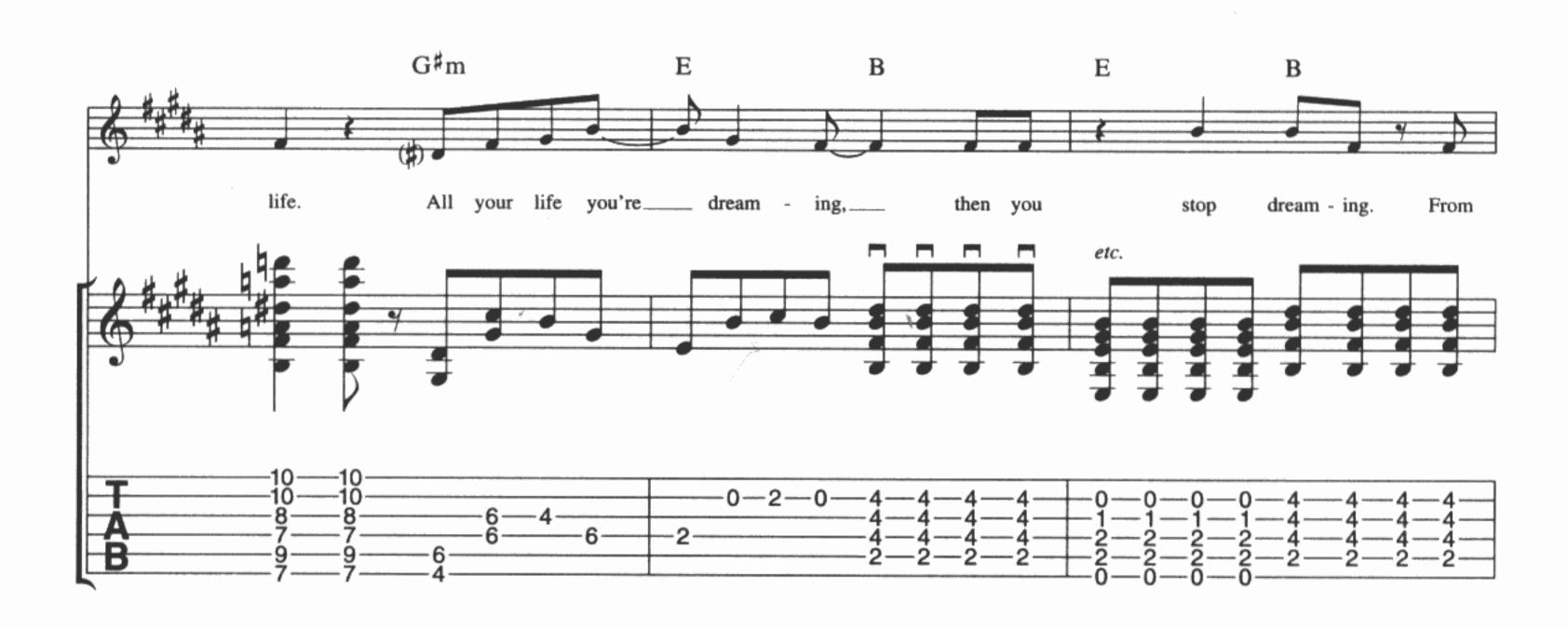


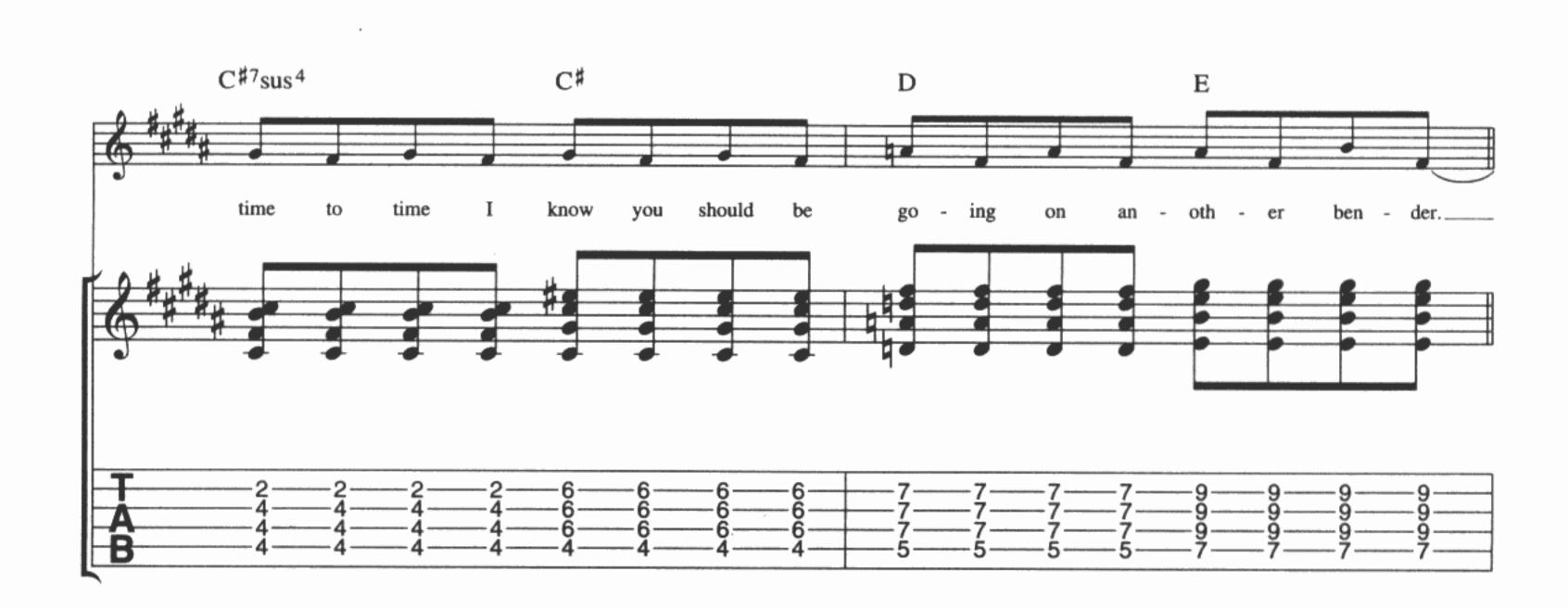




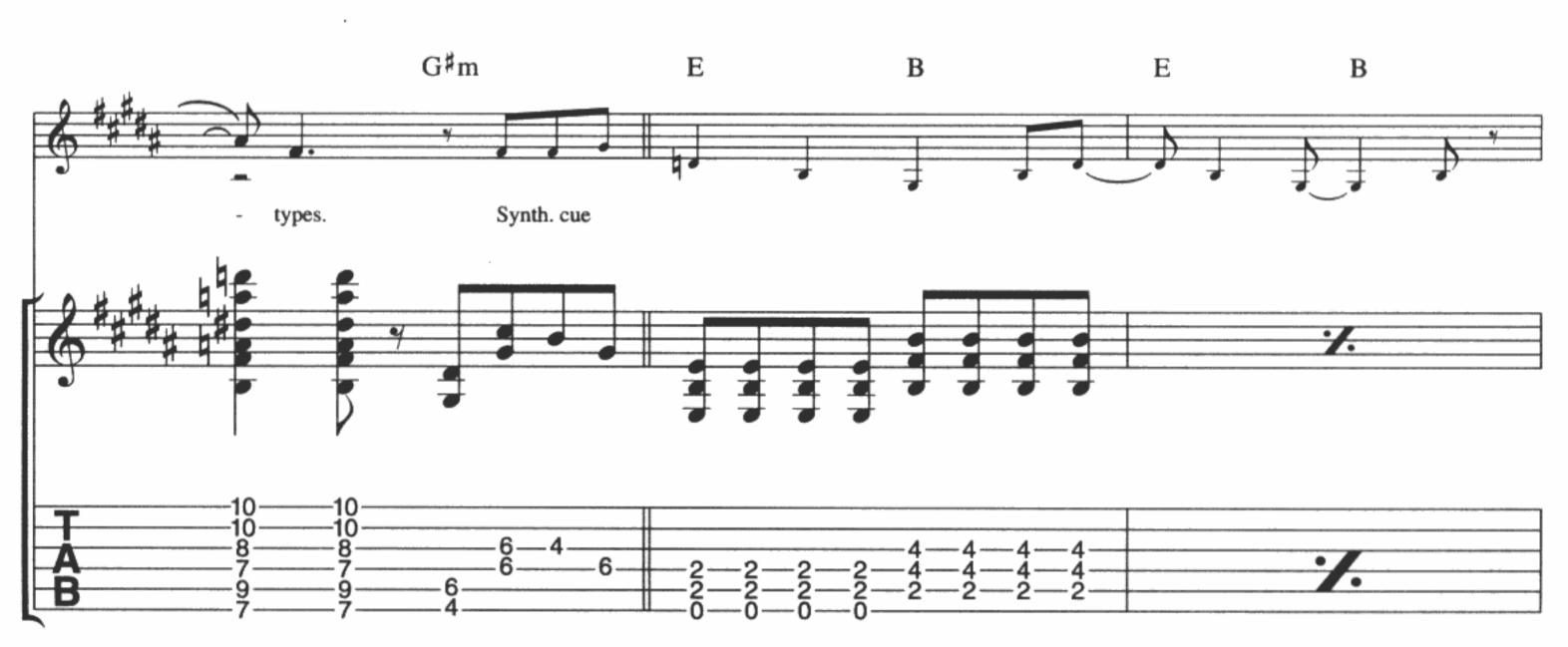


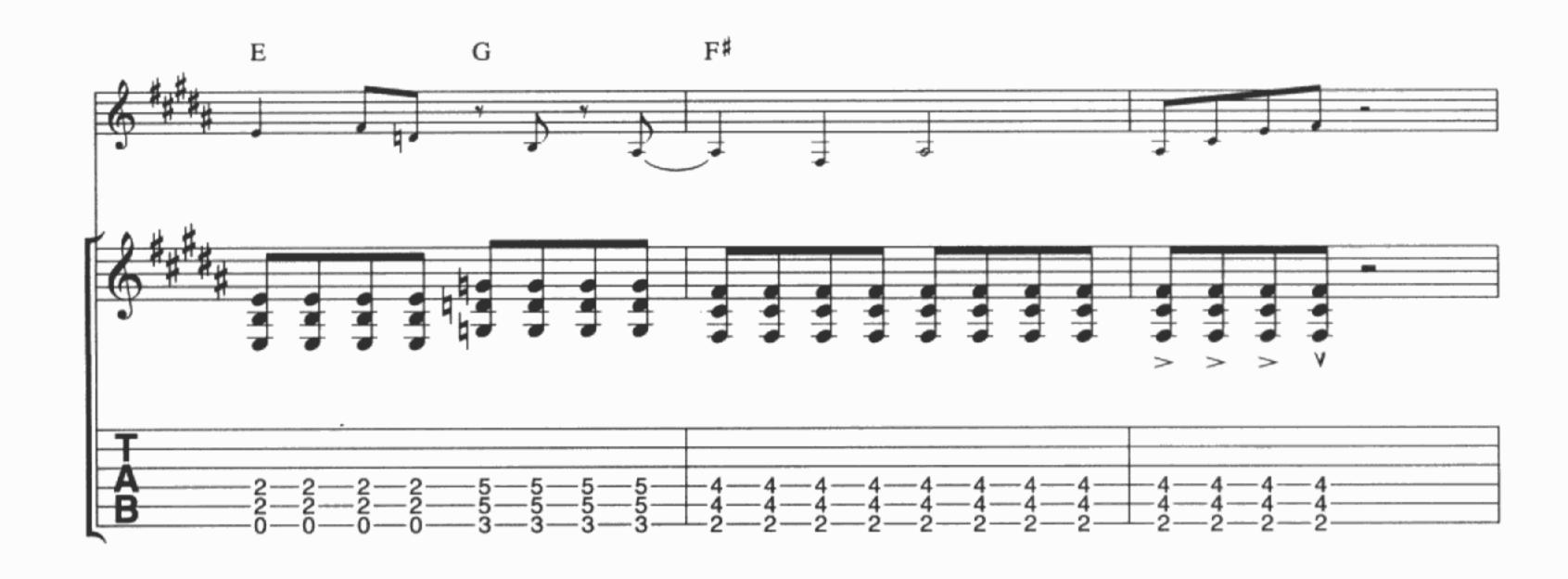


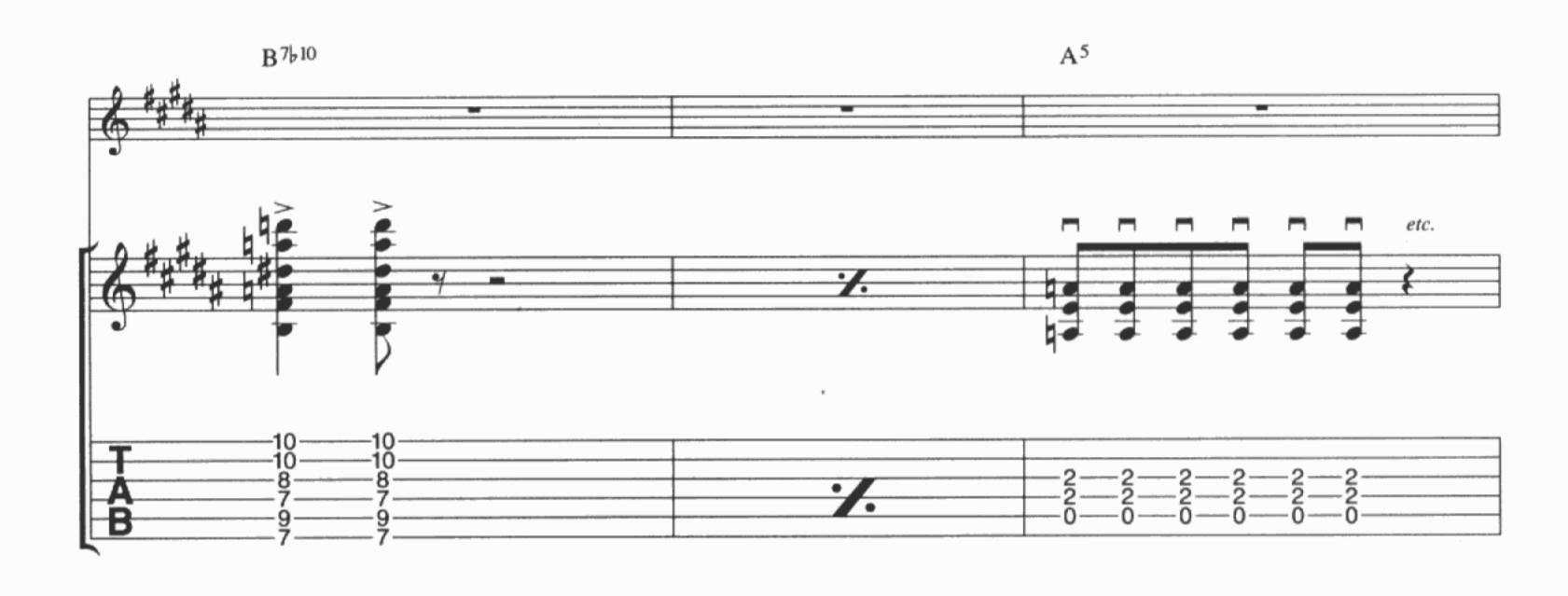


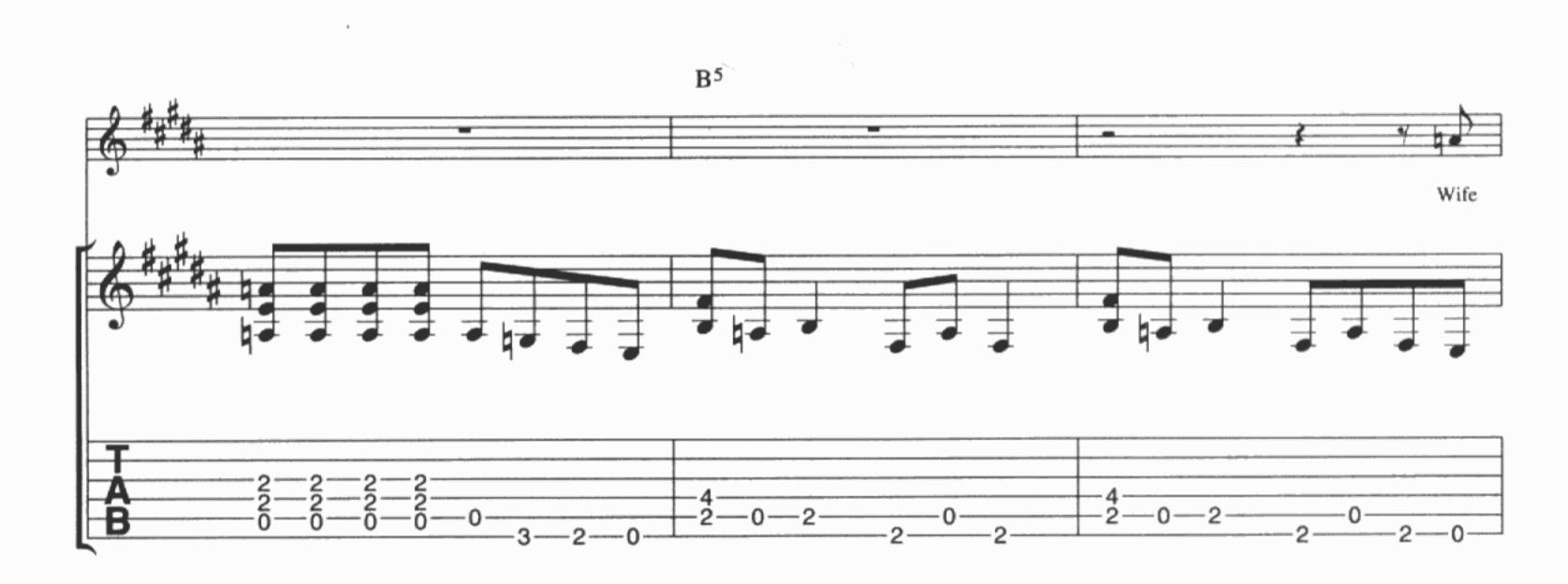


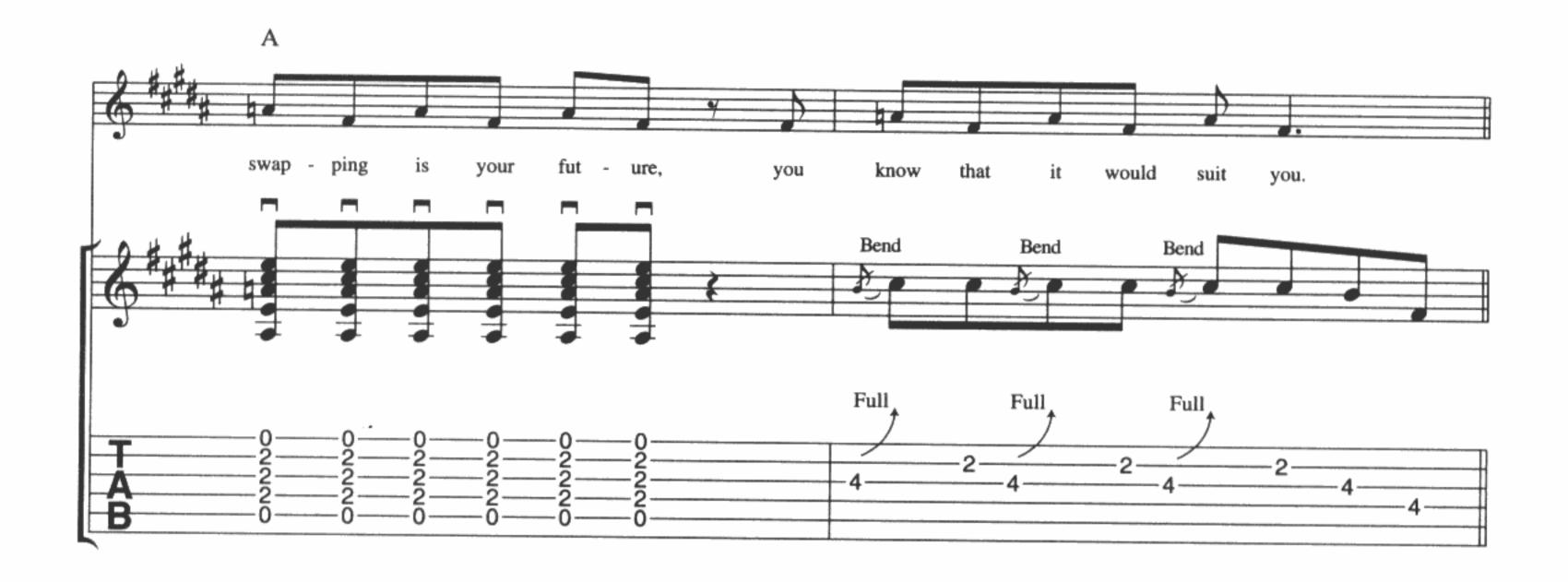


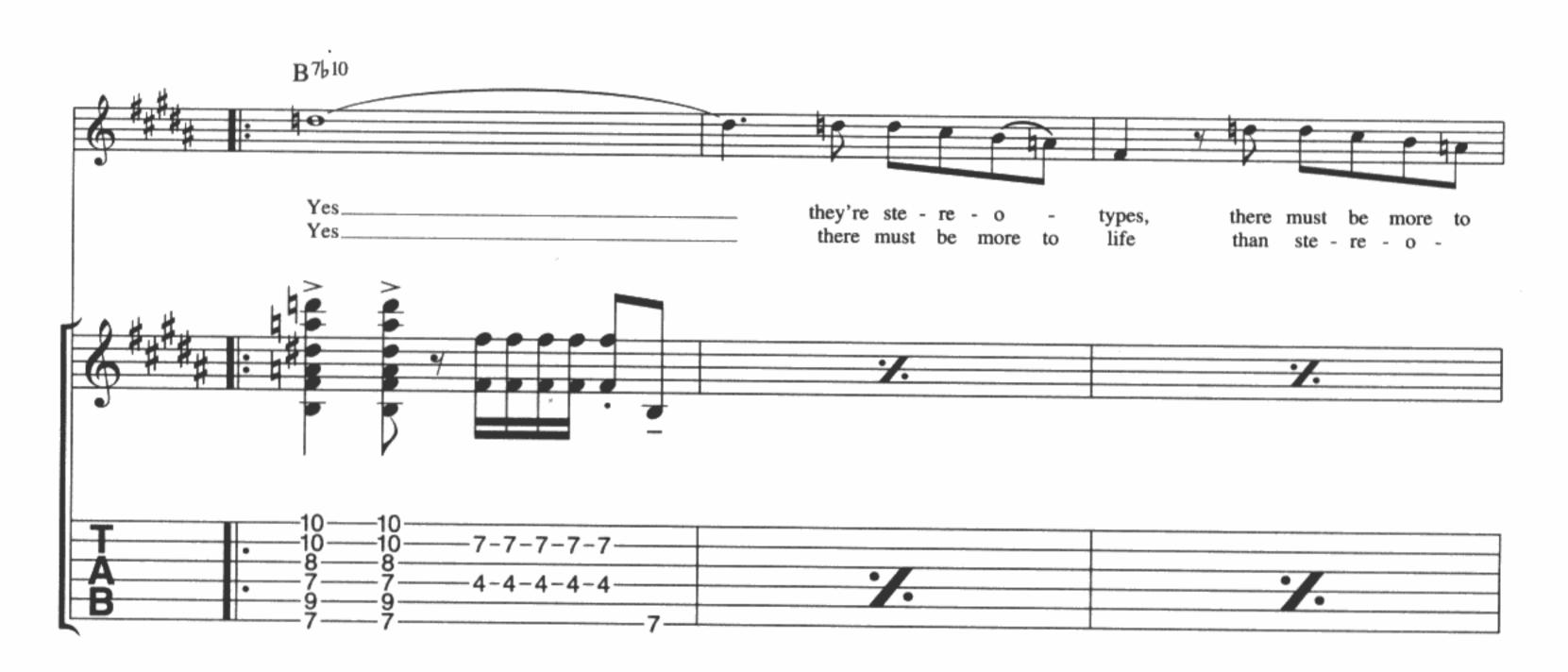


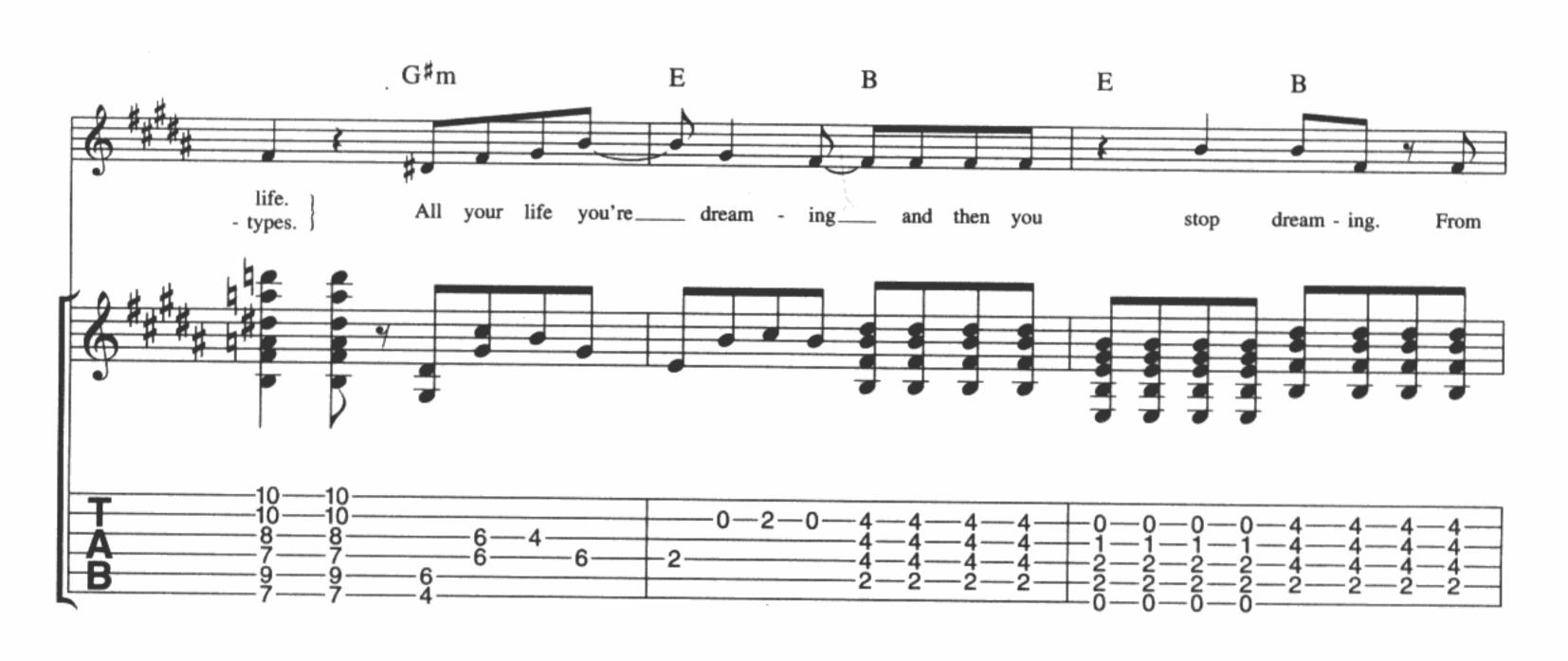


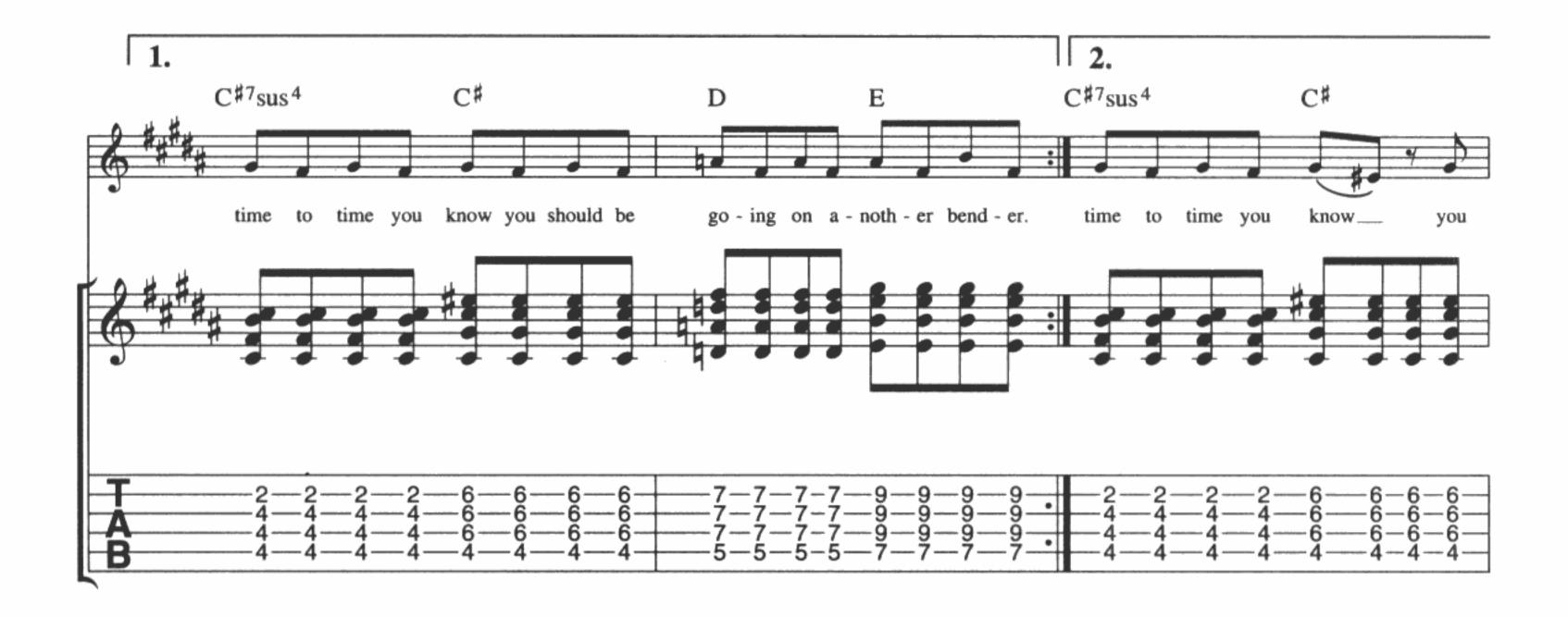


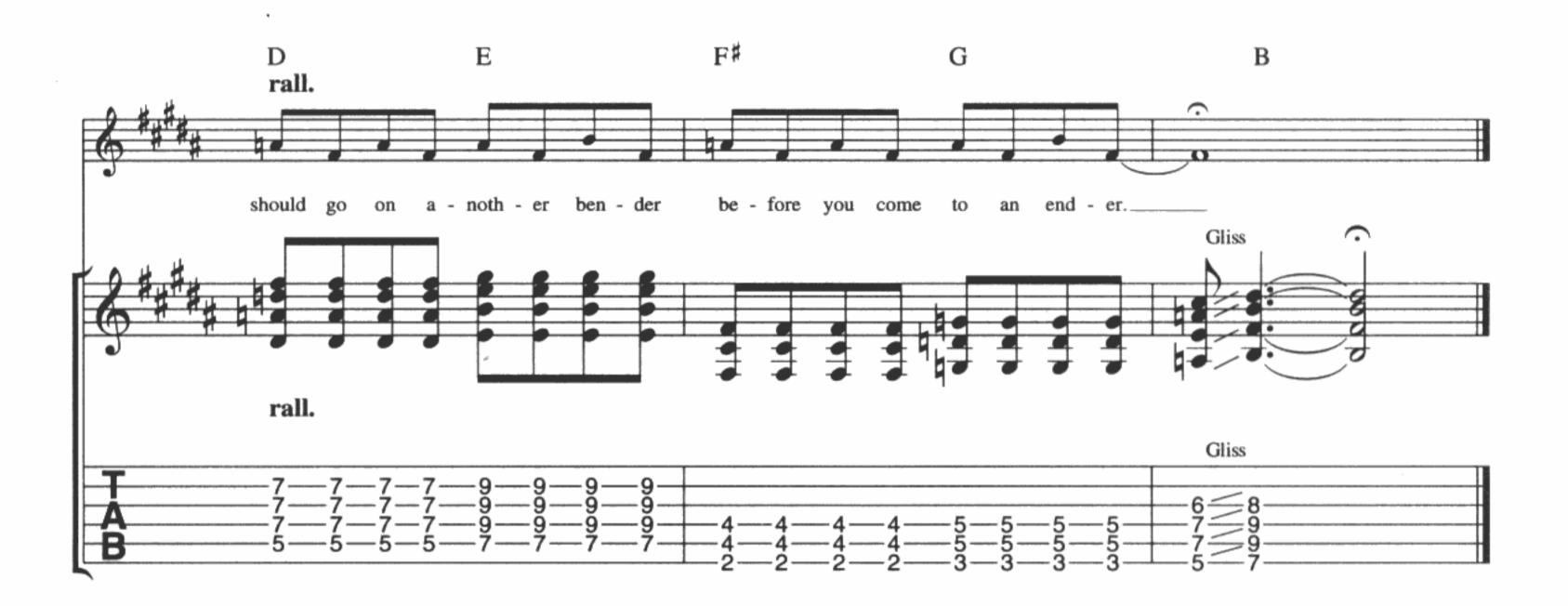












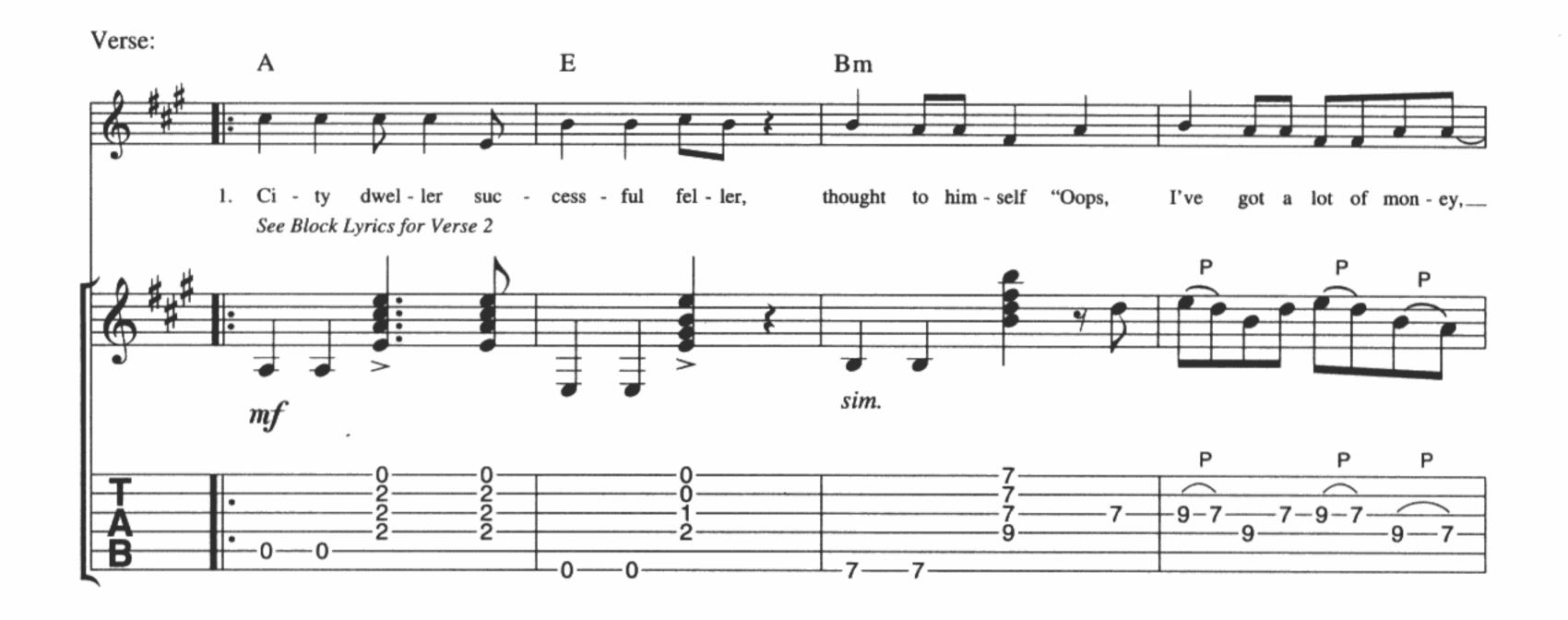
Verse 2:
The suburbs they are sleeping but he's dressing up tonight
She likes a man in uniform, he likes to wear it tight
They're on the lover's sofa, they're on the patio
And when the fun is over, watch themselves on video.

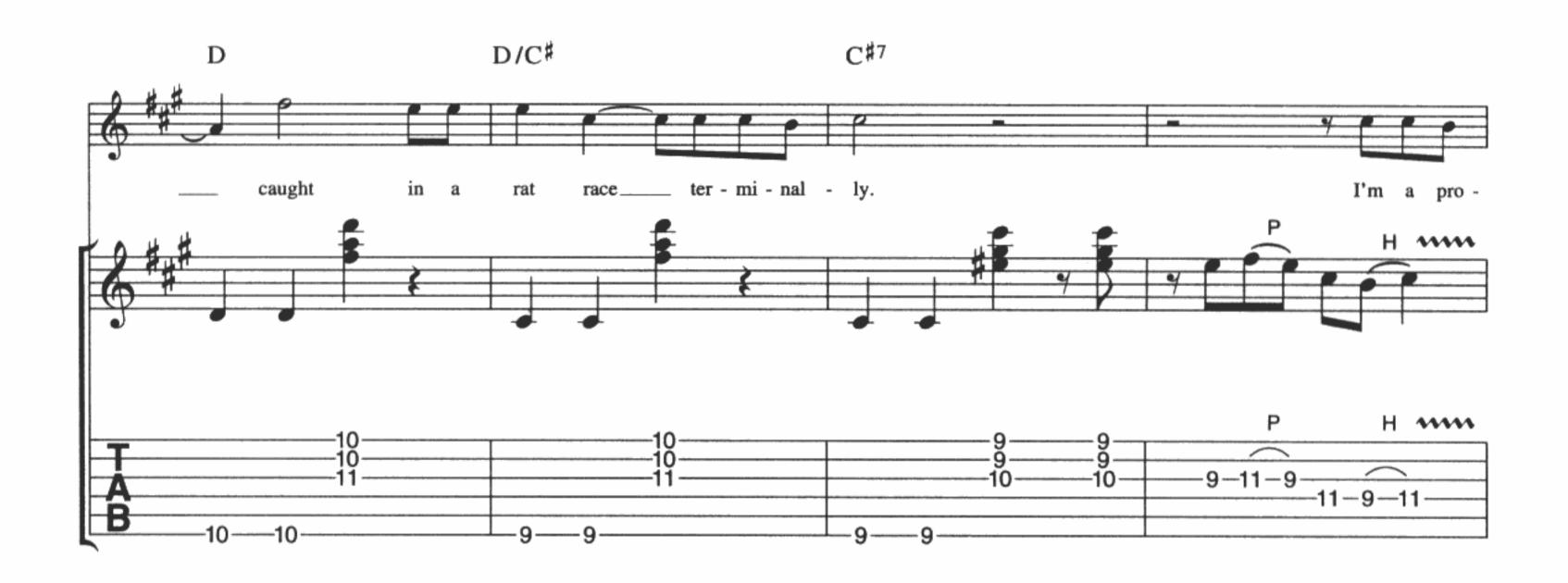
The neighbours may be staring But they are just past caring.

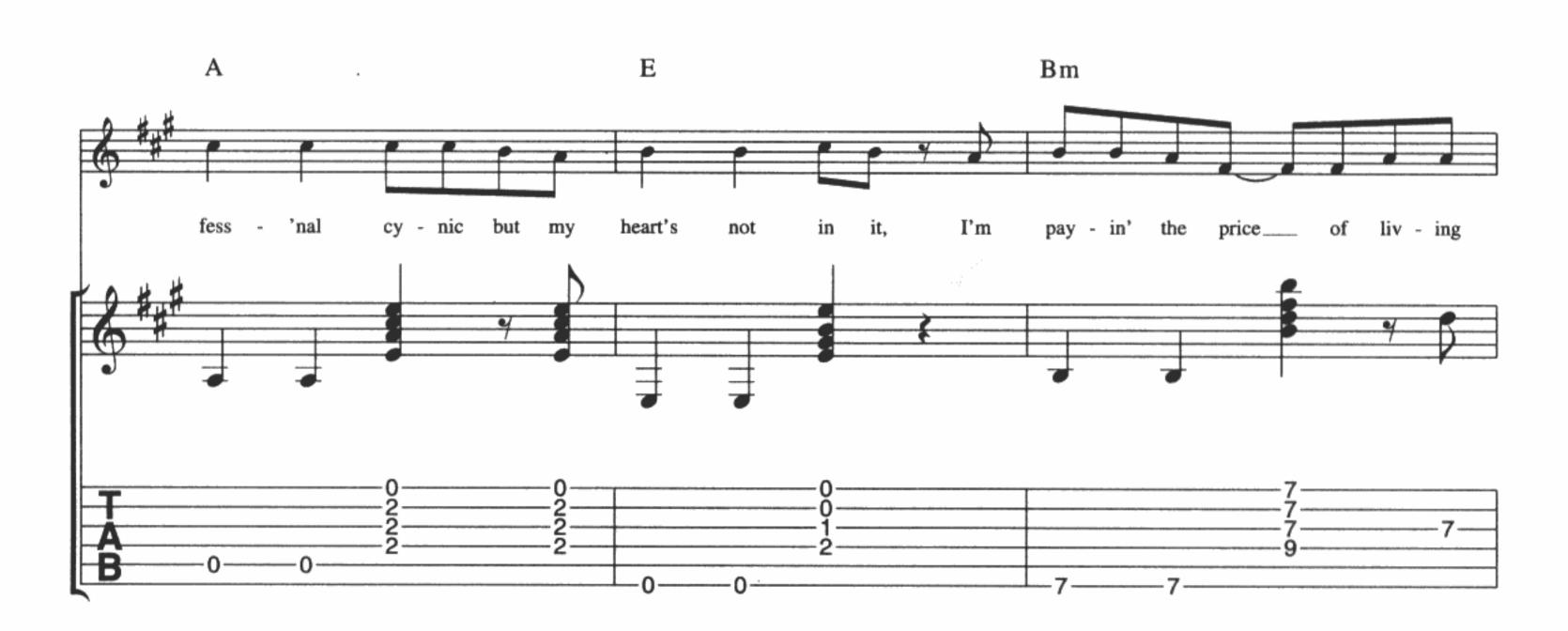
Country House

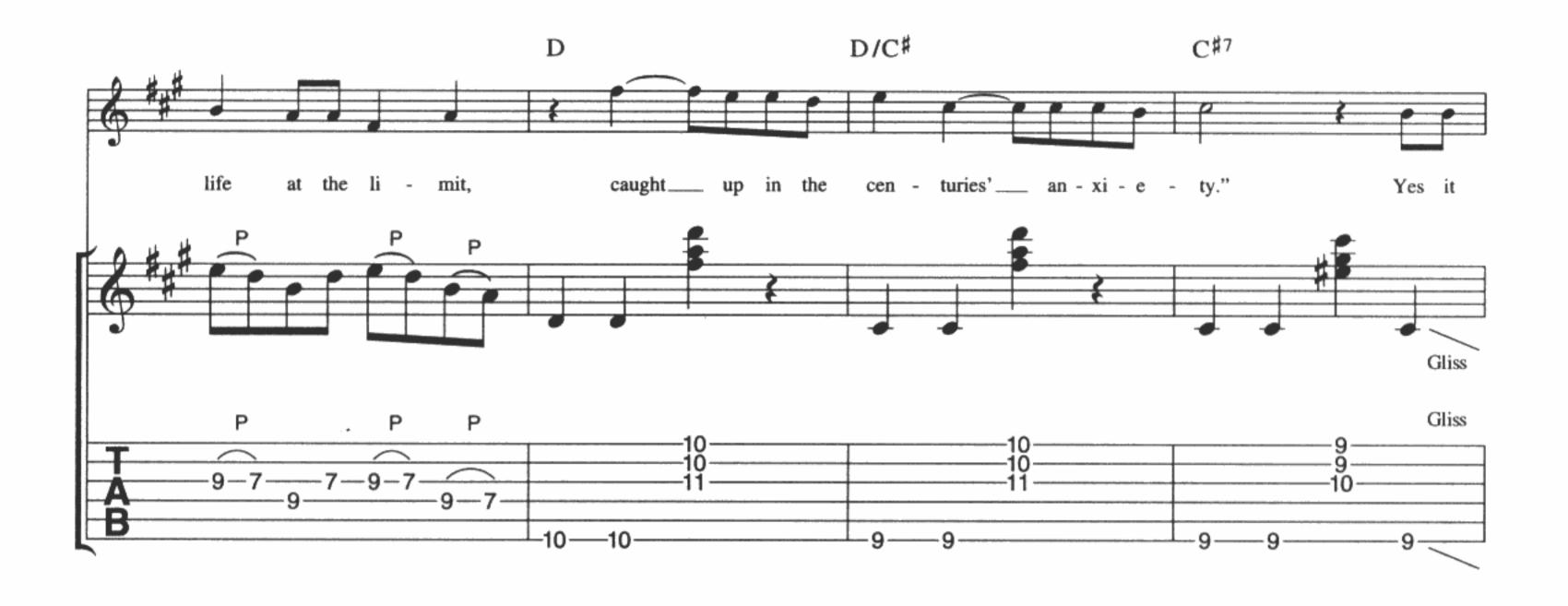


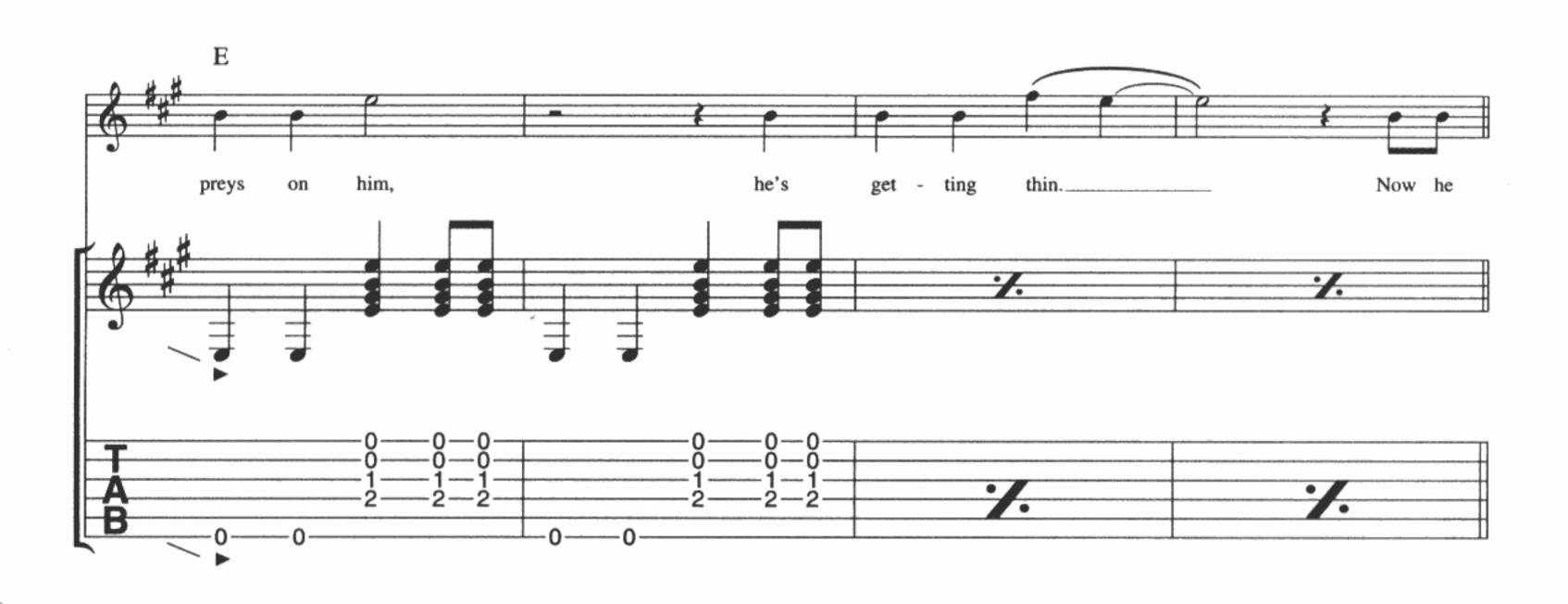
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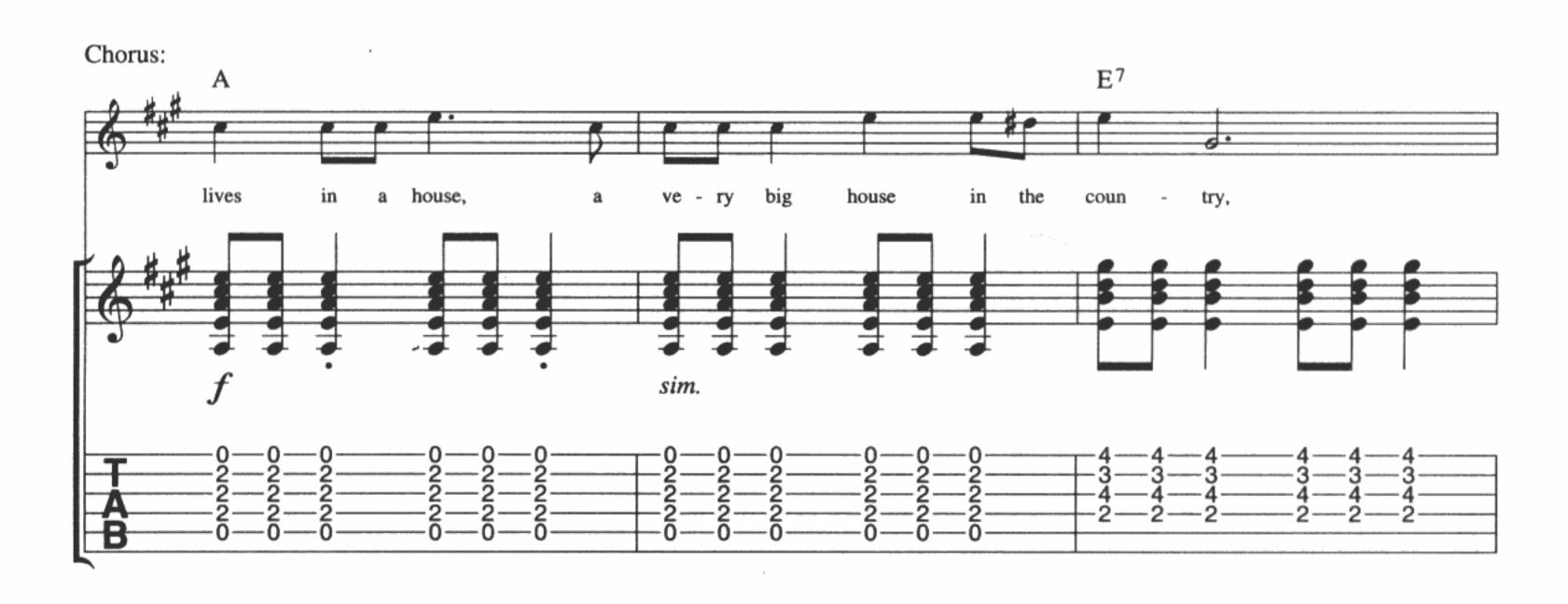


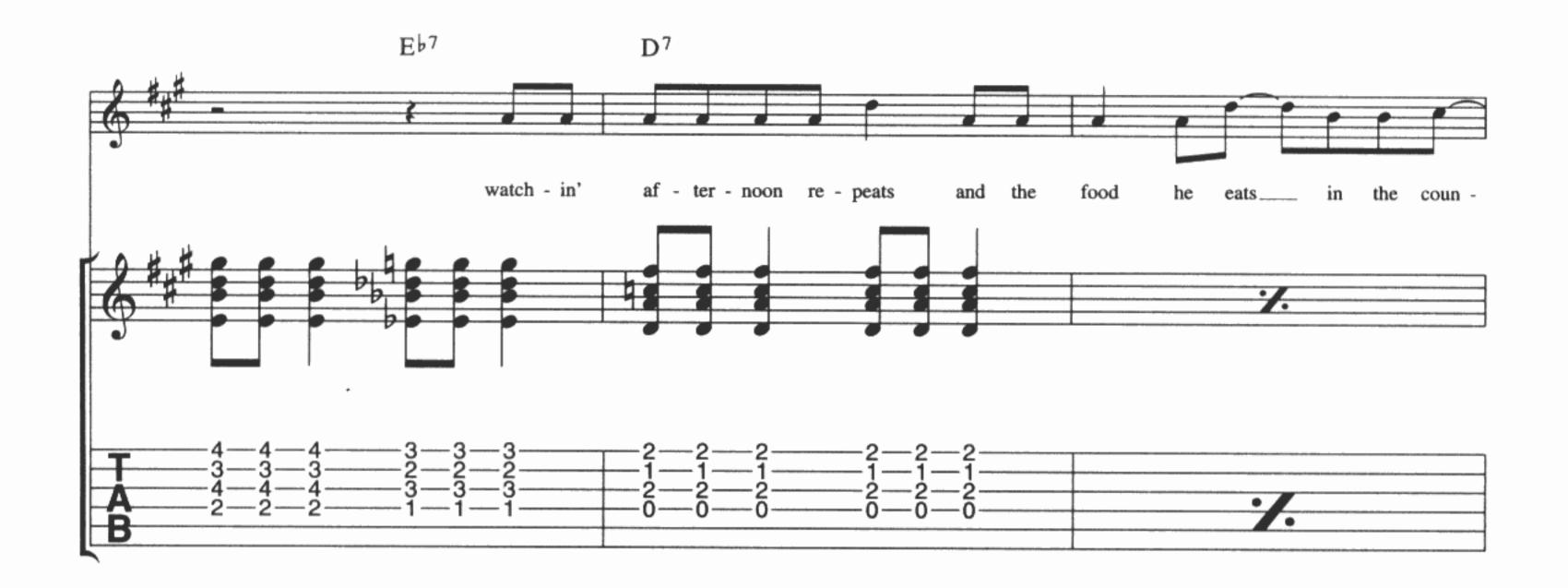


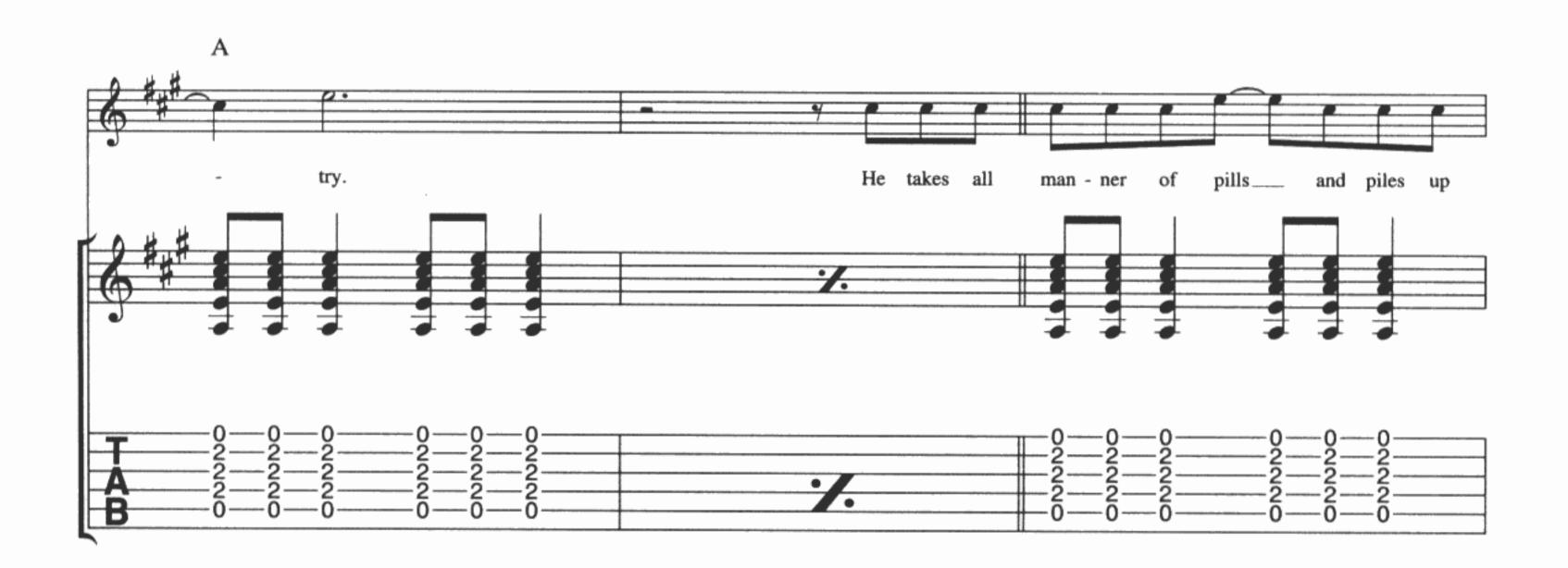


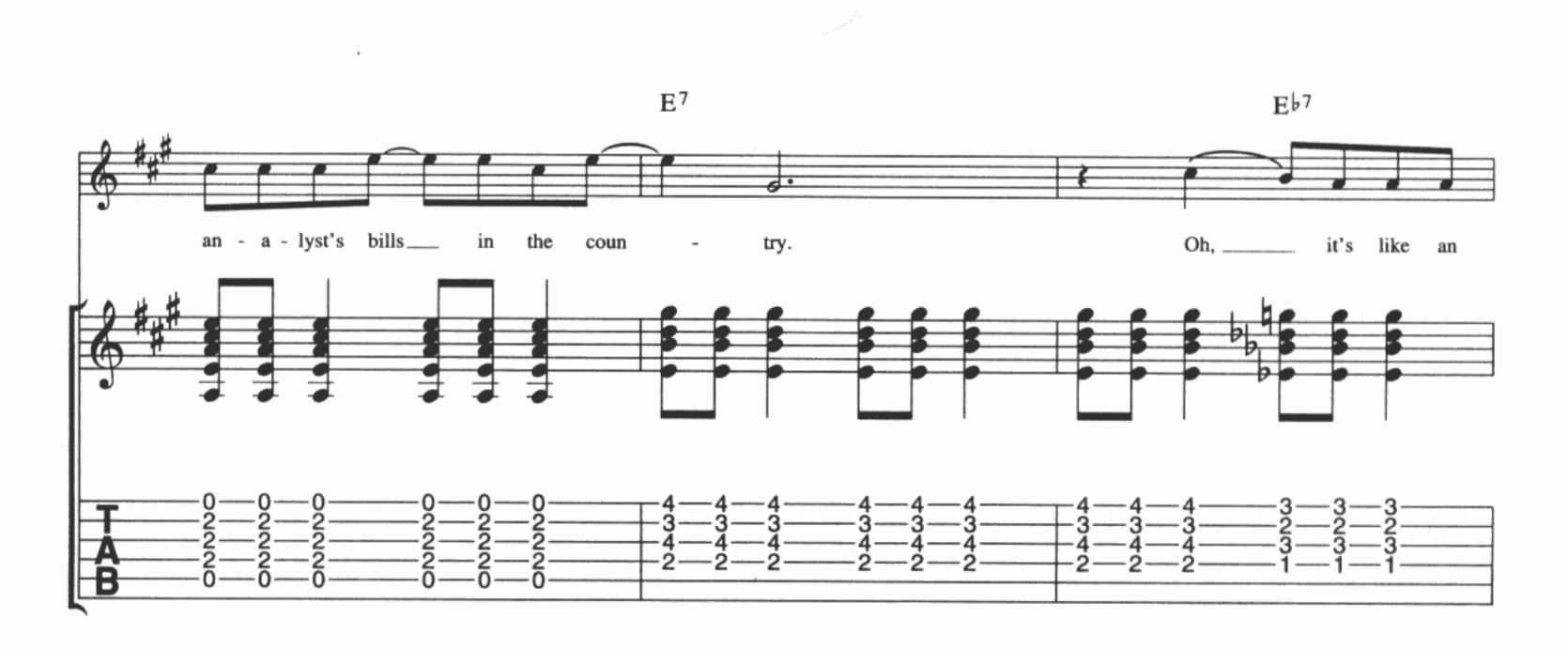




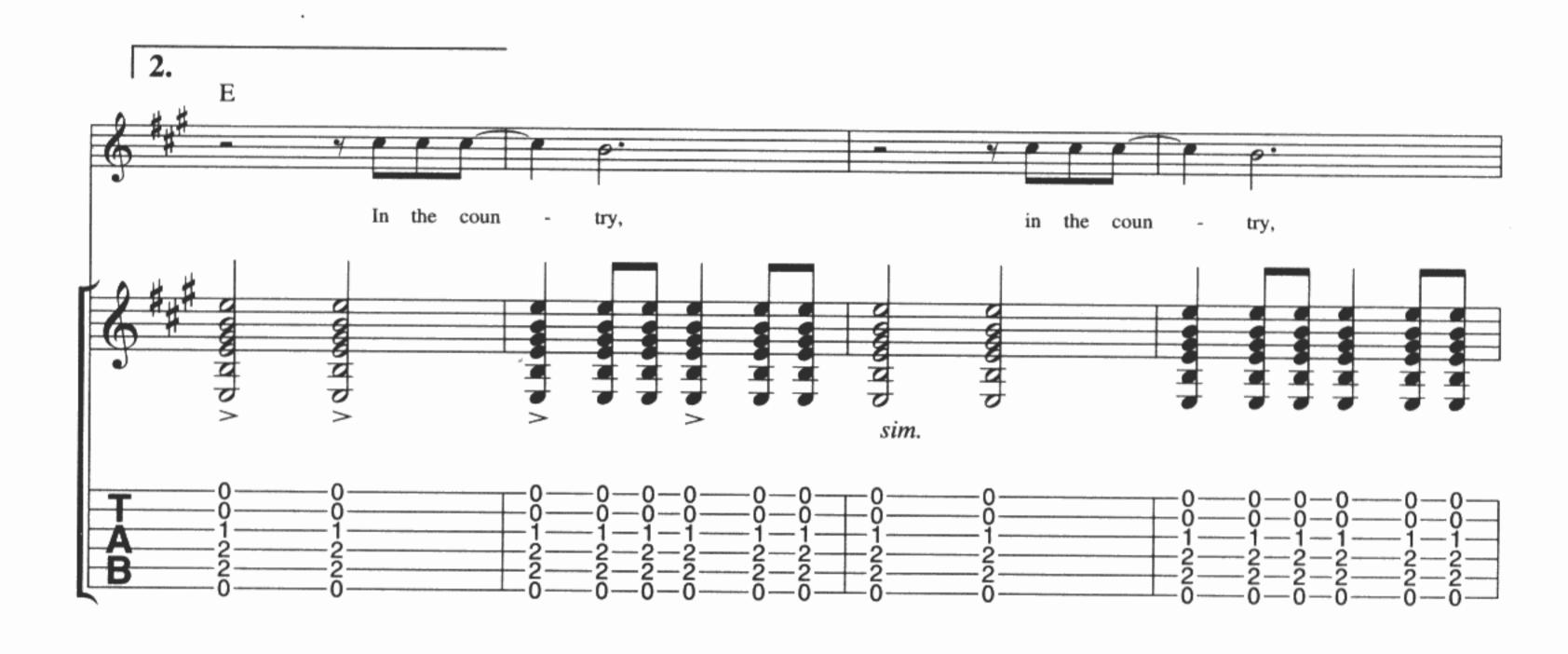


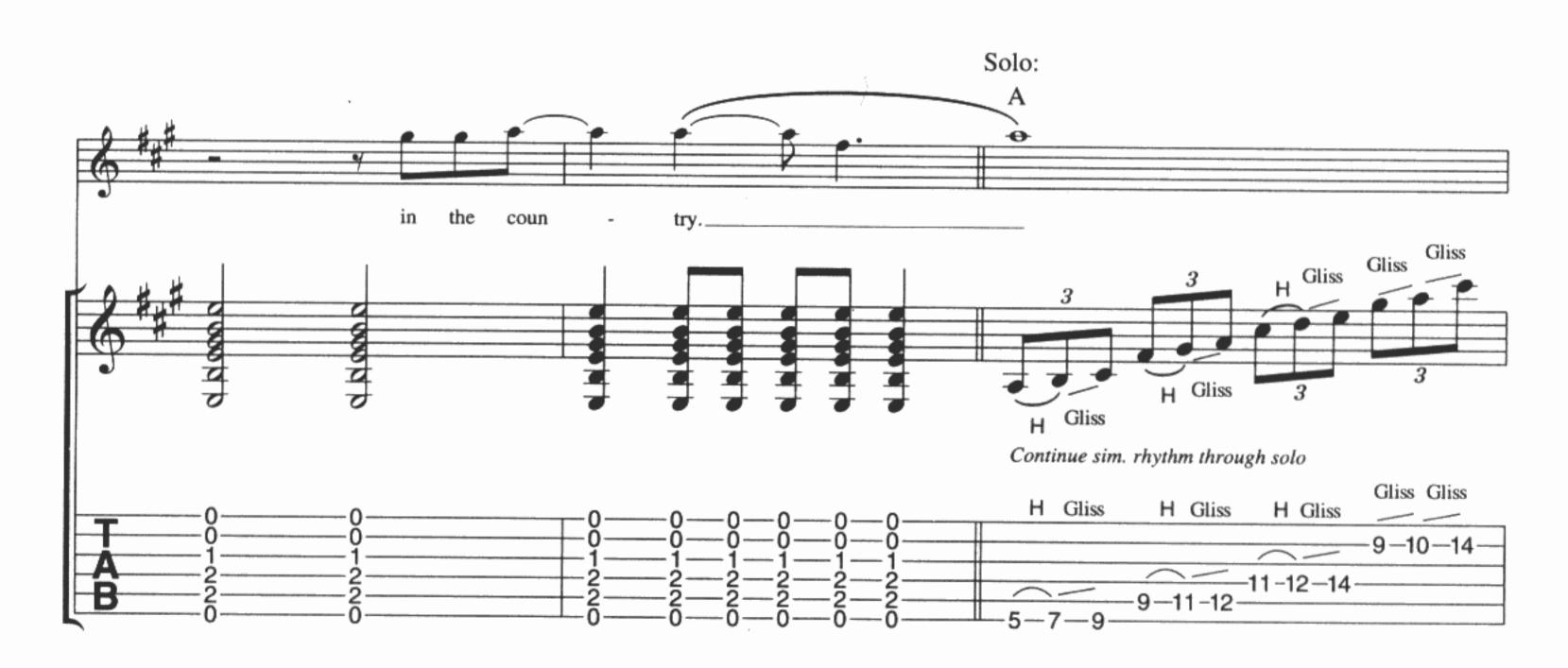


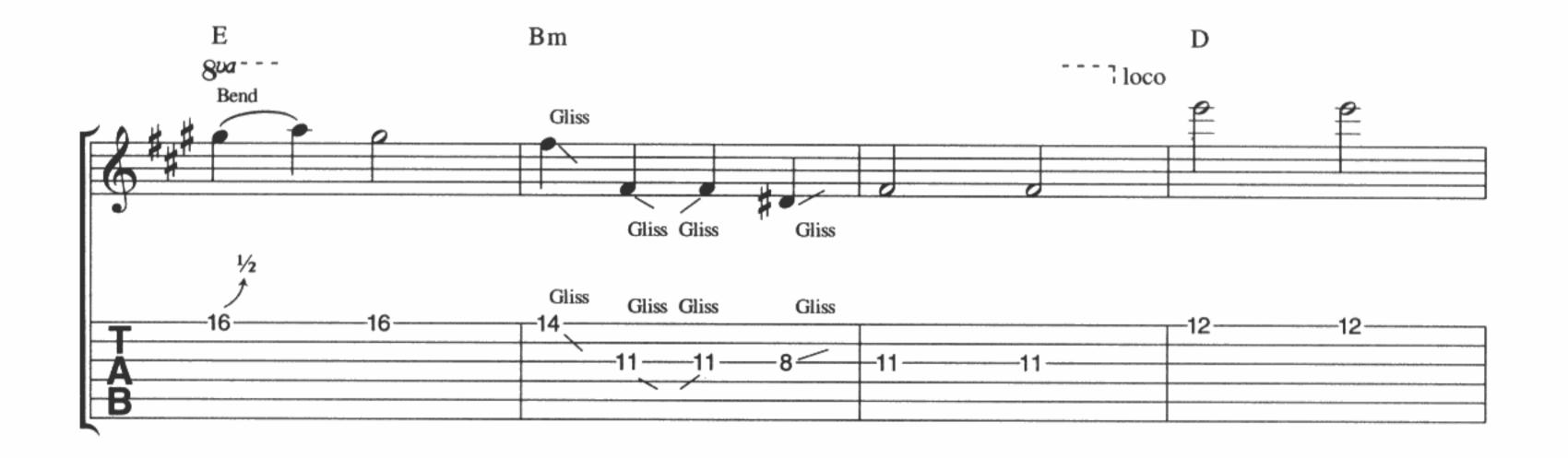


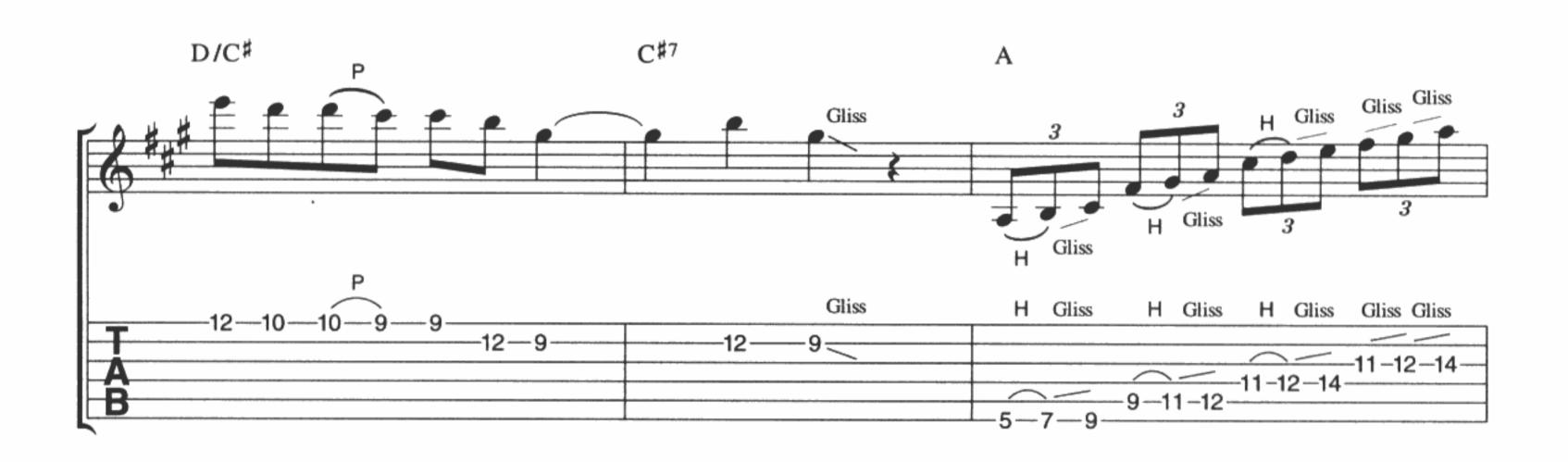


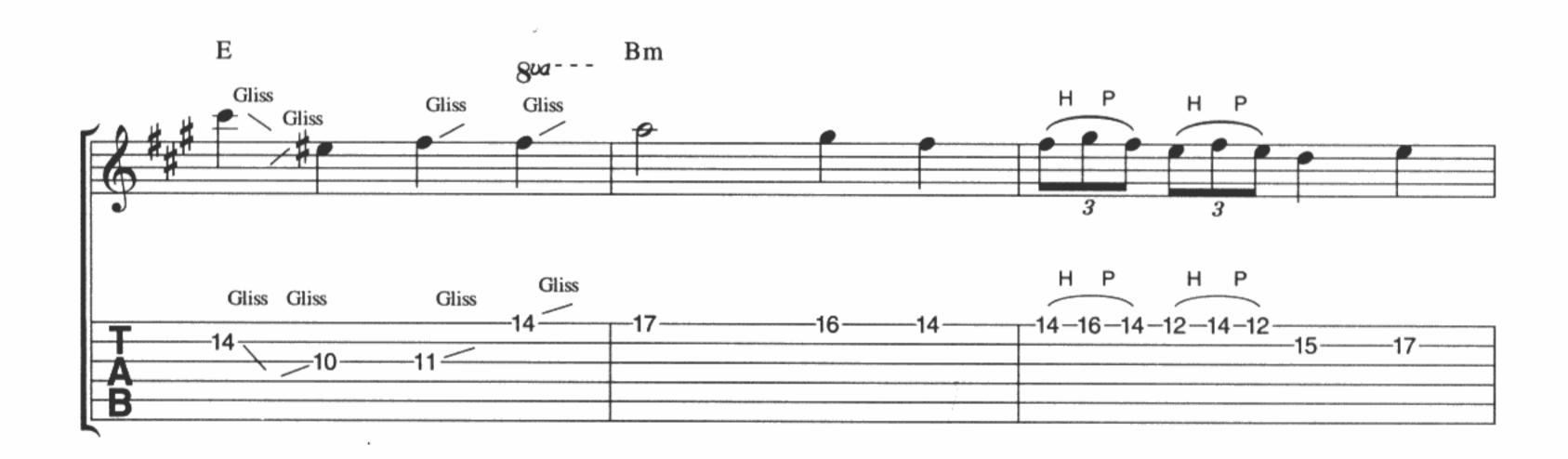


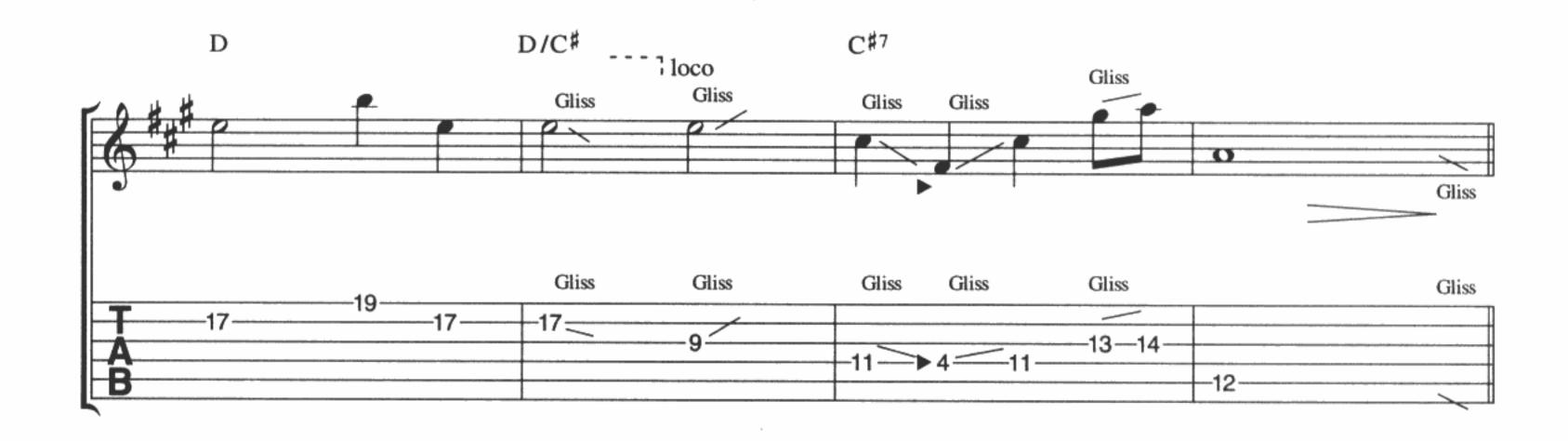


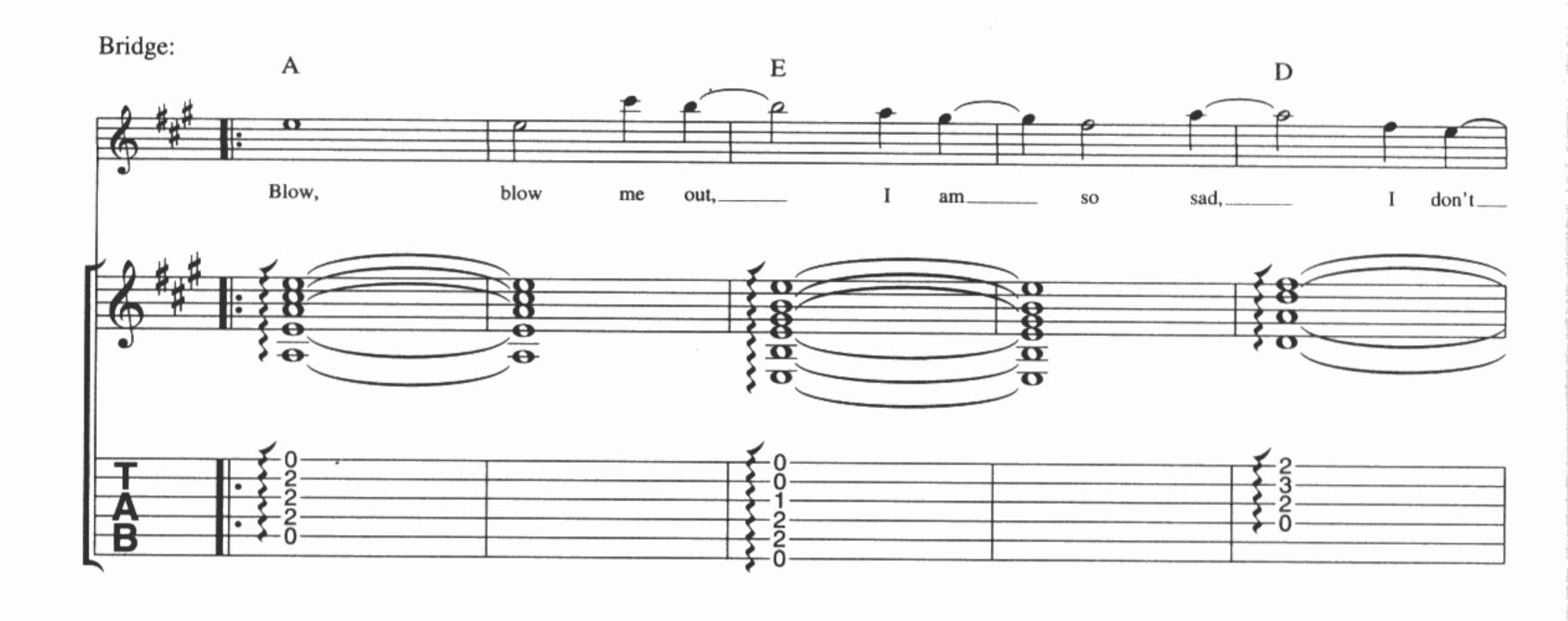


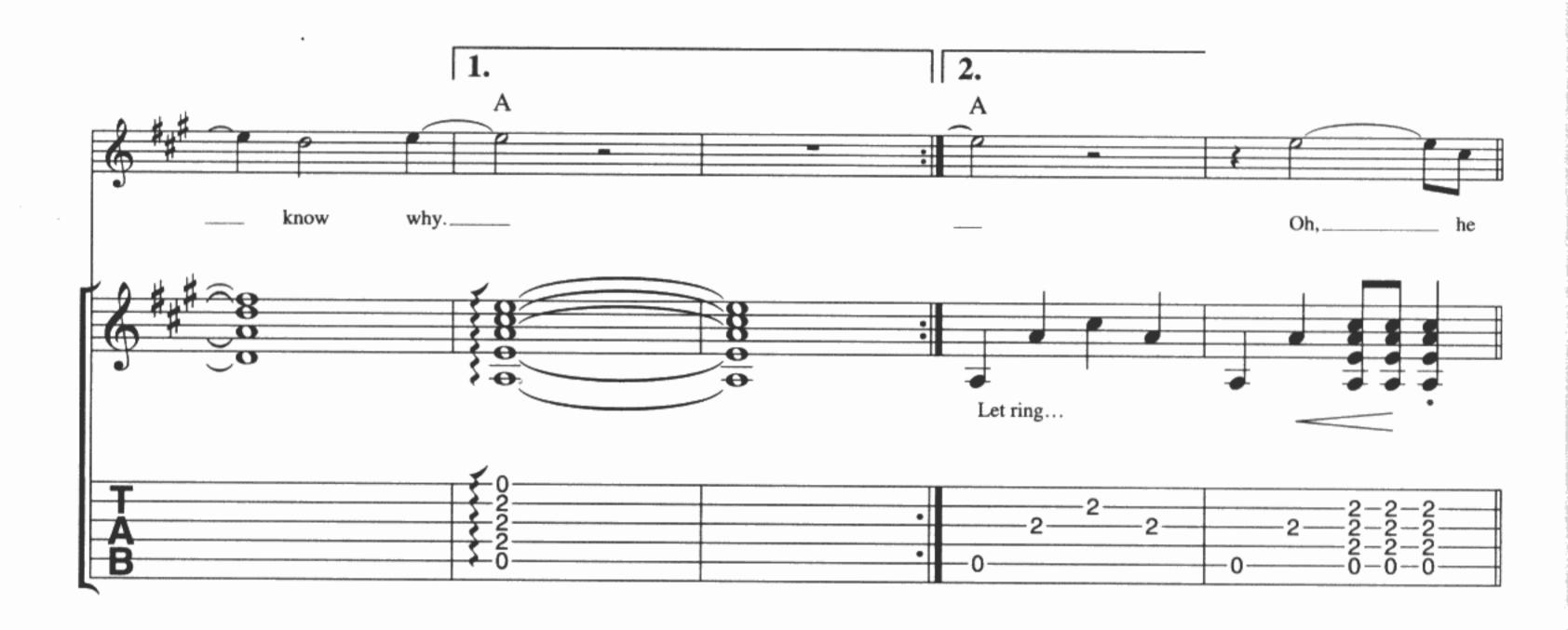


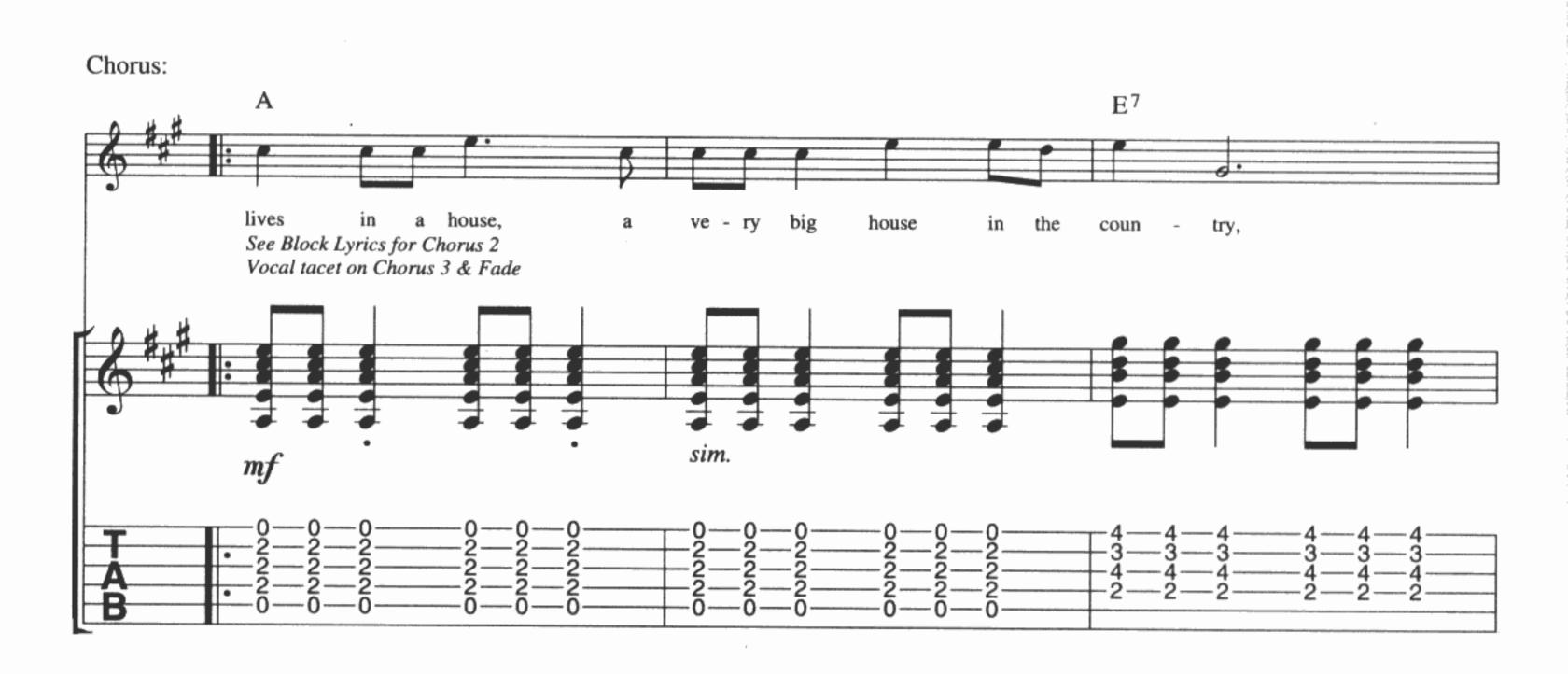


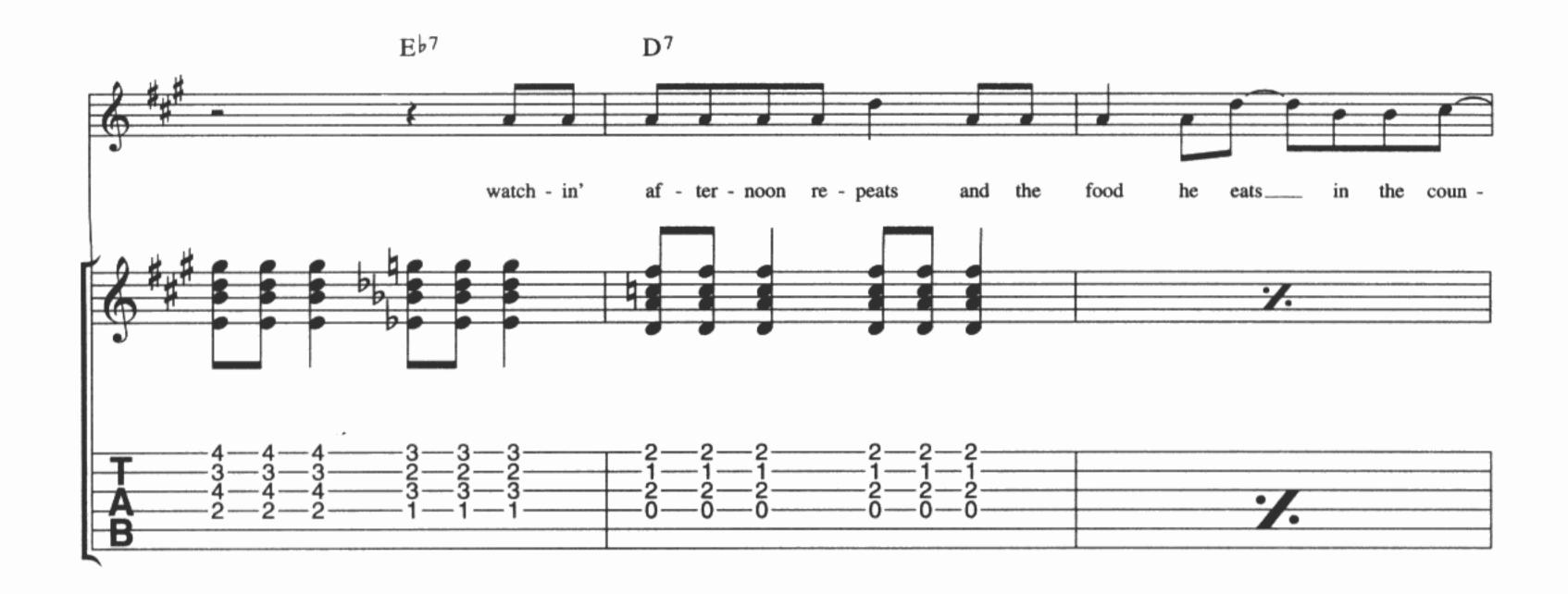


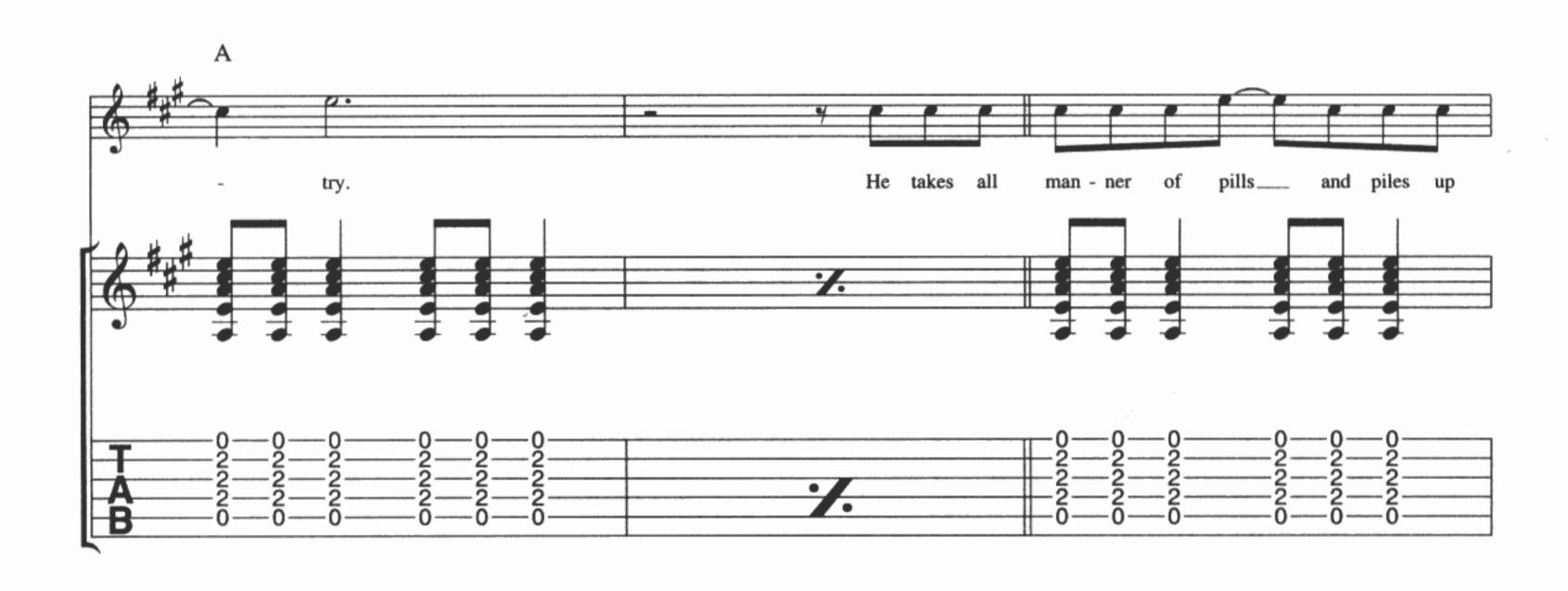


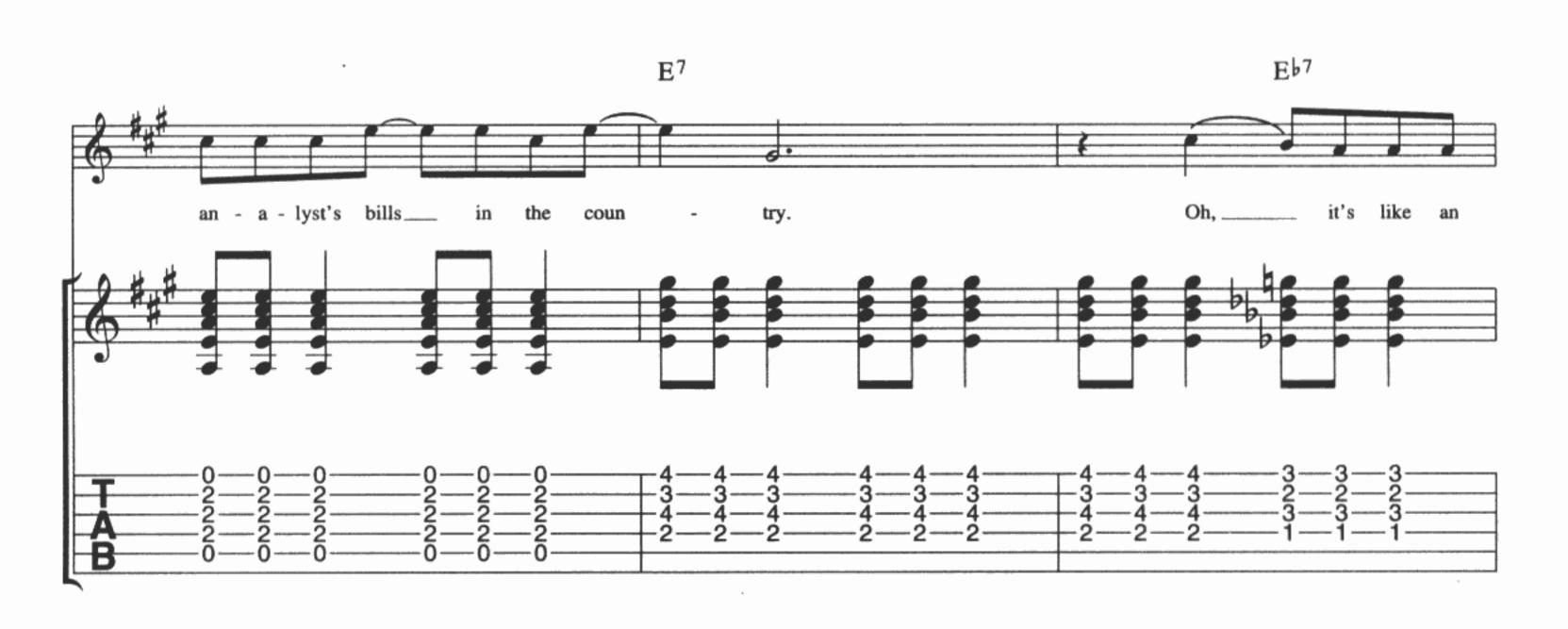


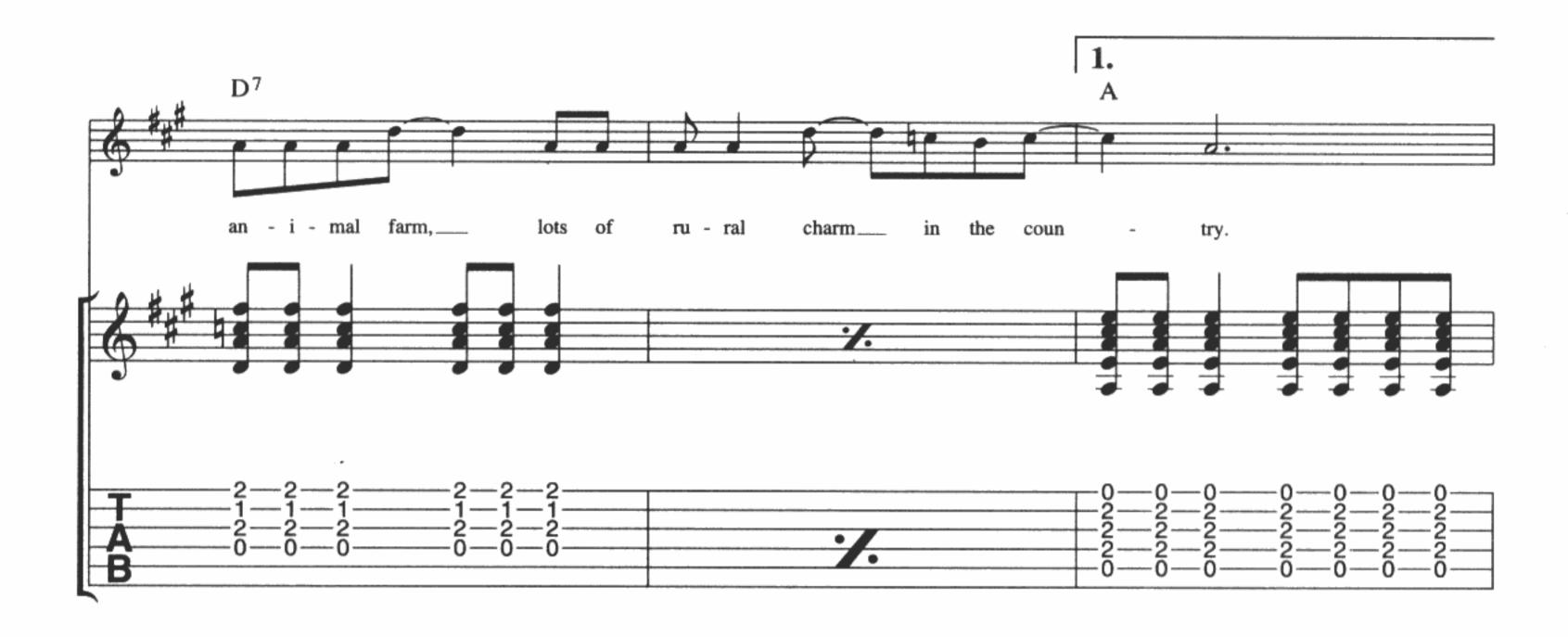


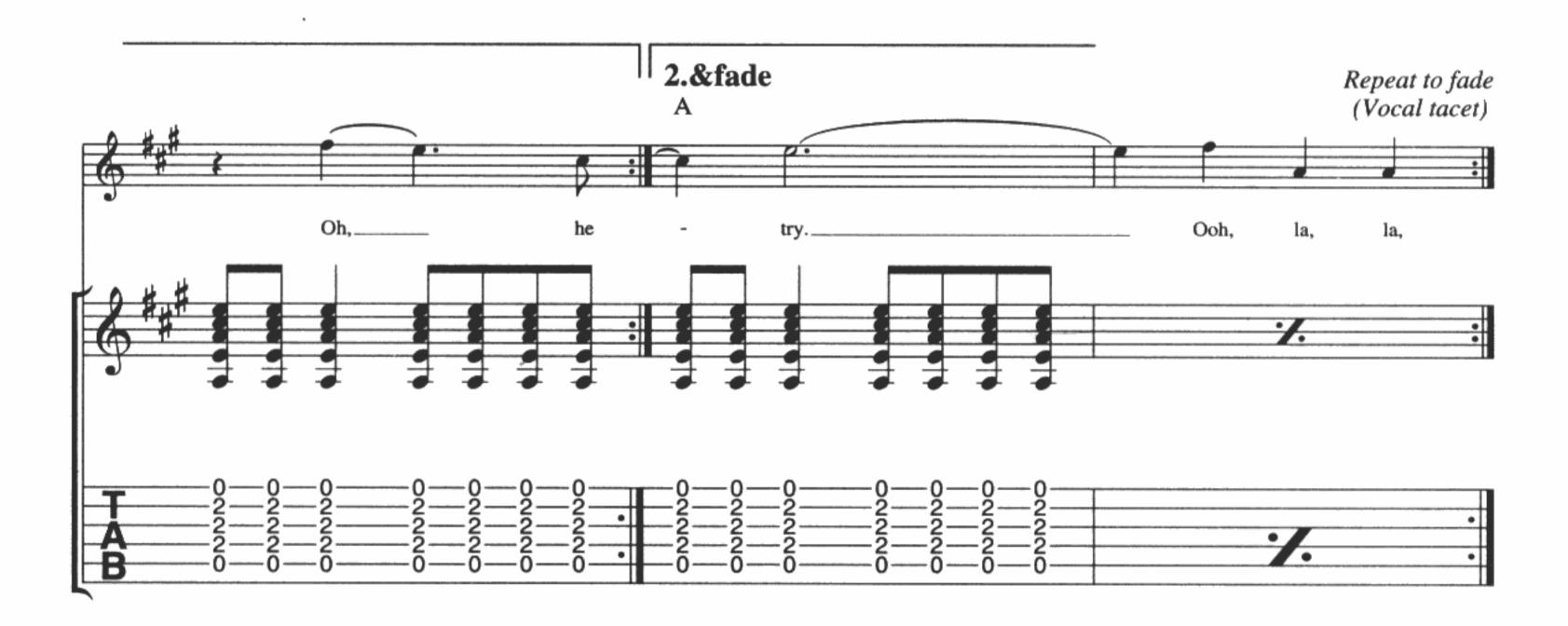












Verse 2:

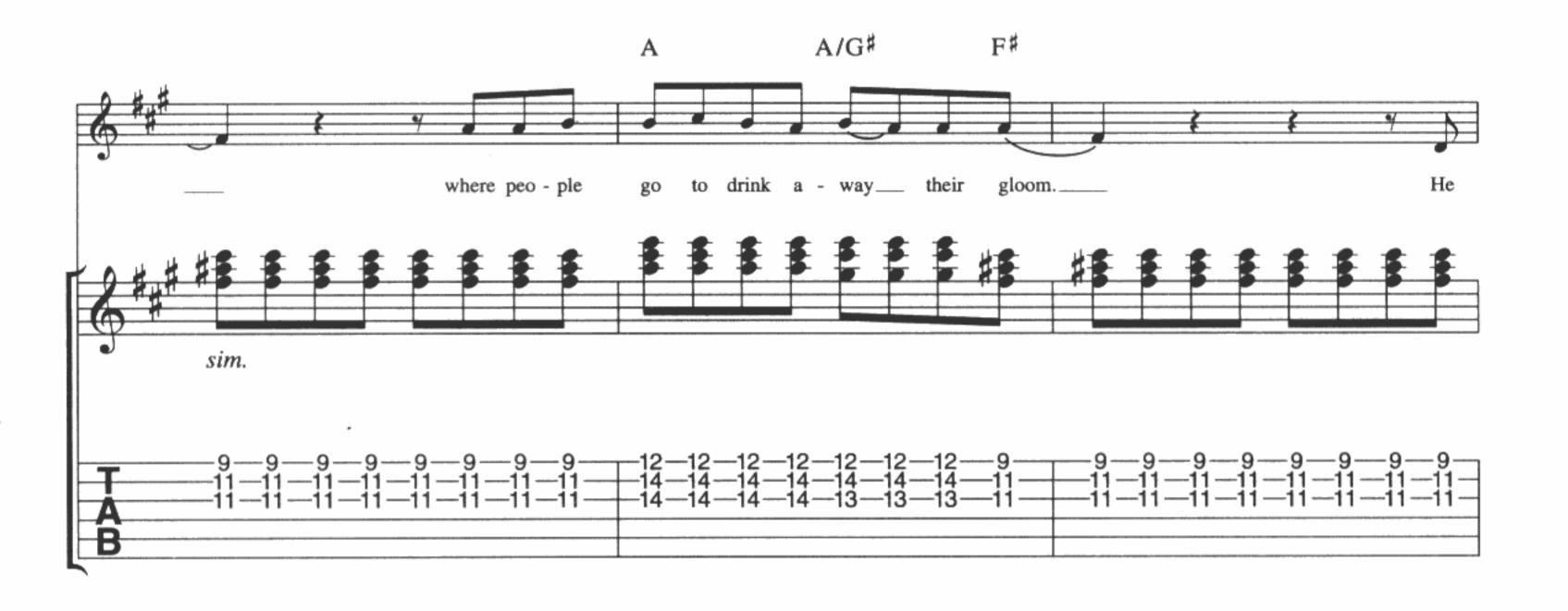
He's got morning glory
And life's a different story
Everything's going Jackanory
In touch with his own mortality
He's reading Balzac, knocking back Prozac
It's a helping hand that makes you feel wonderfully bland
Oh, it's the century's remedy
For the faint at heart, a new start.

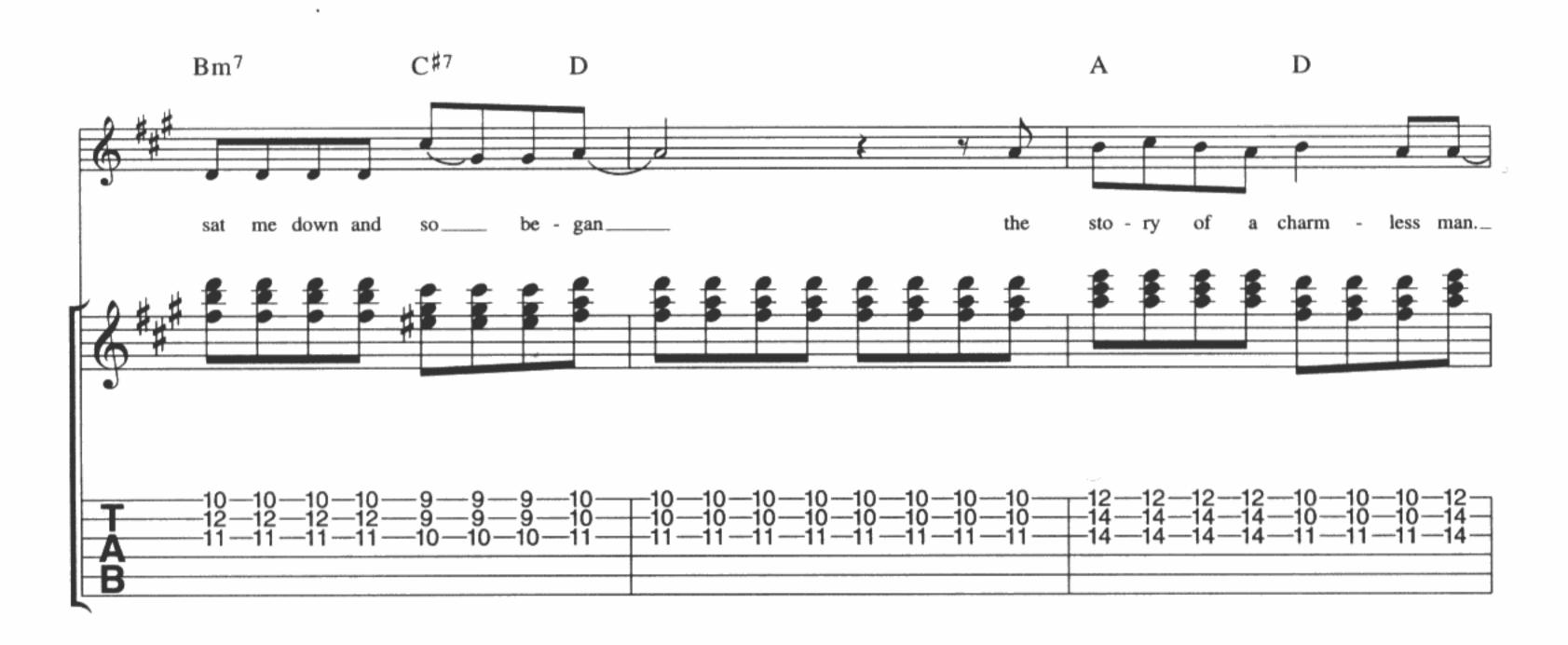
Chorus 2:

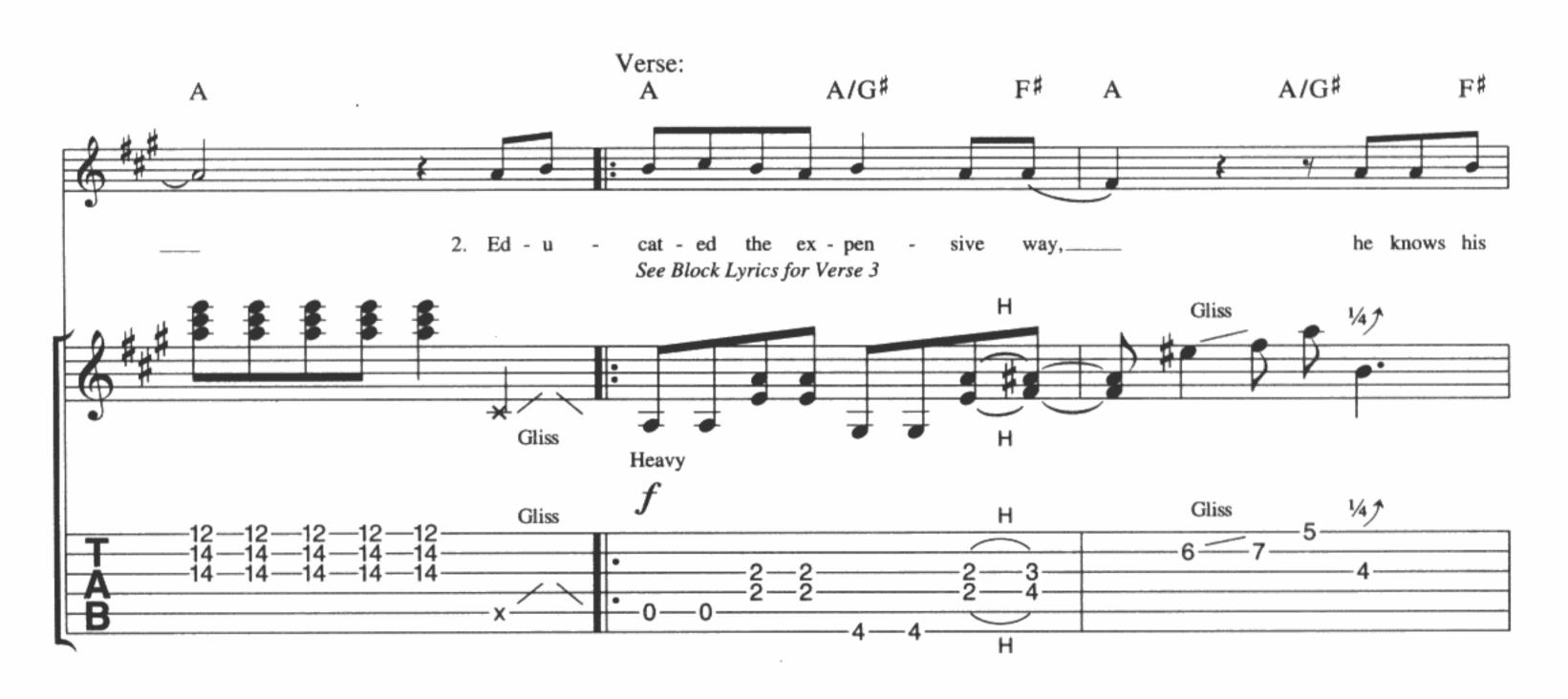
He lives in a house, a very big house in the country
He's got a fog in his chest
So he needs a lot of rest in the country
He doesn't drink, smoke, laugh
Takes herbal baths in the country
But you'll come to no harm on the animal farm in the country.

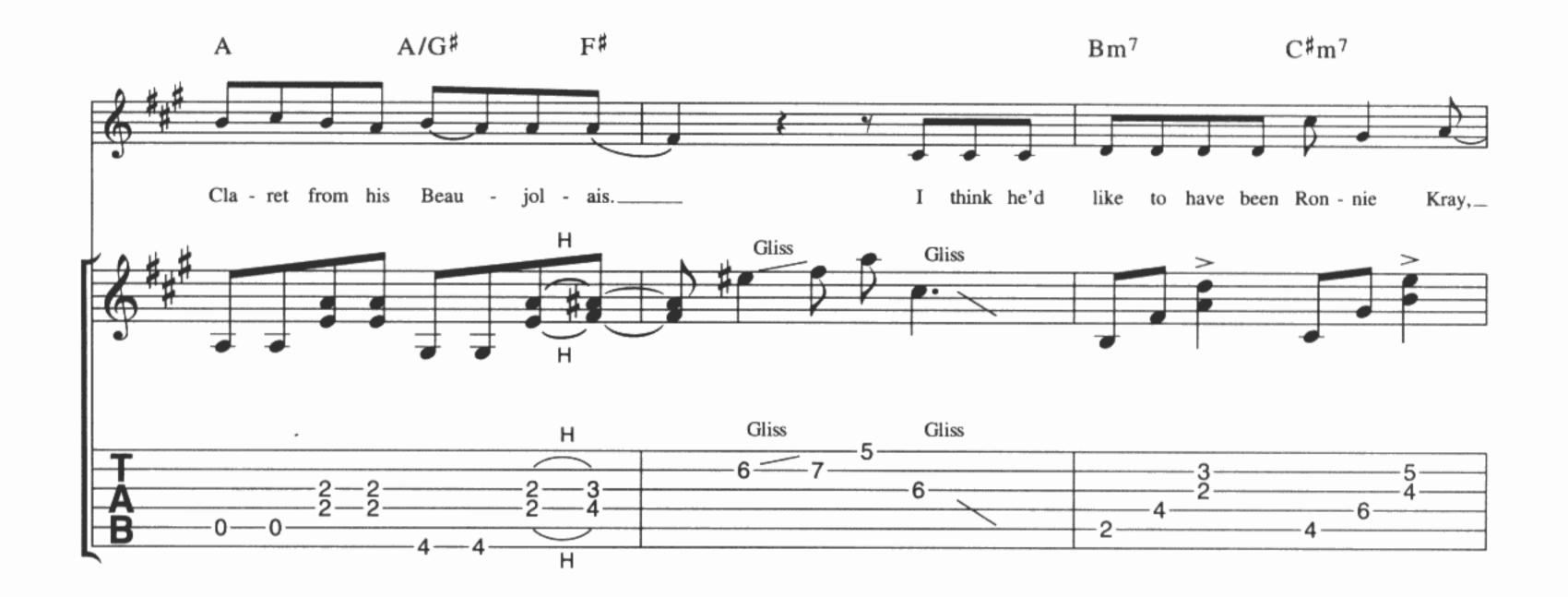
Charmless Man

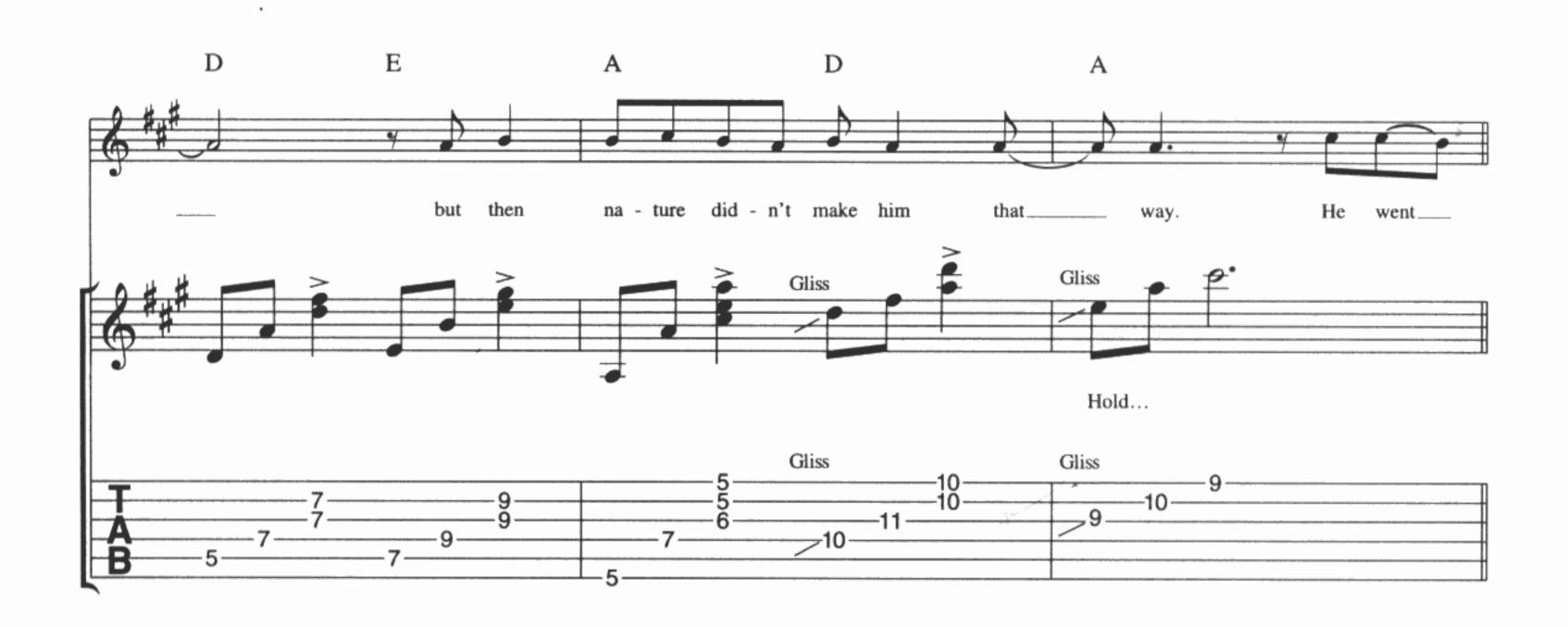


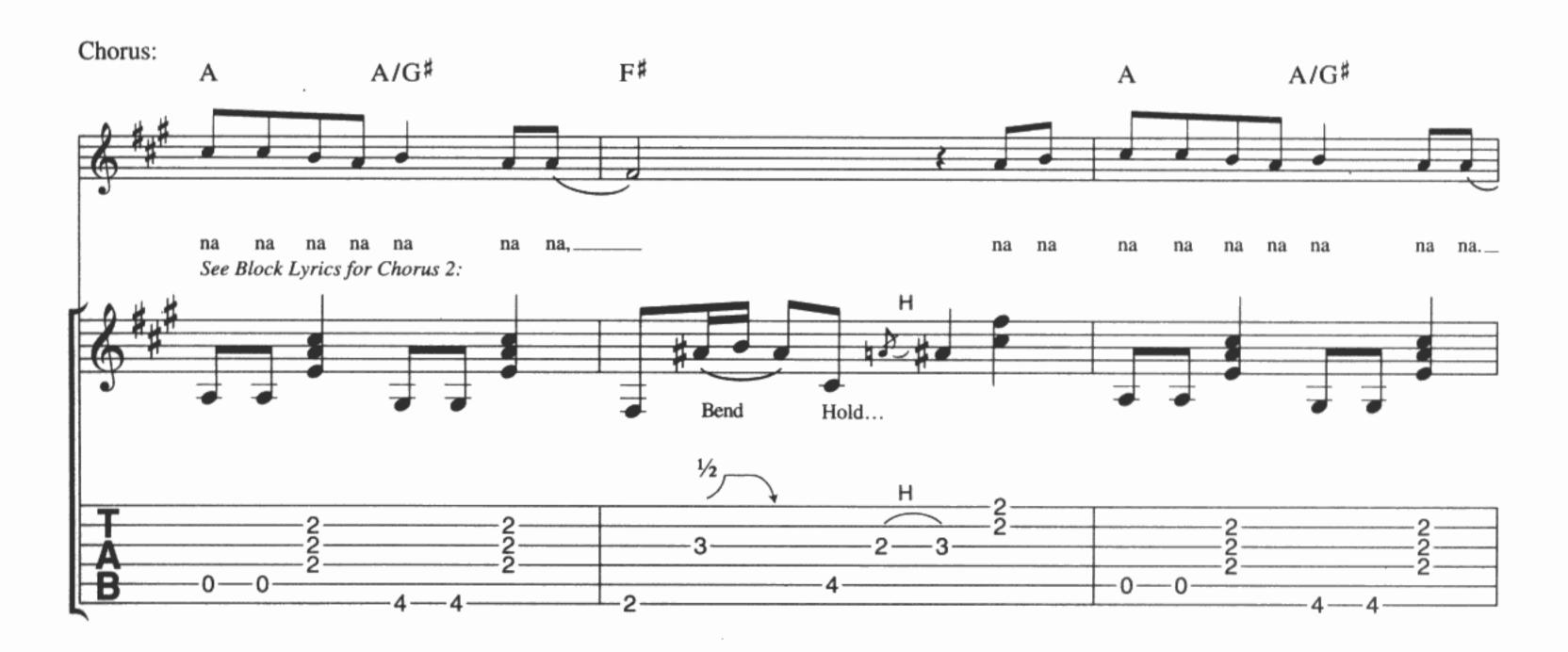


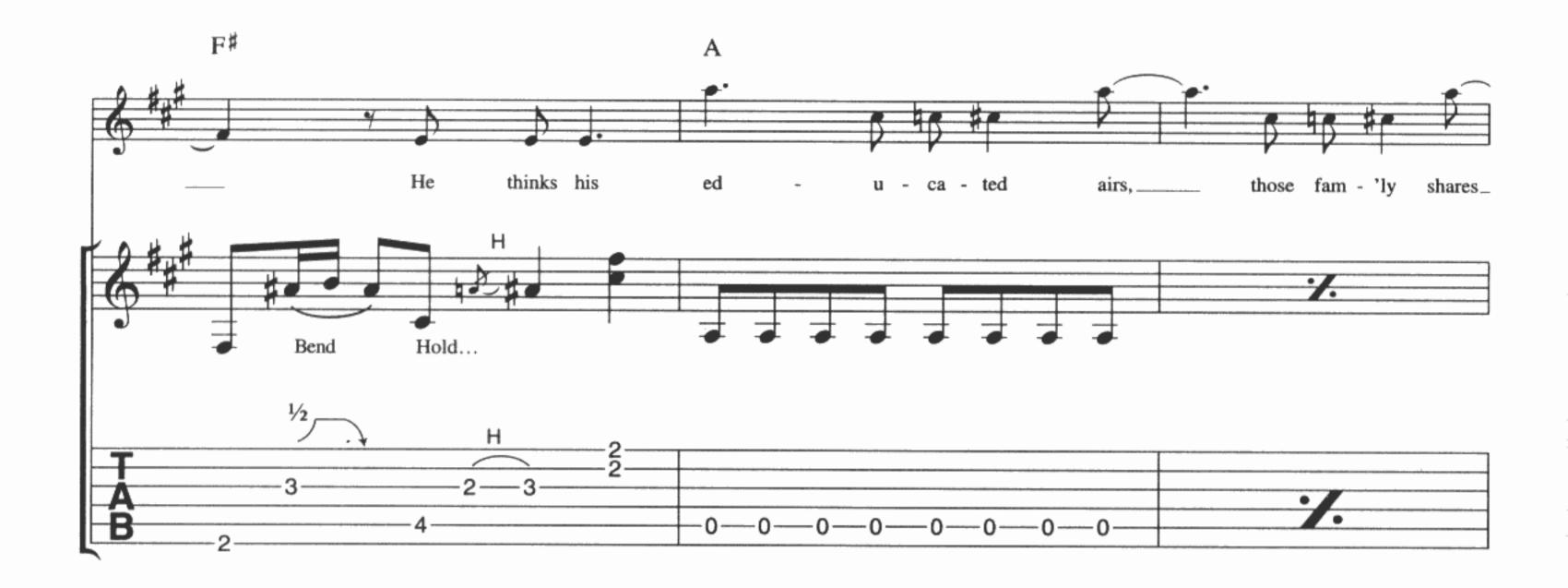


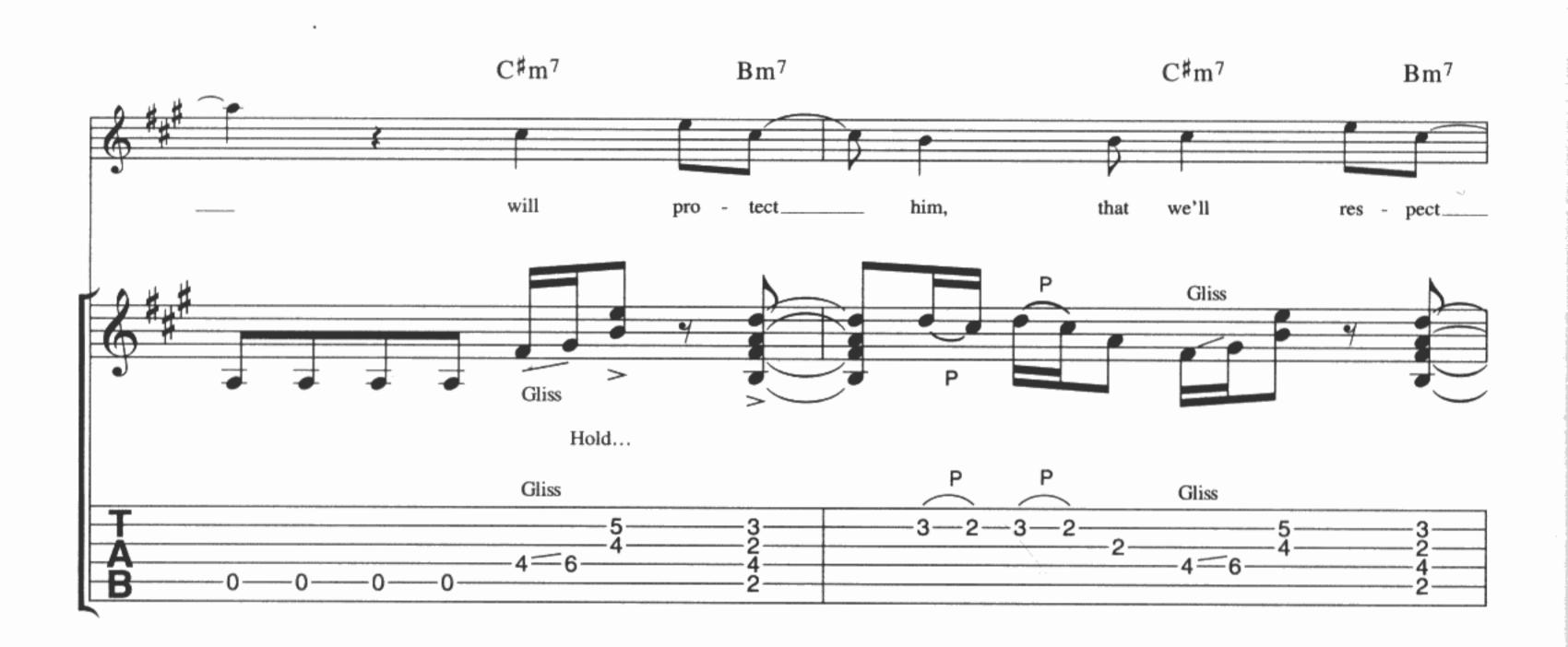


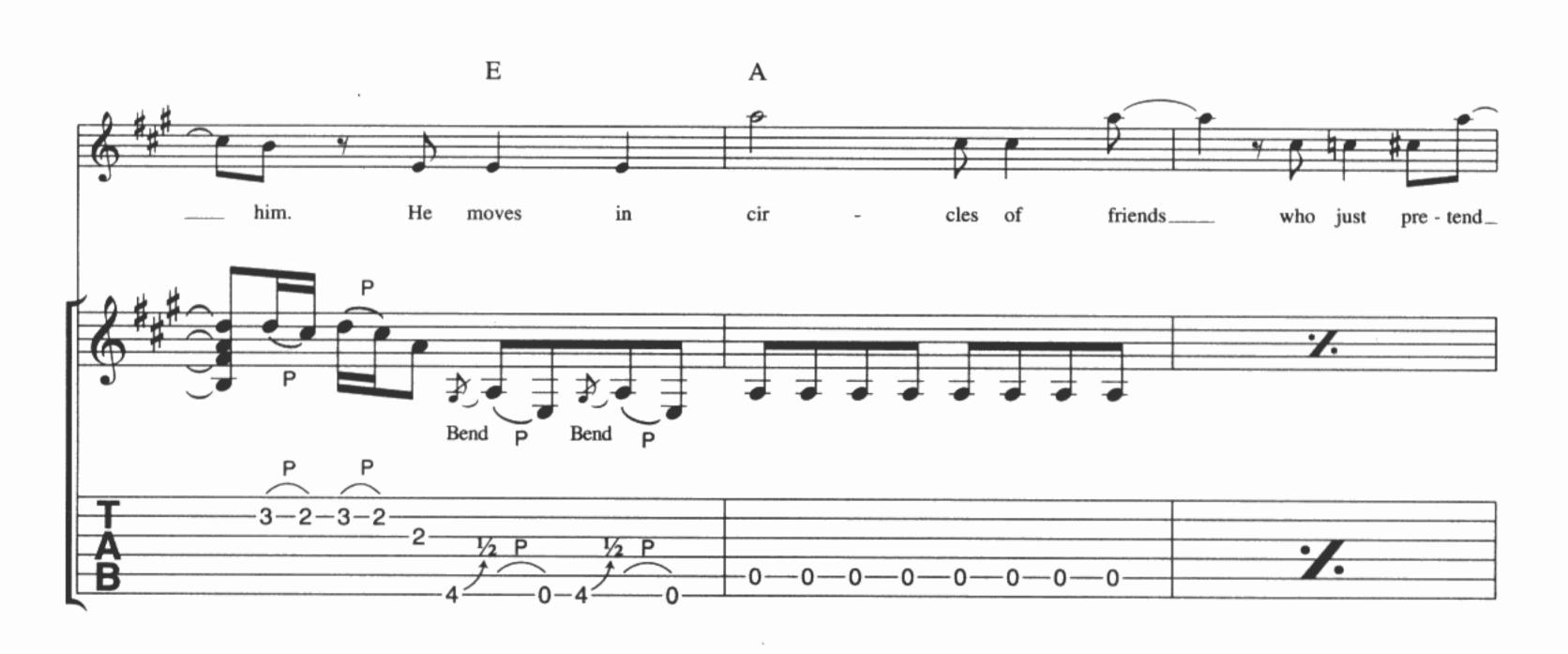


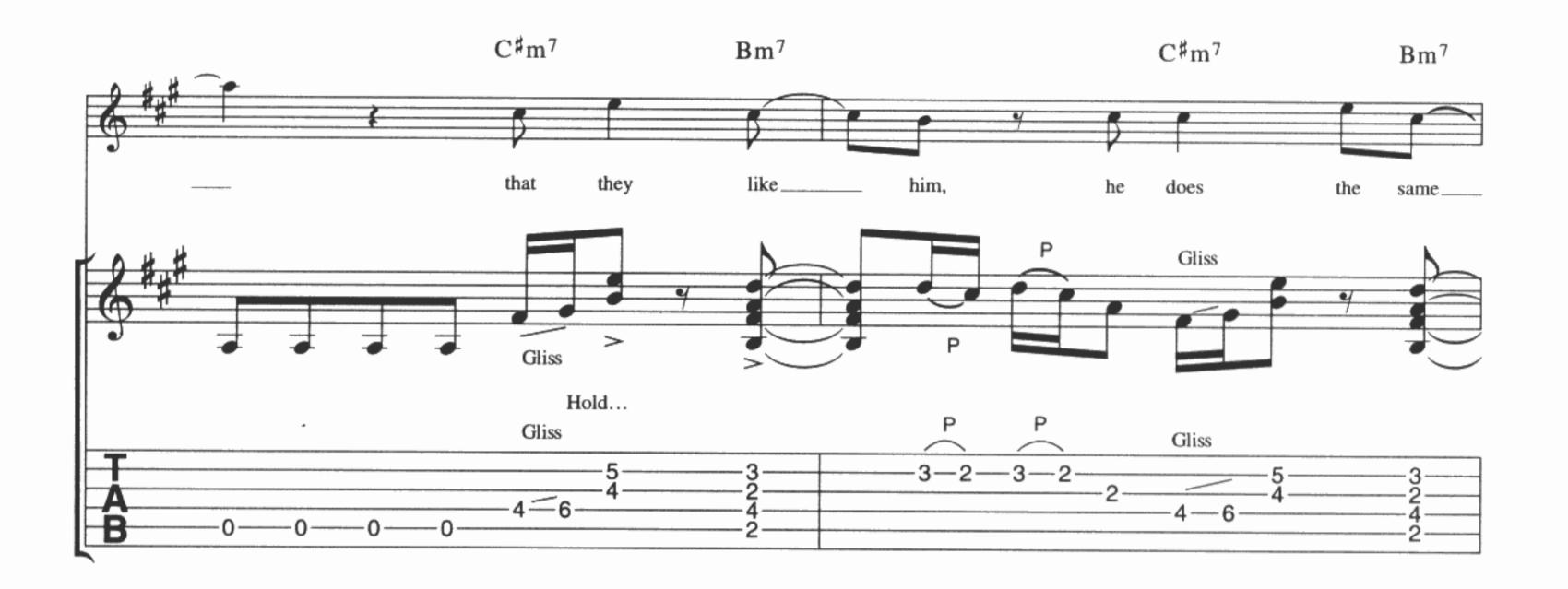


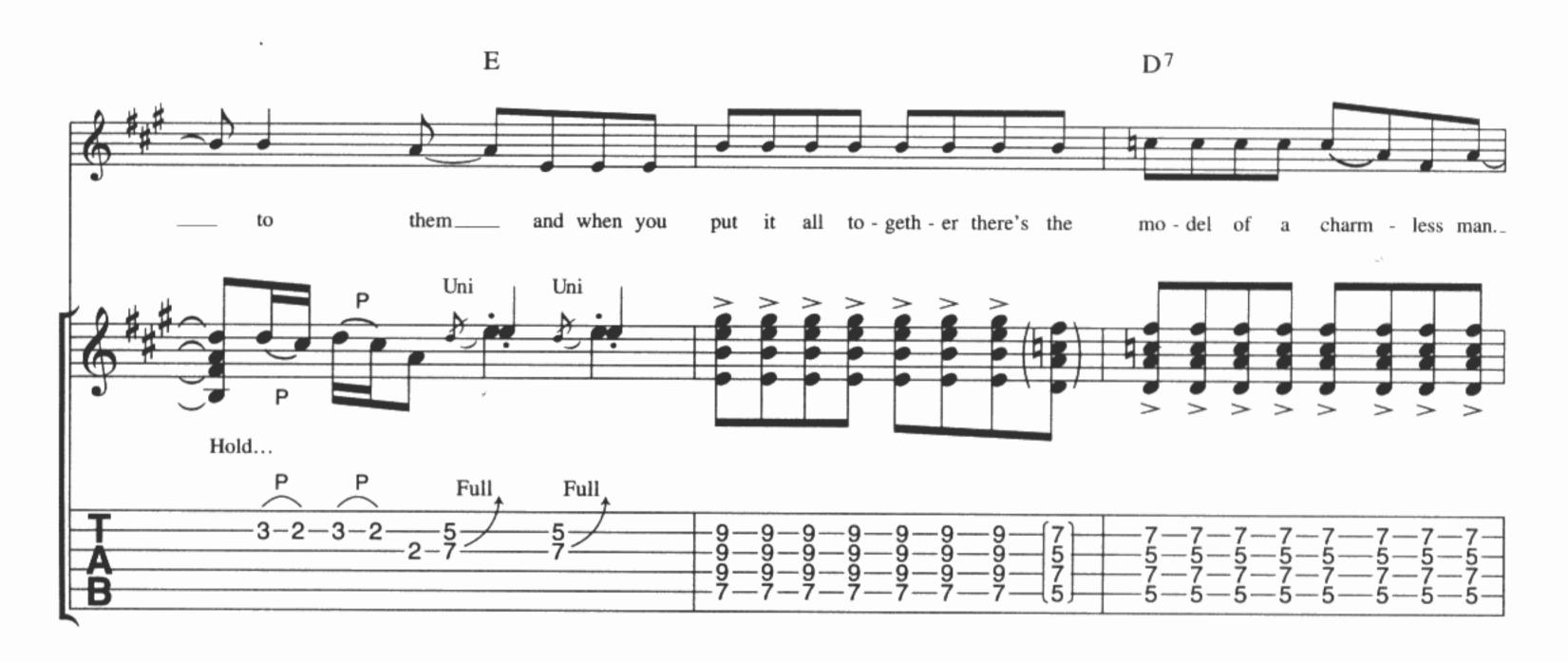


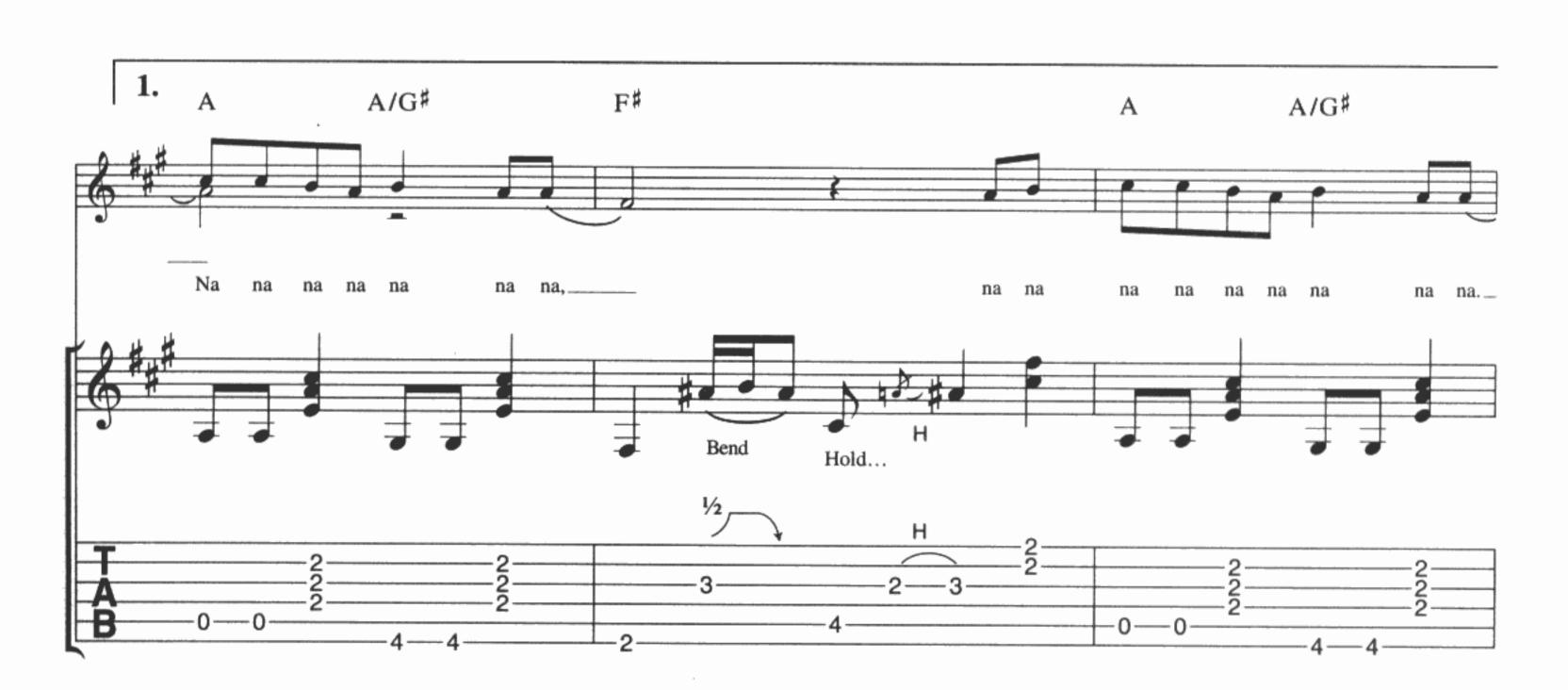


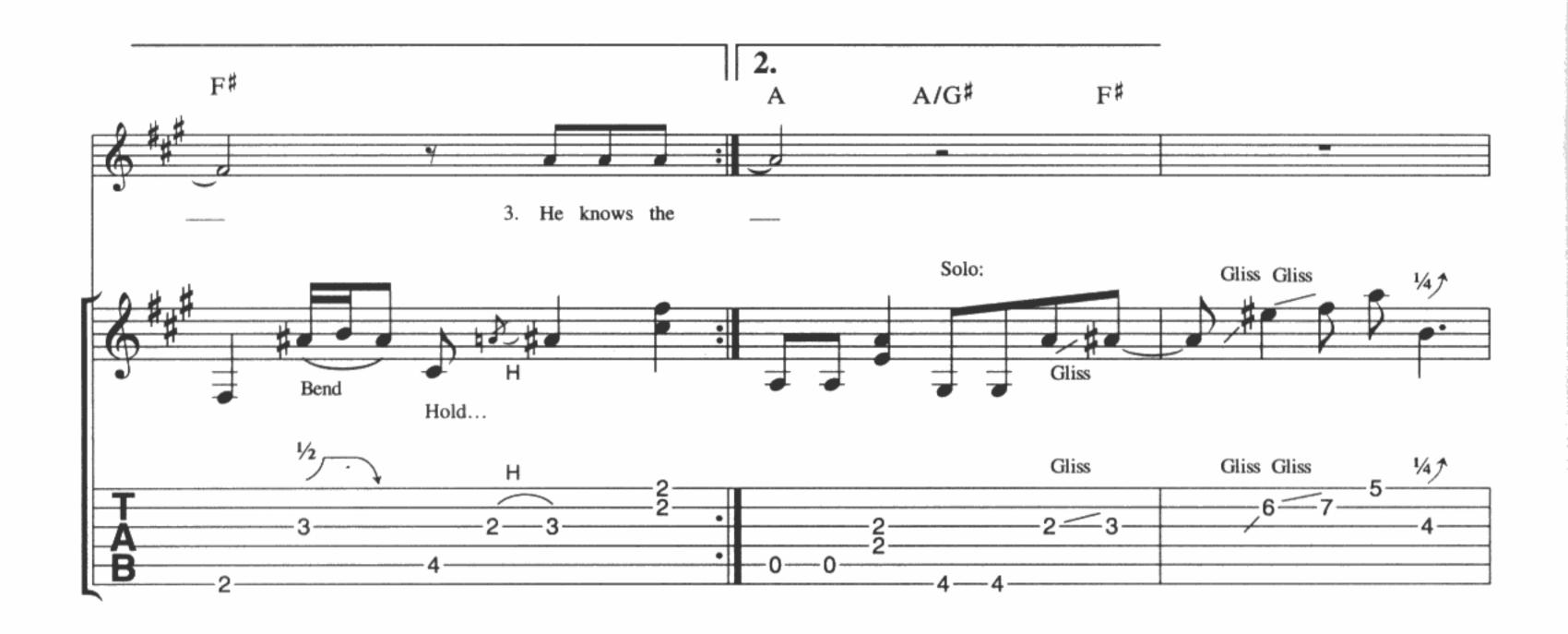


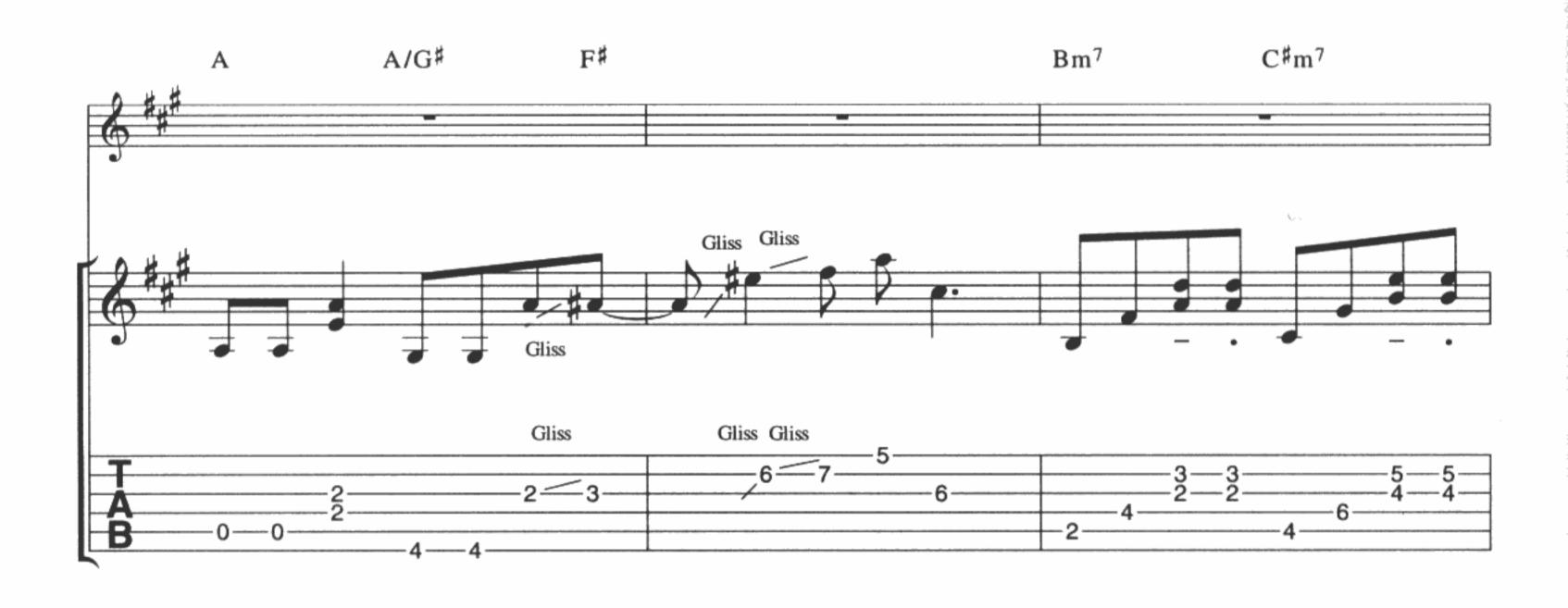


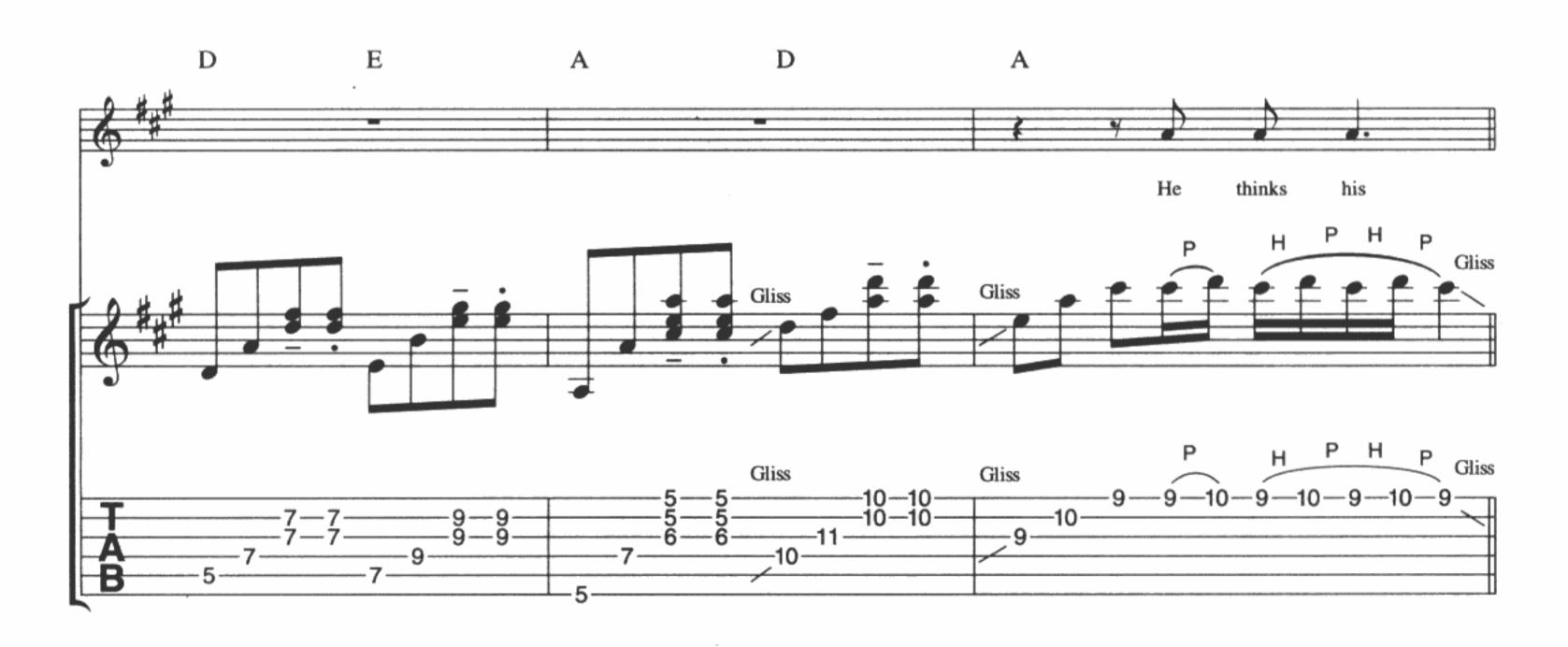


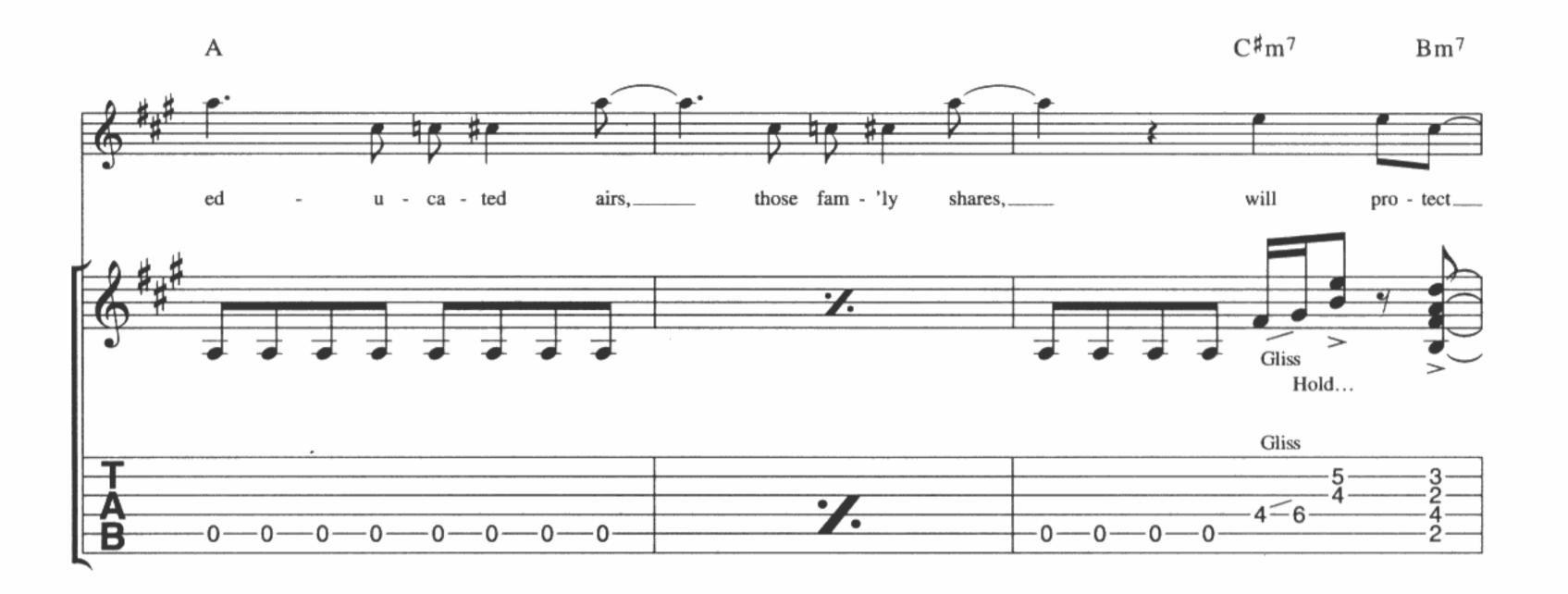


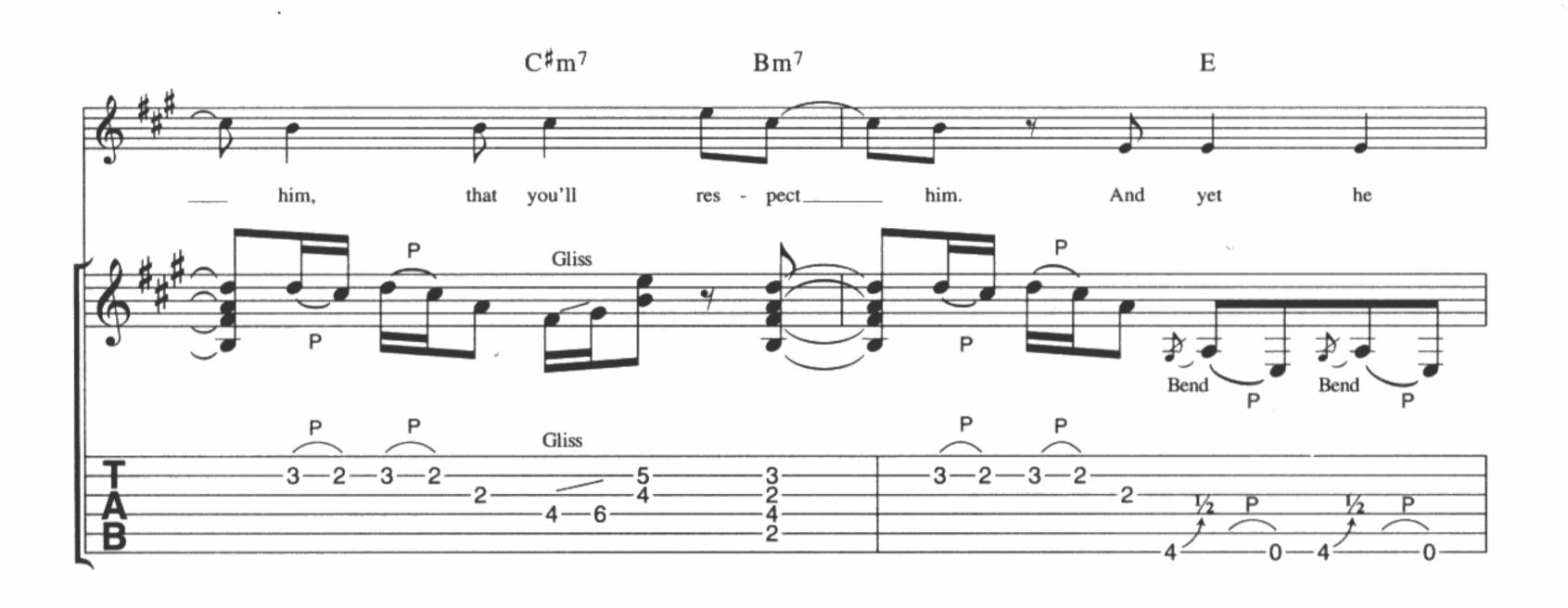


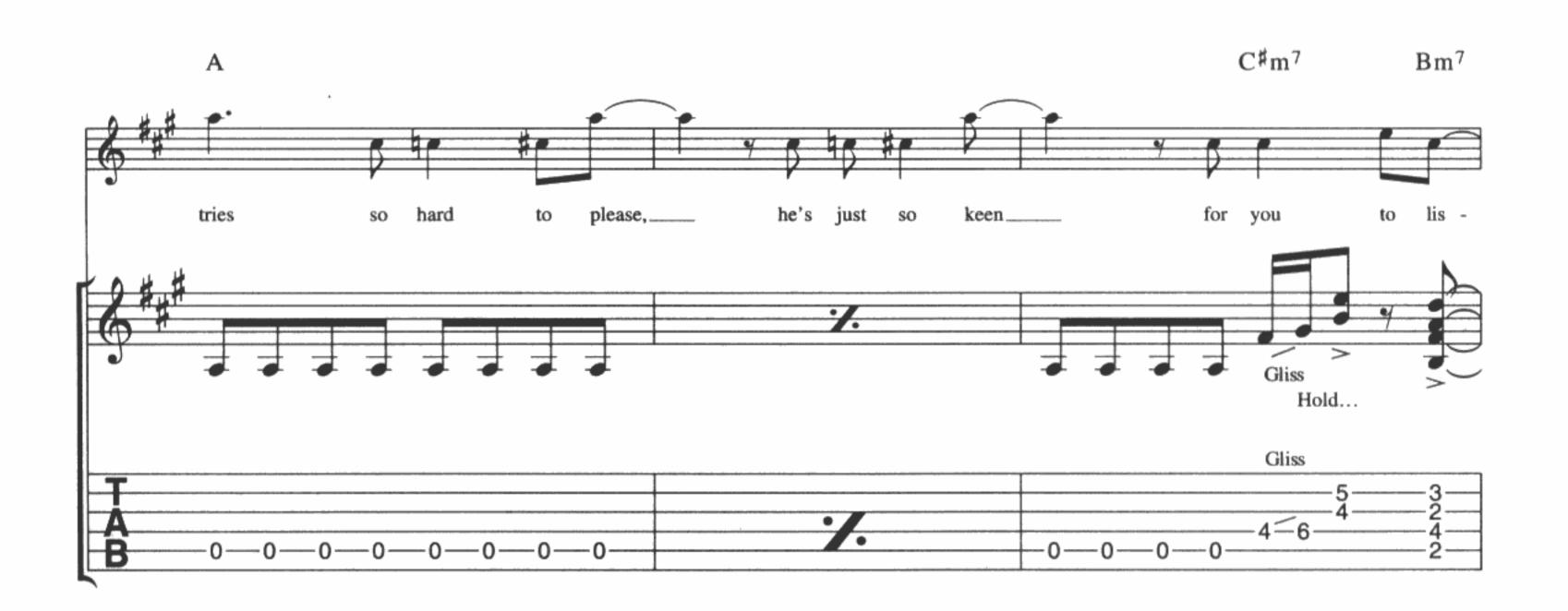


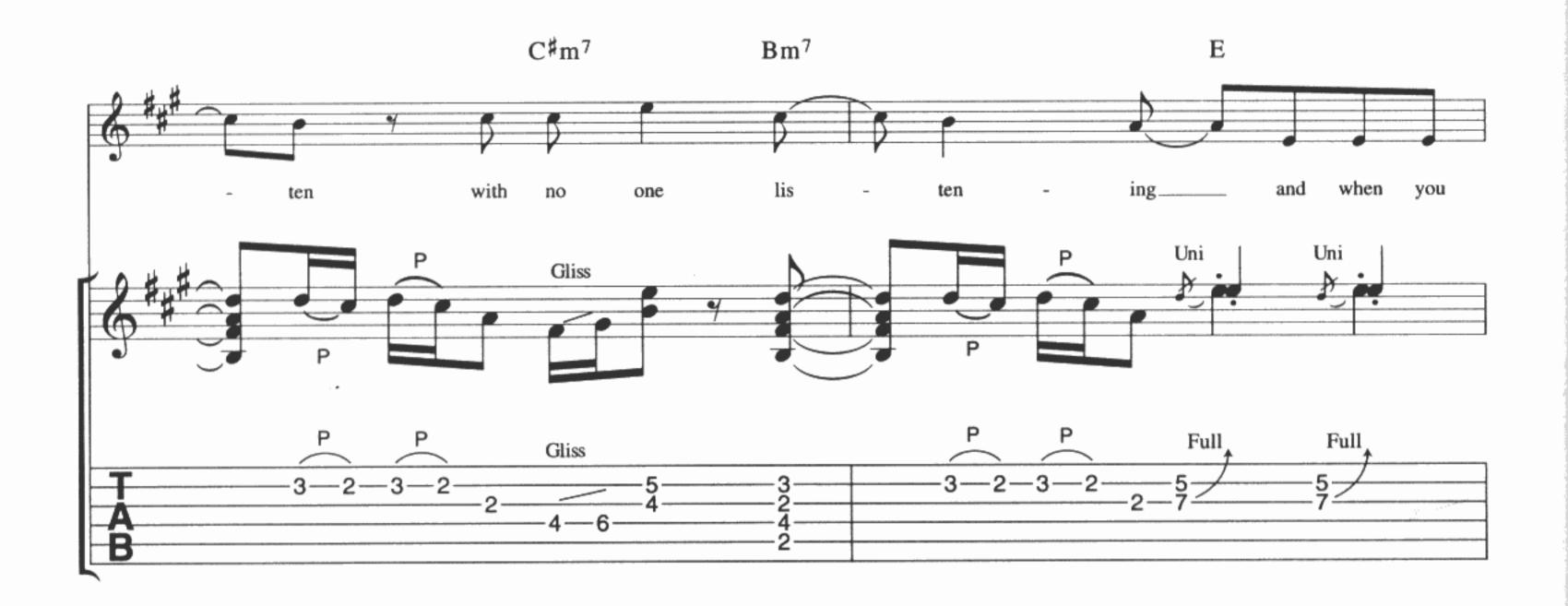


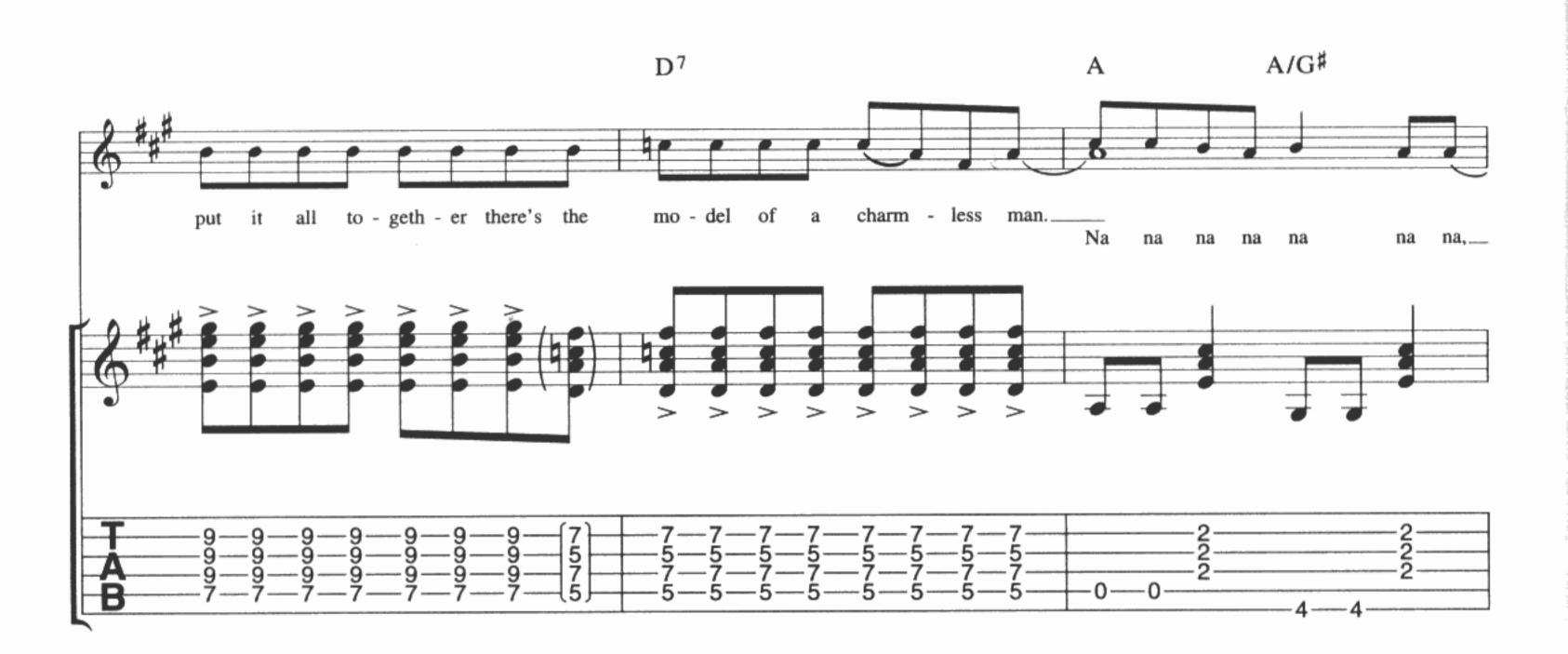


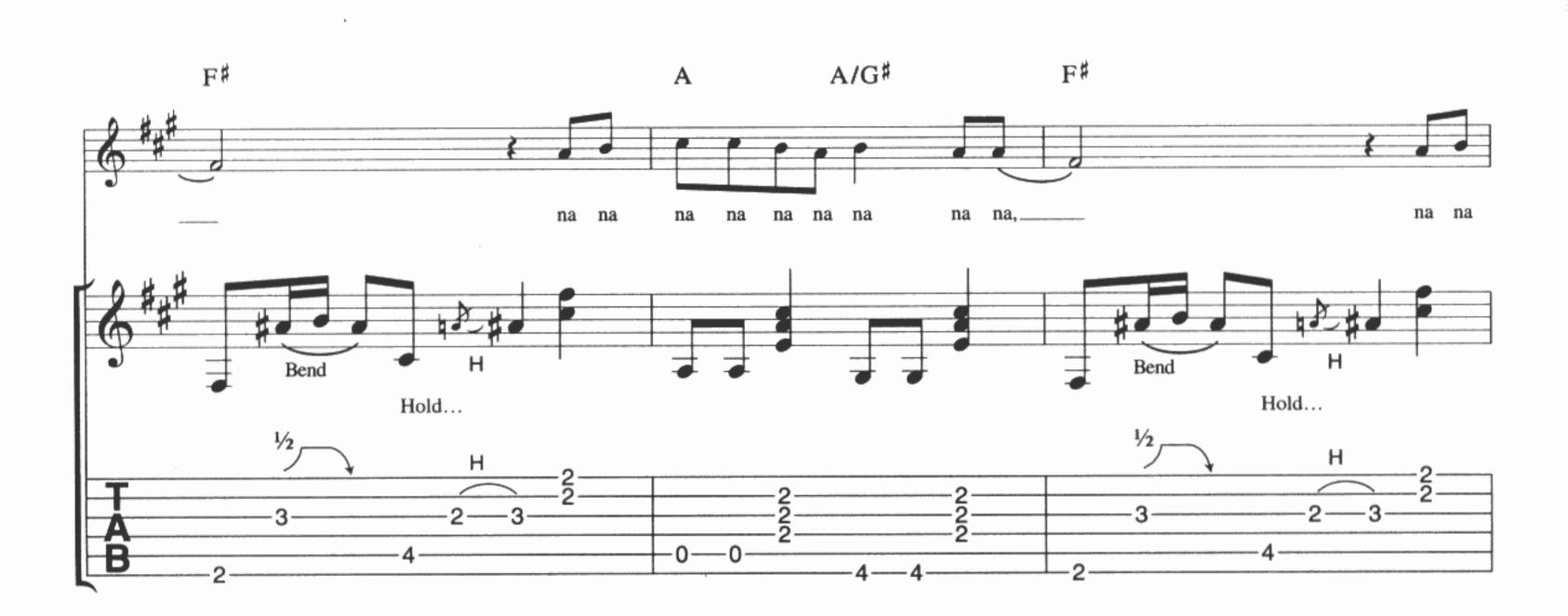




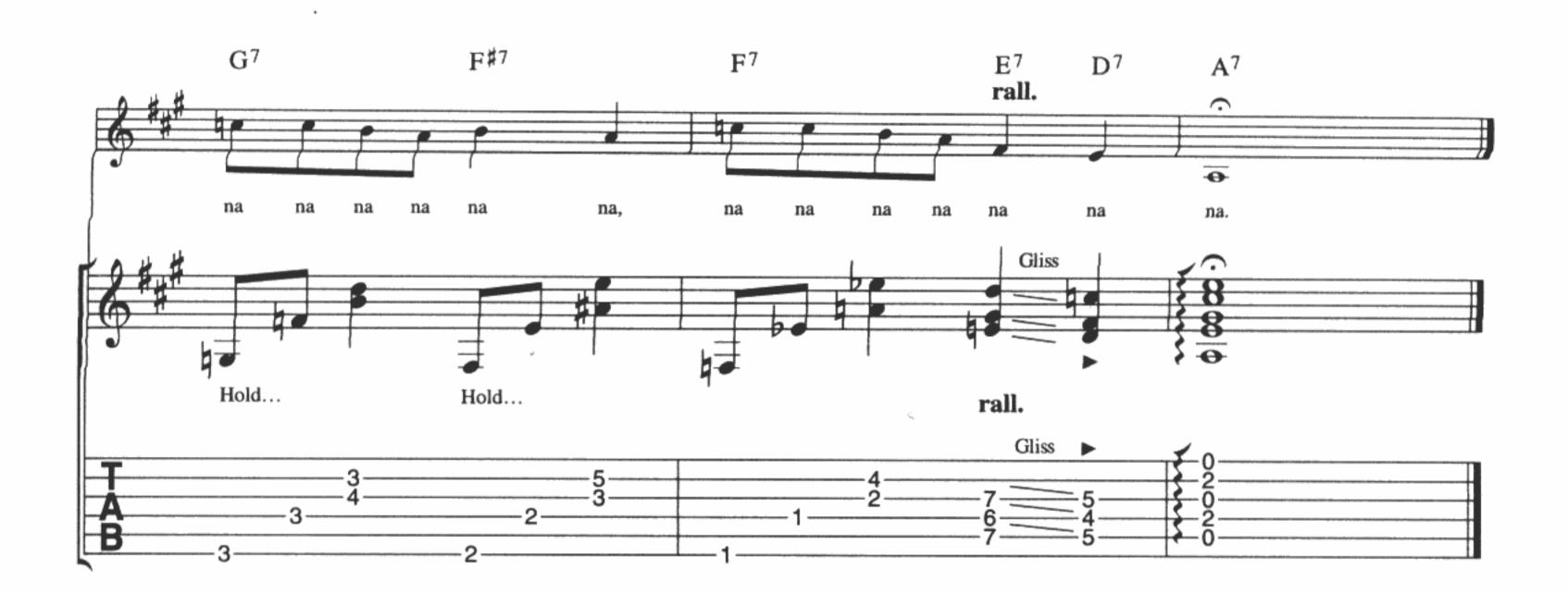












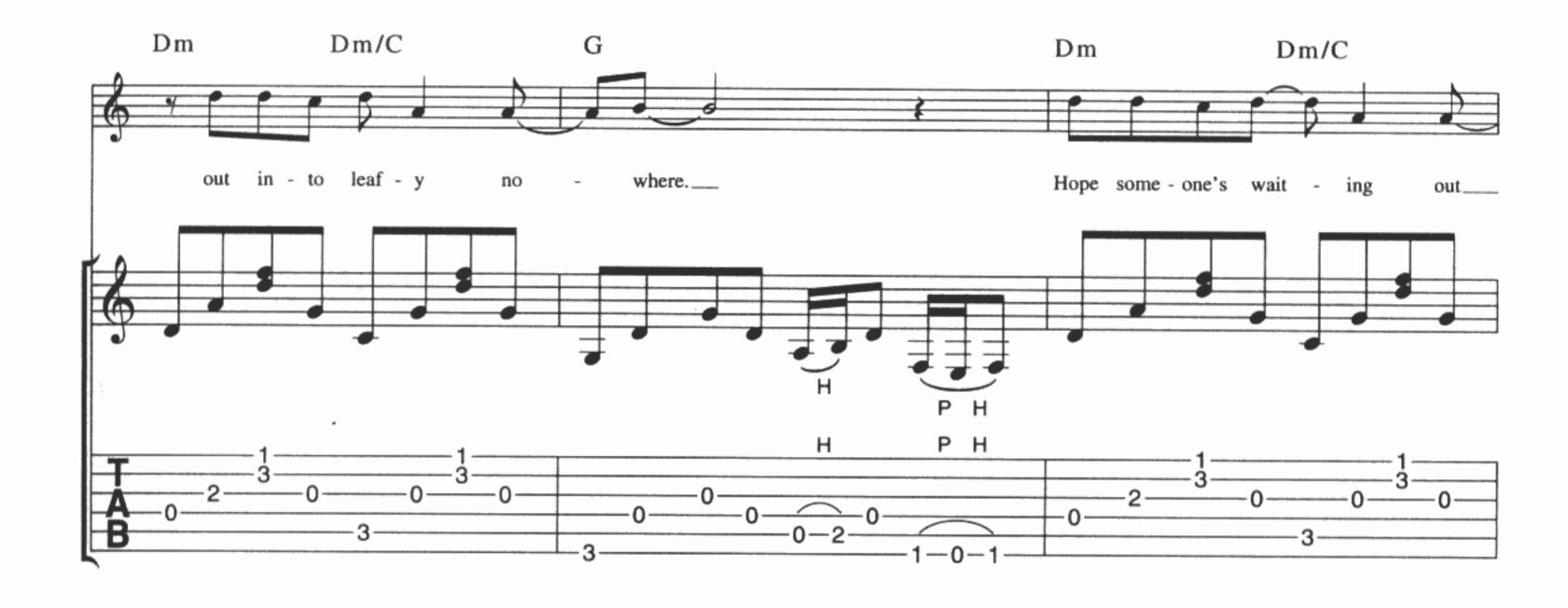
Verse 3:
He knows the swingers and their cavalry
Says he can get in anywhere for free
I began to go a little cross-eyed
And from this charmless man I just had to hide.

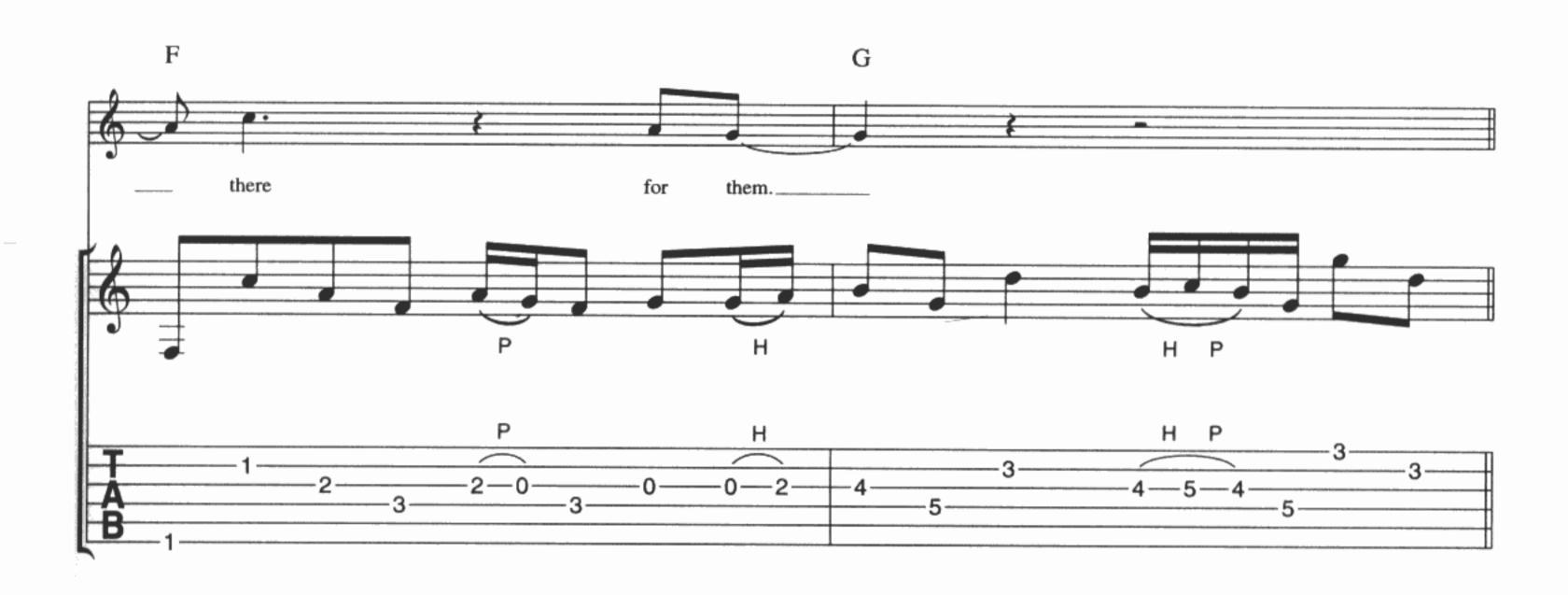
Chorus 2:

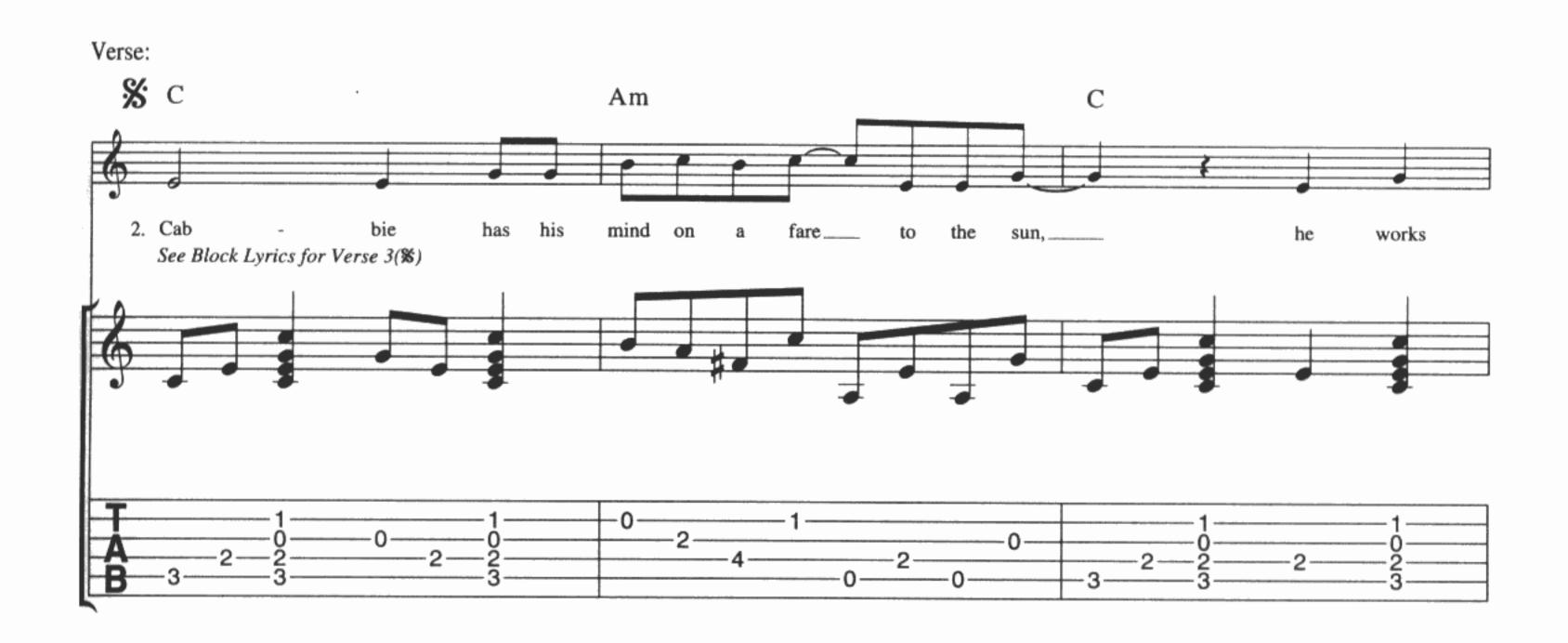
He went na na na na na na na
Na na na na na na na na
He talks at speed, he gets nose bleeds
He doesn't see his days
Are tumbling down upon him
And yet he tries so hard to please
He's just so keen for you to listen
But no one is listening
And when you put it all together
There's the model of a charmless man.

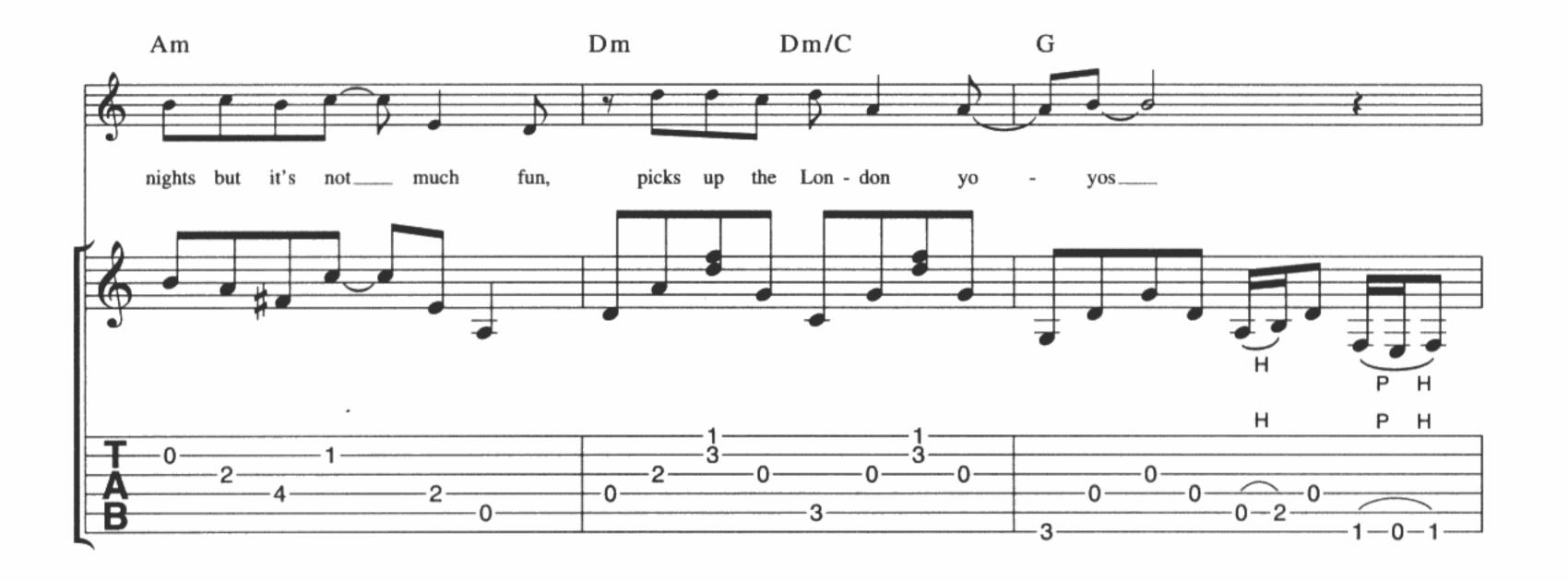
Best Days

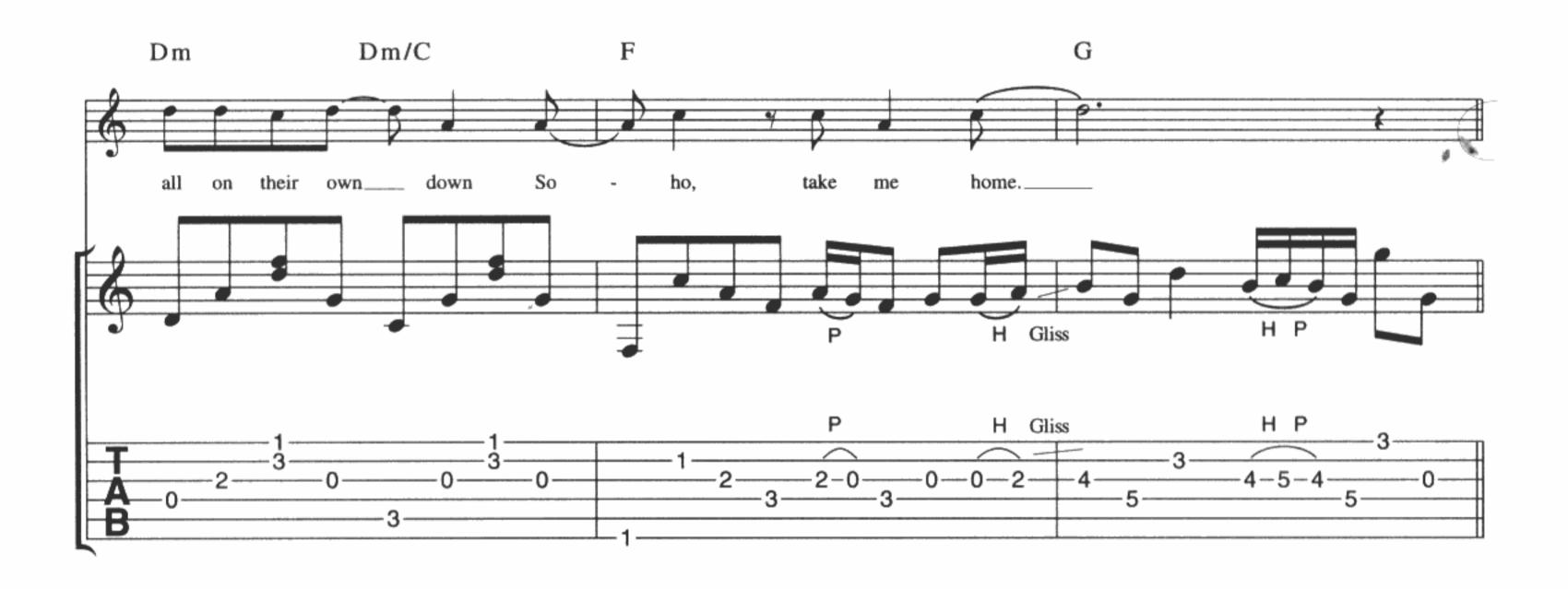


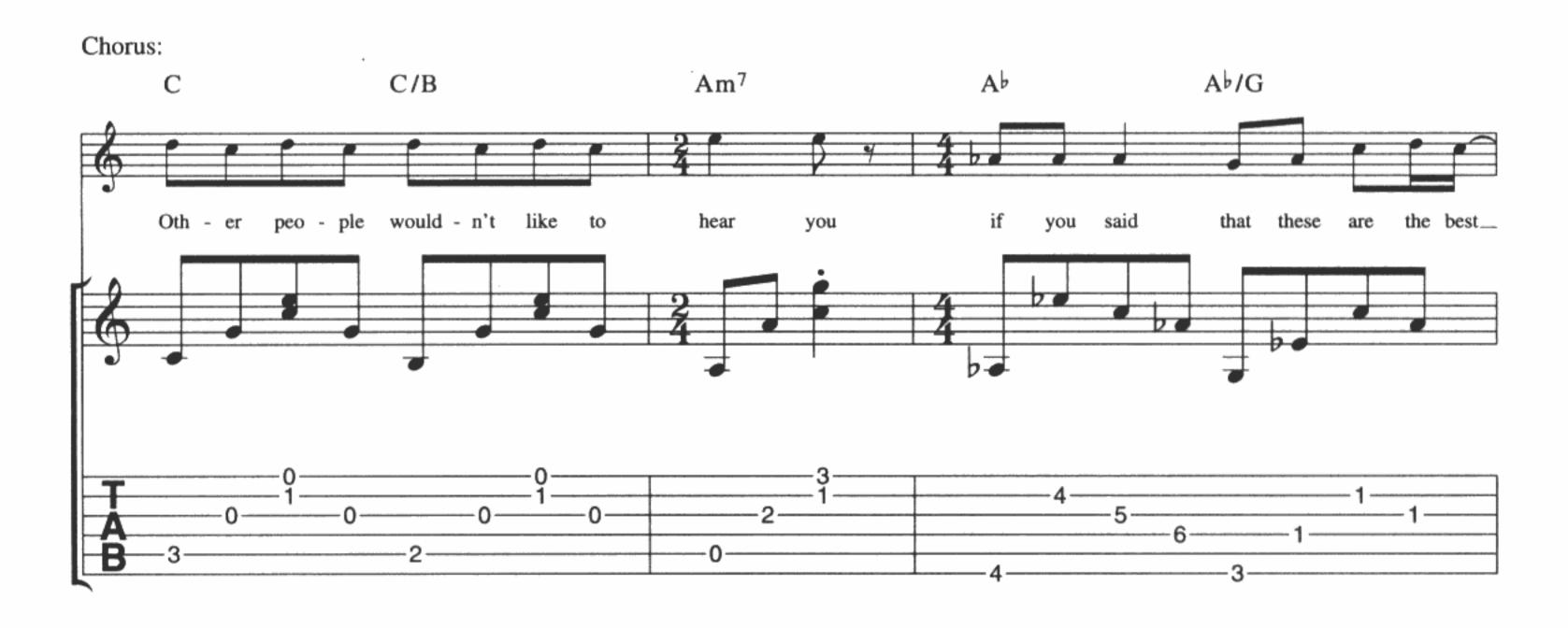


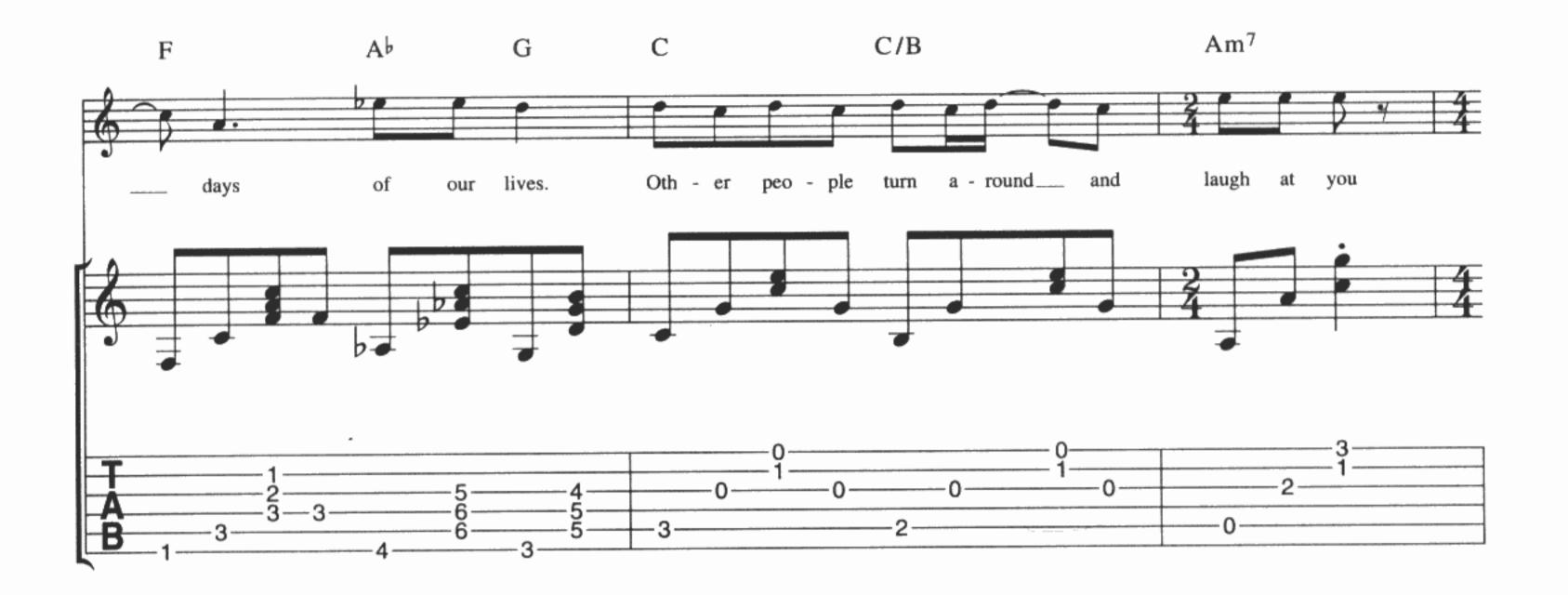


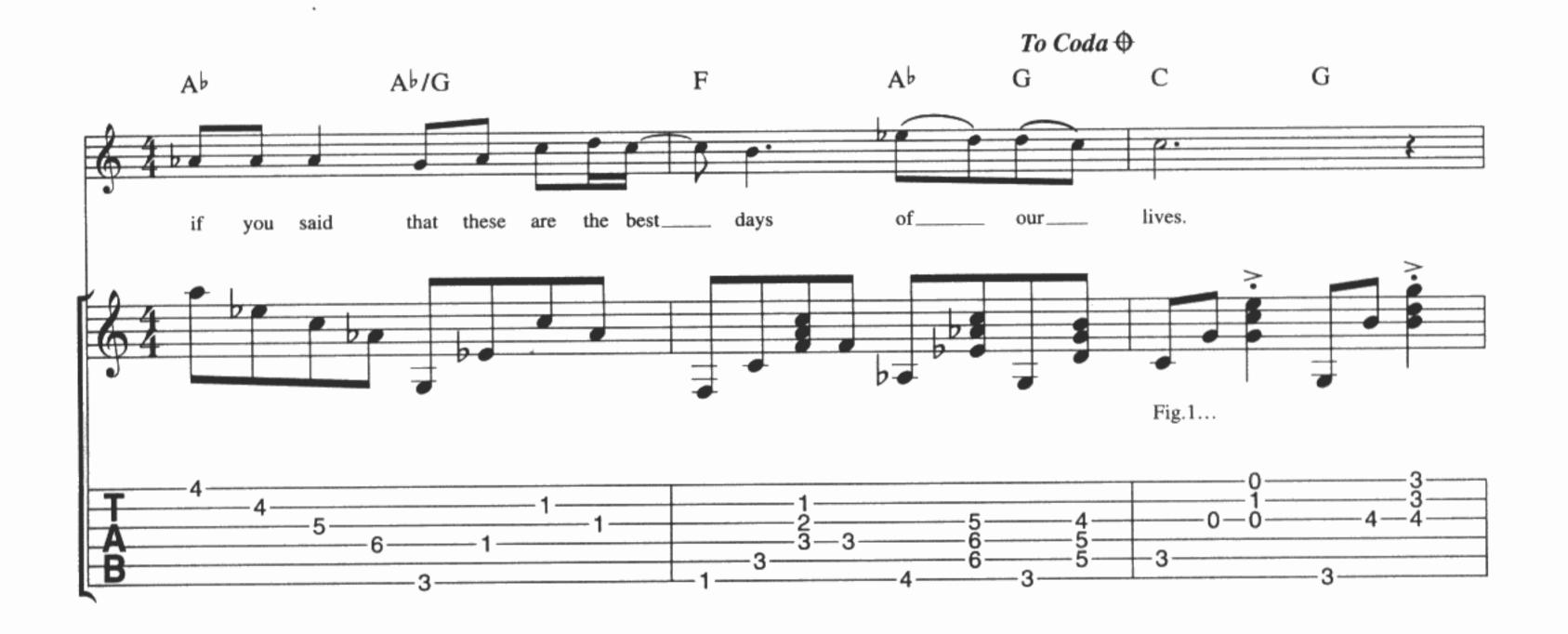


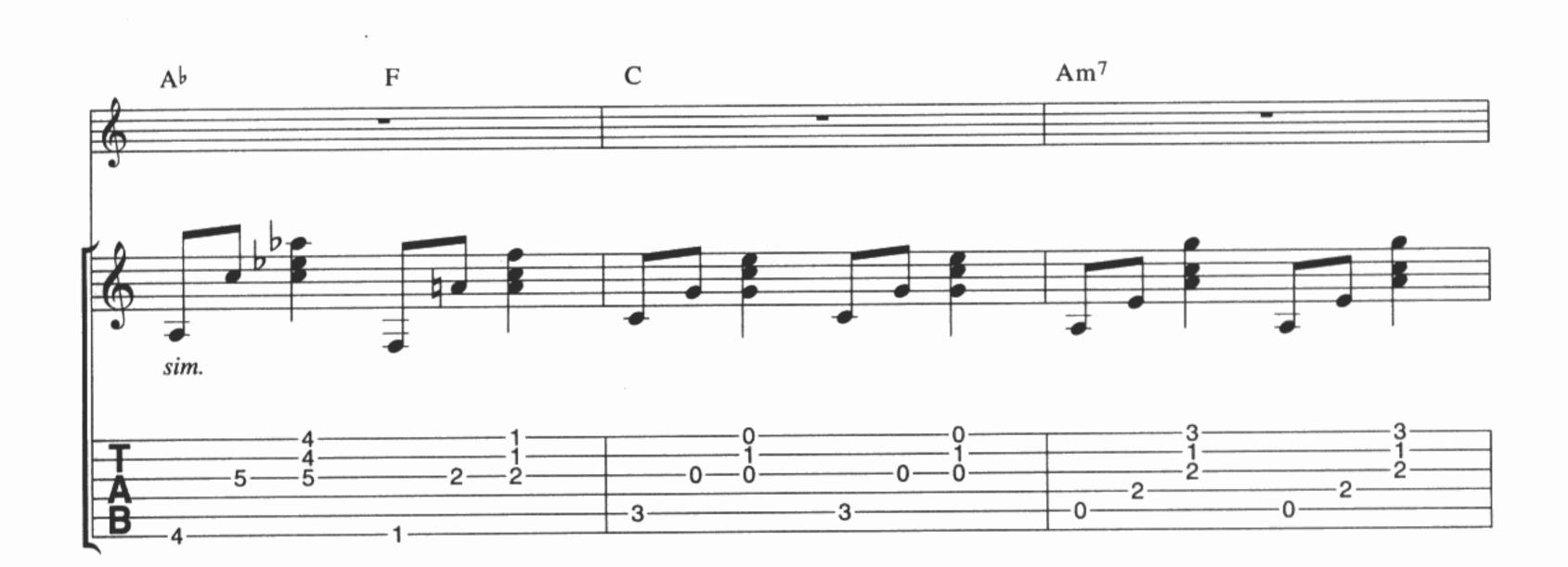


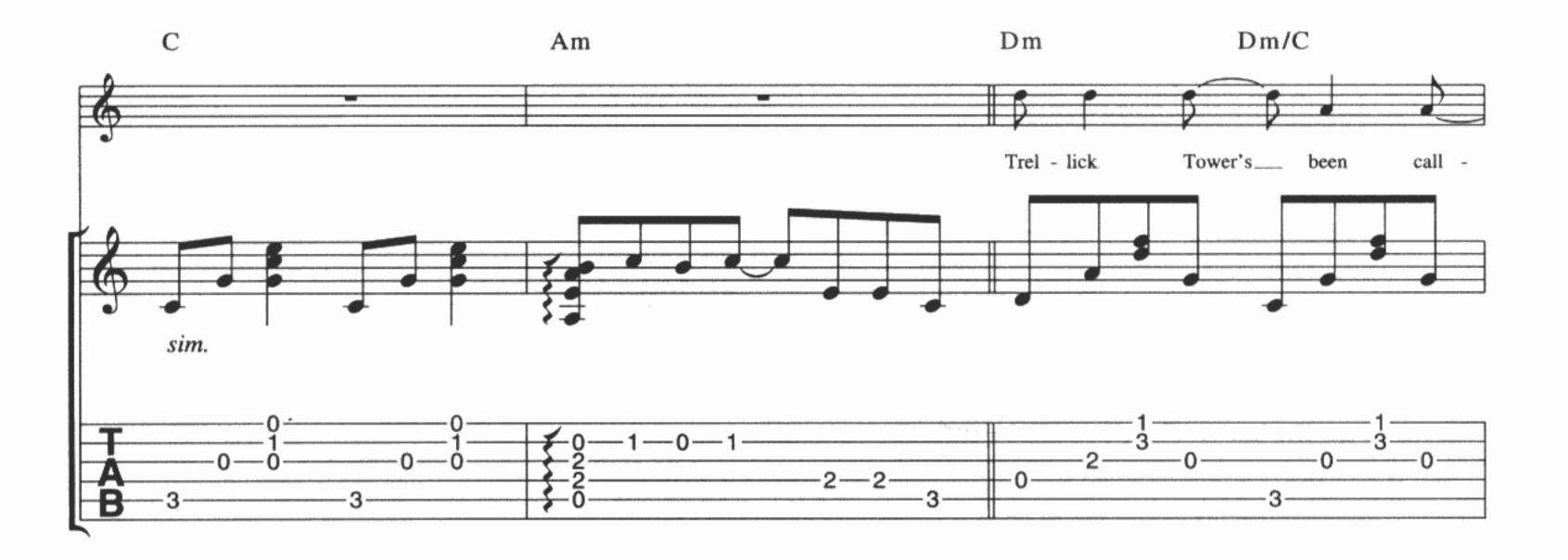


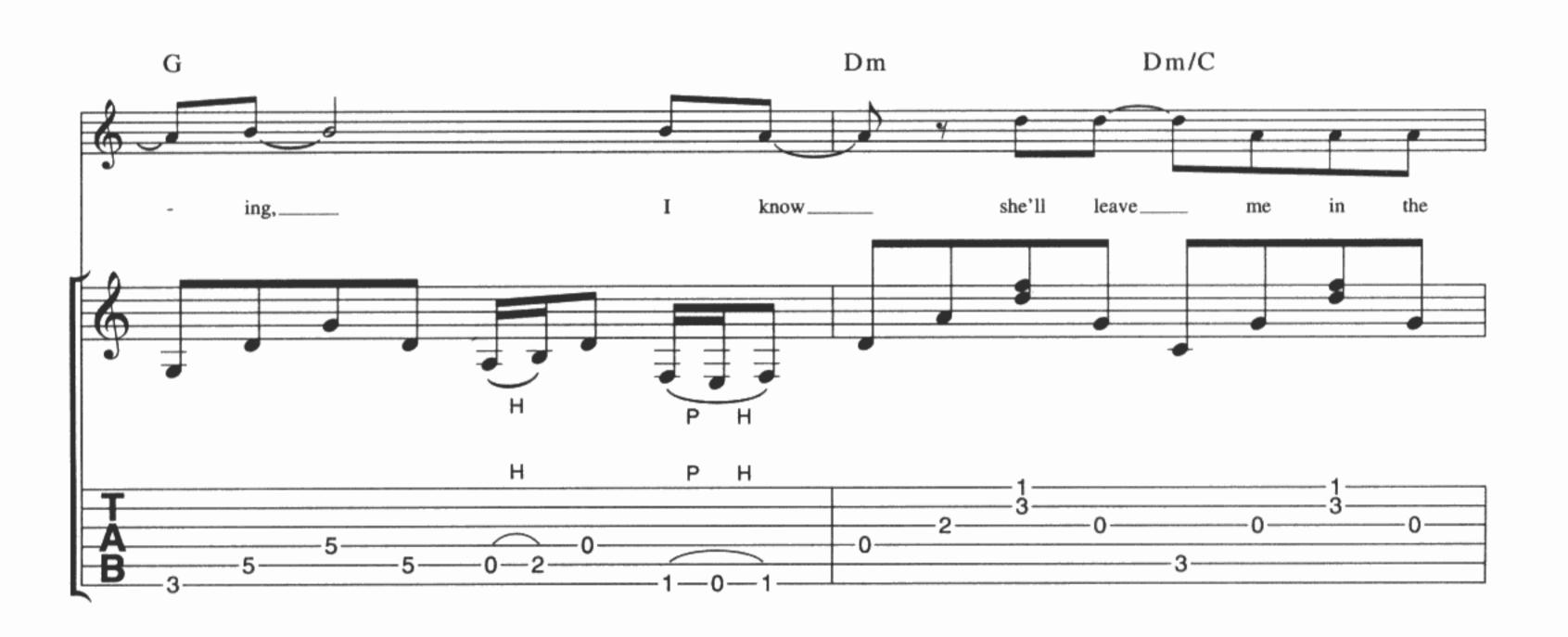


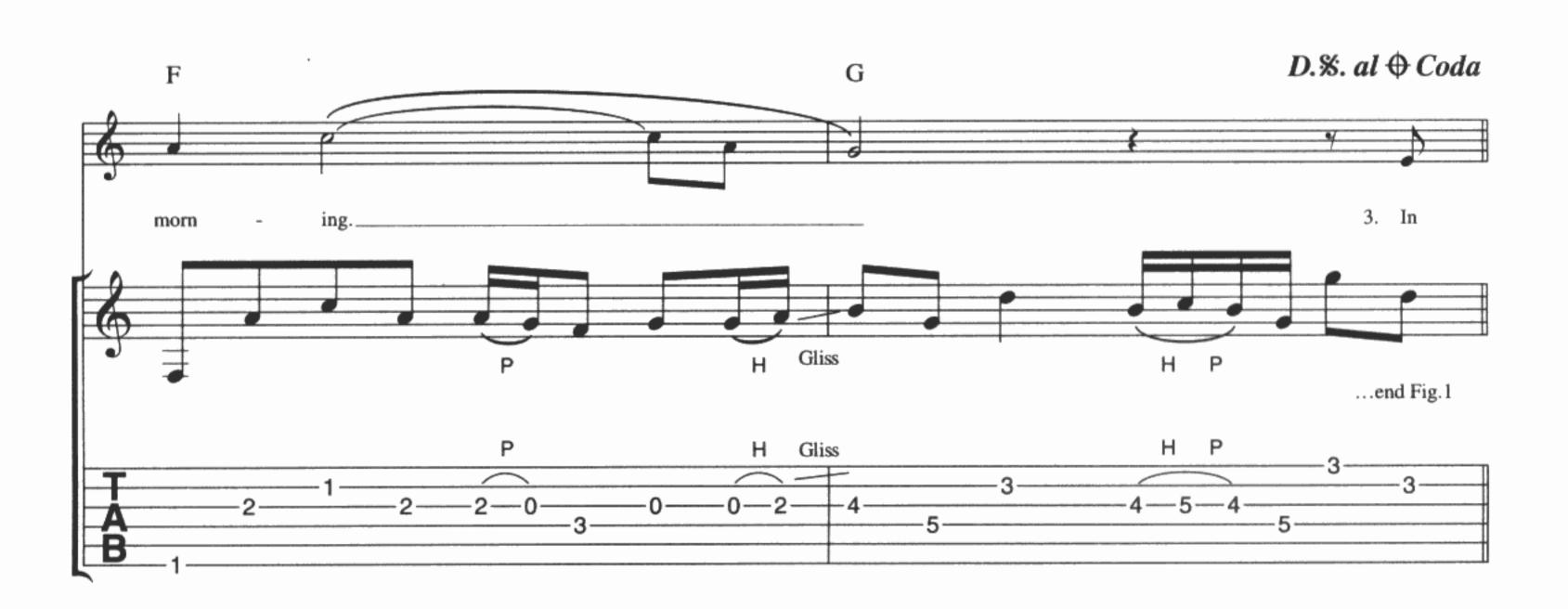


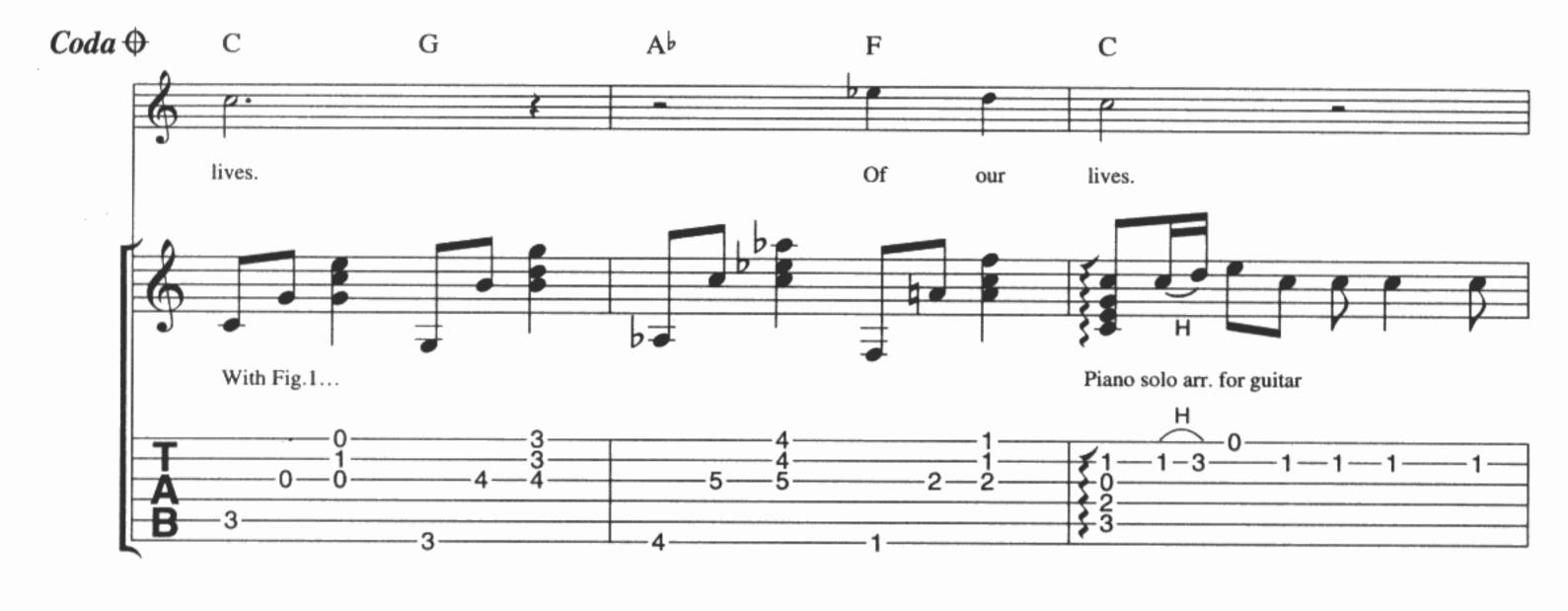


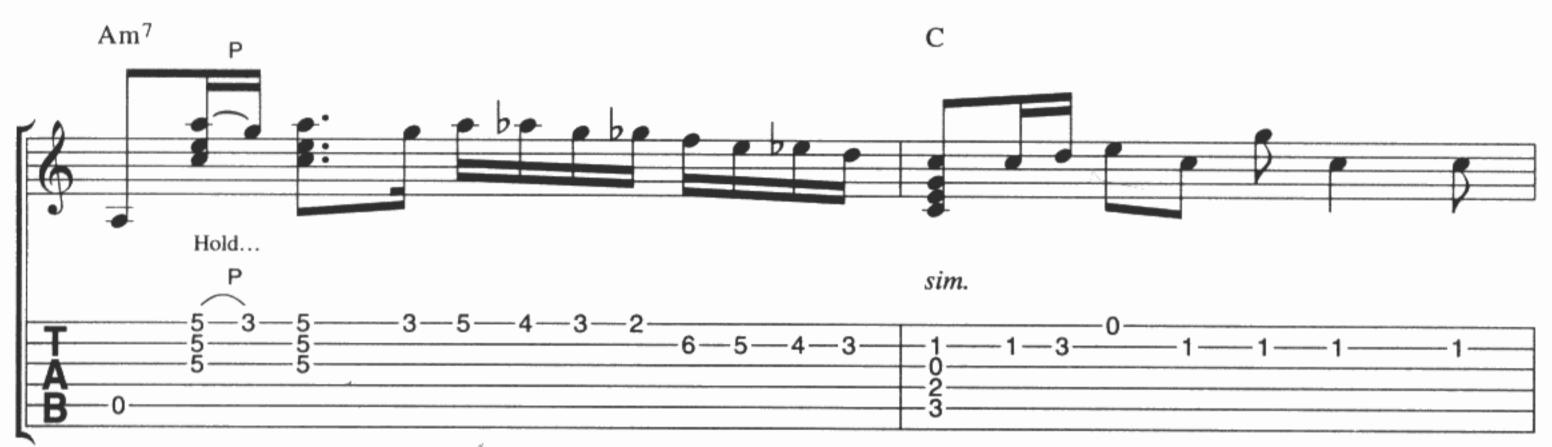


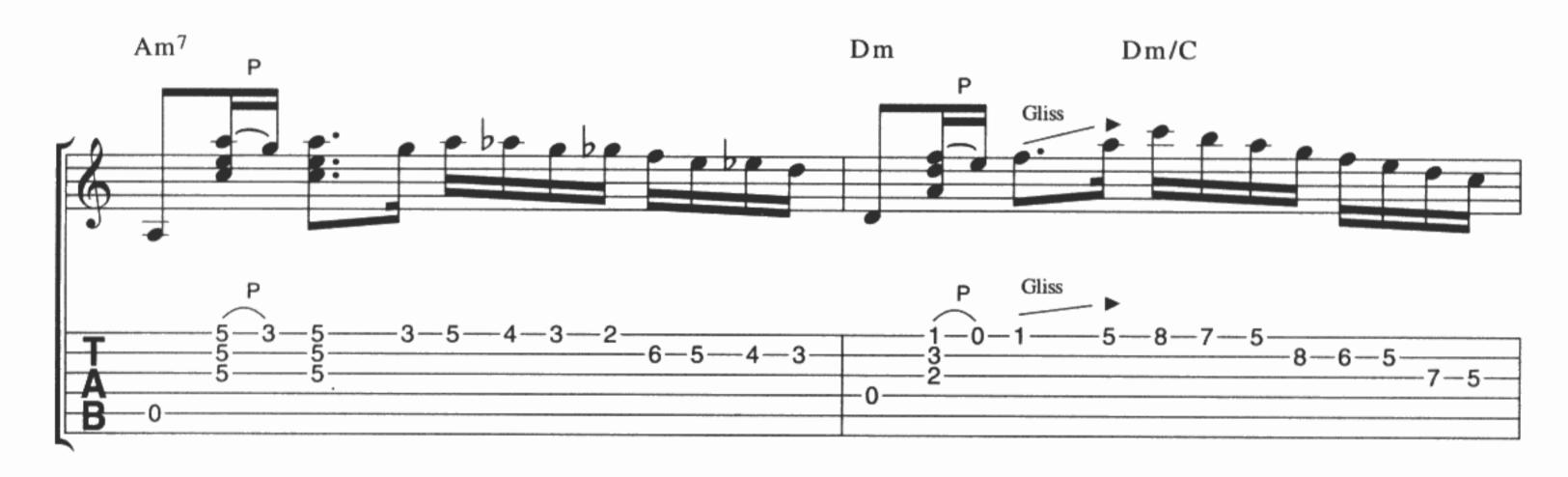


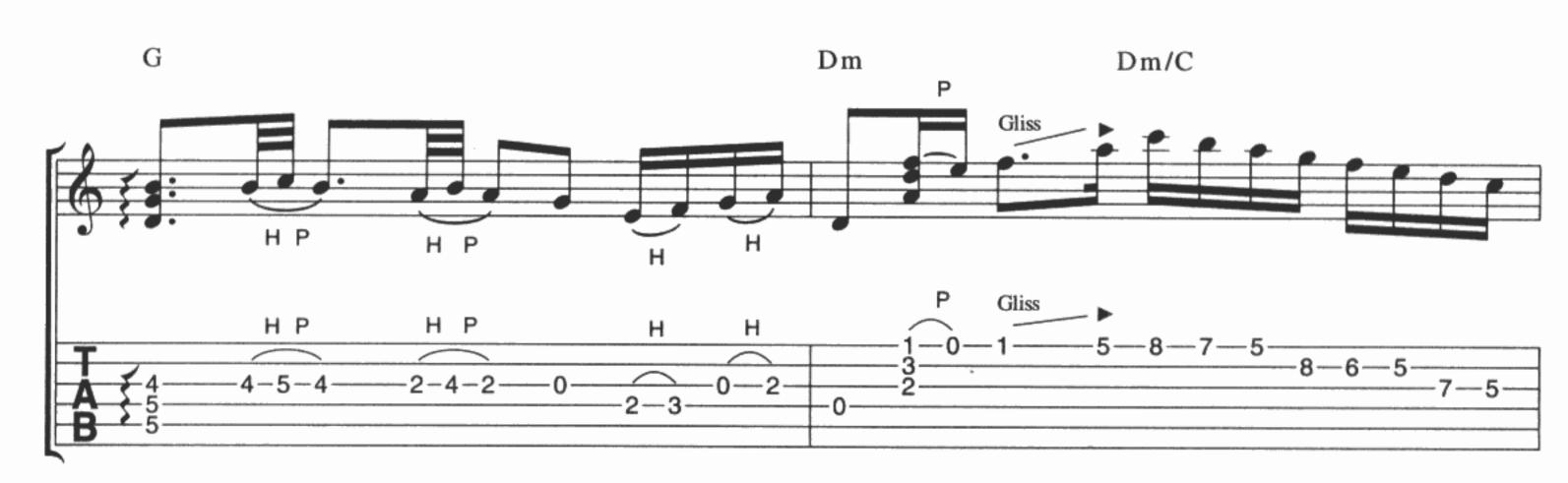


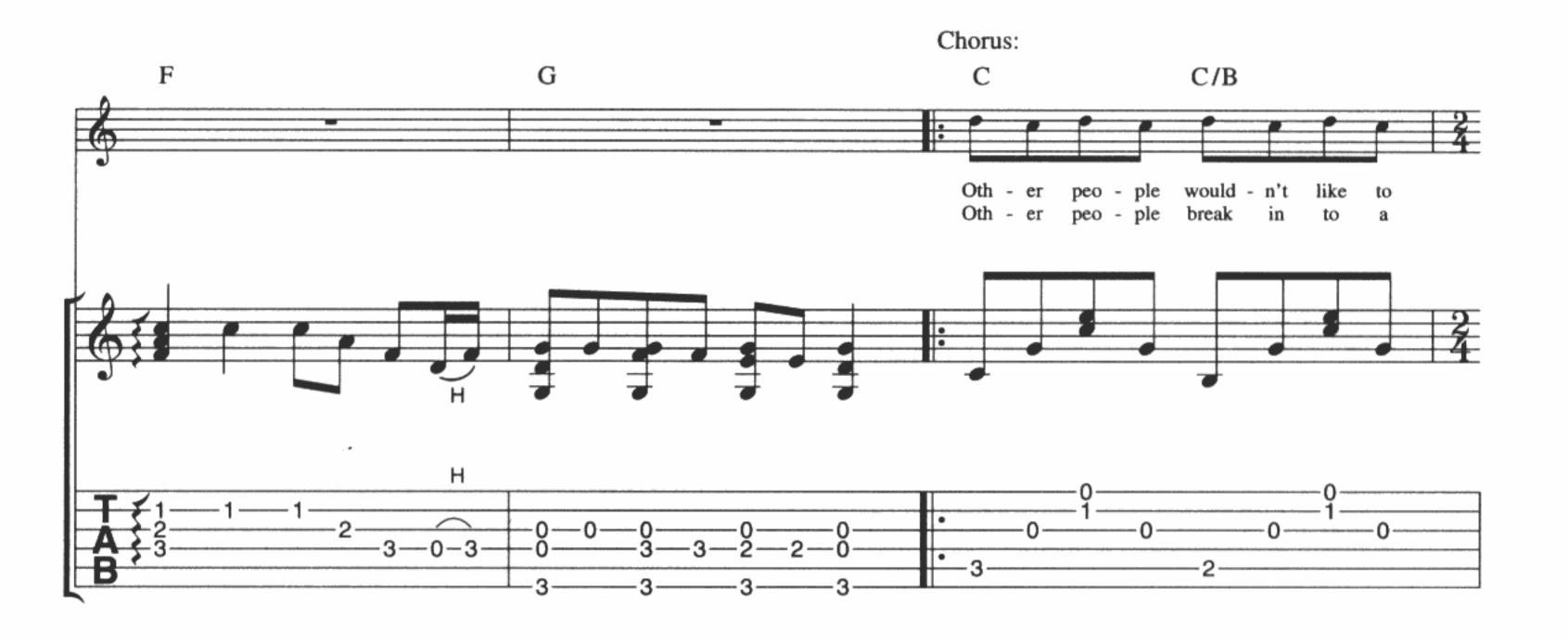


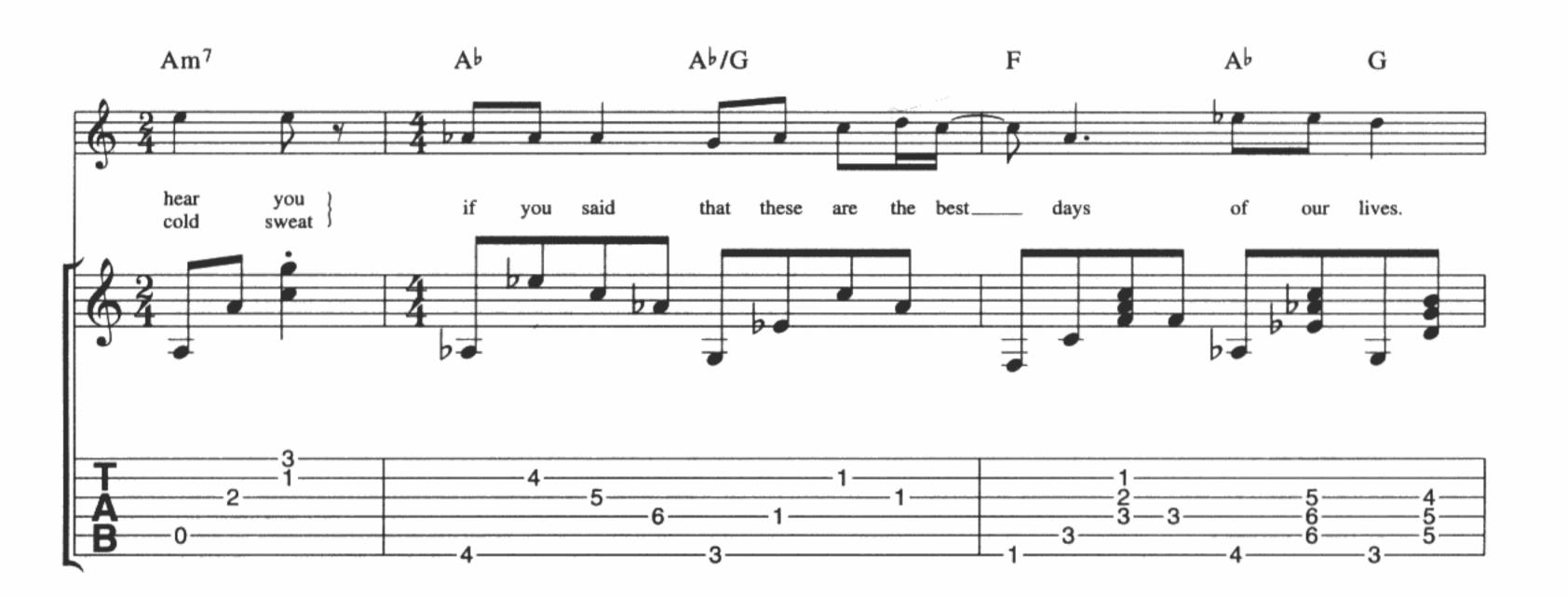


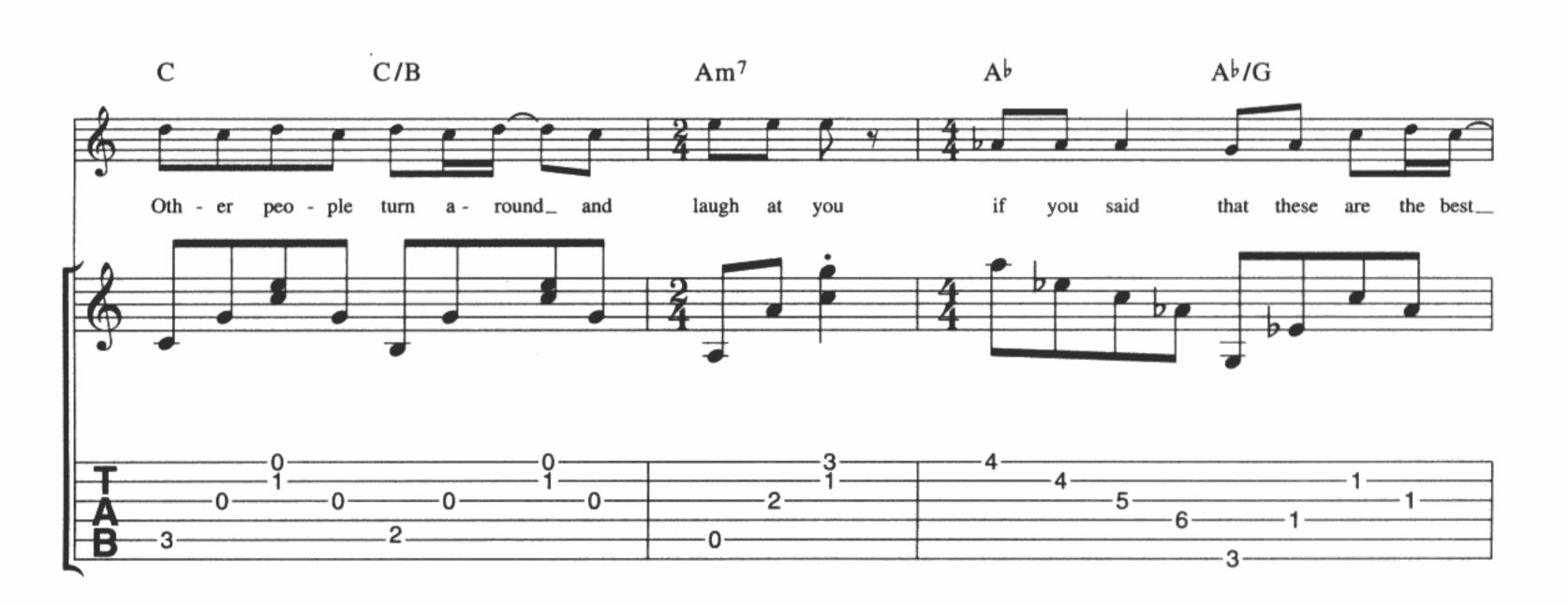


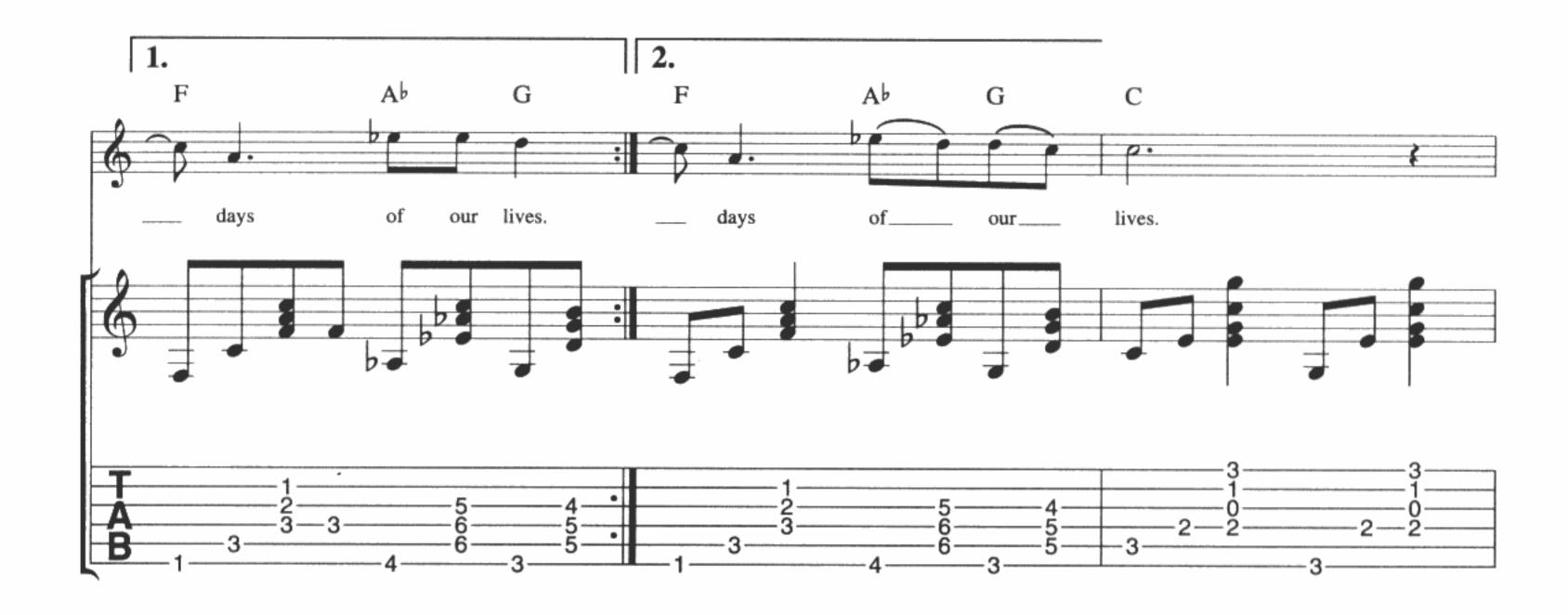












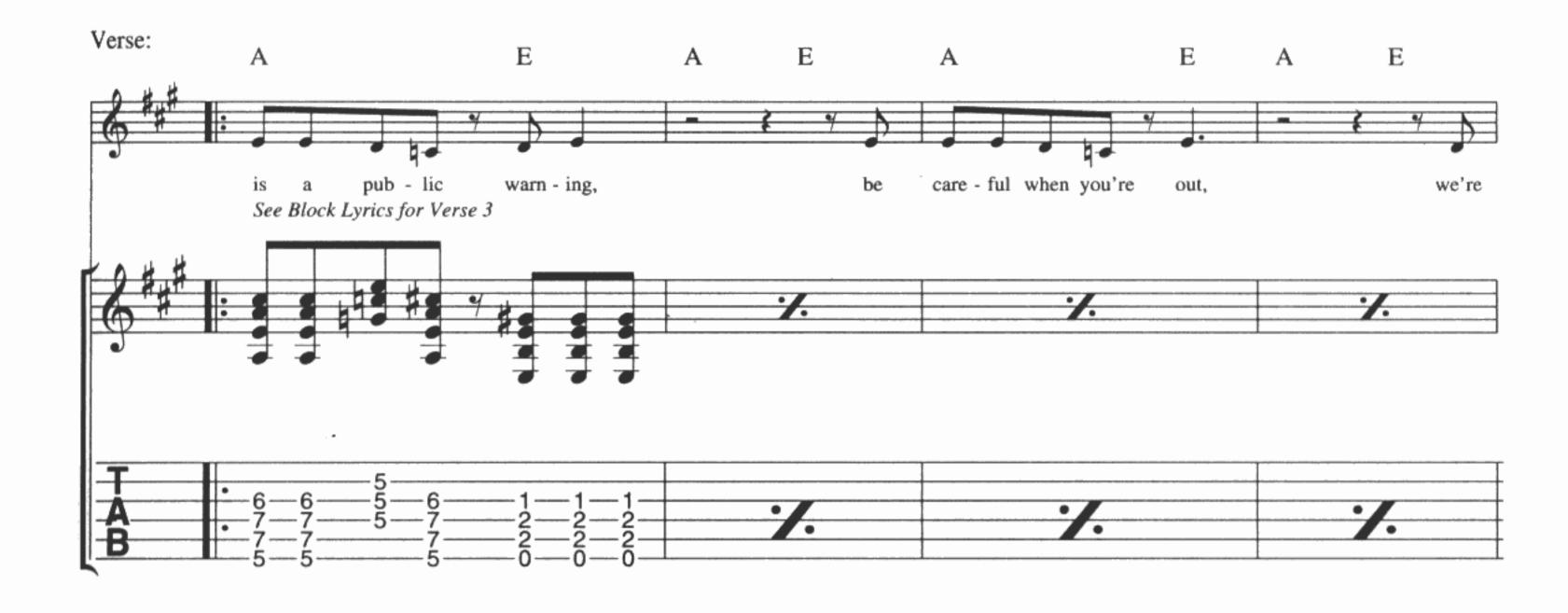


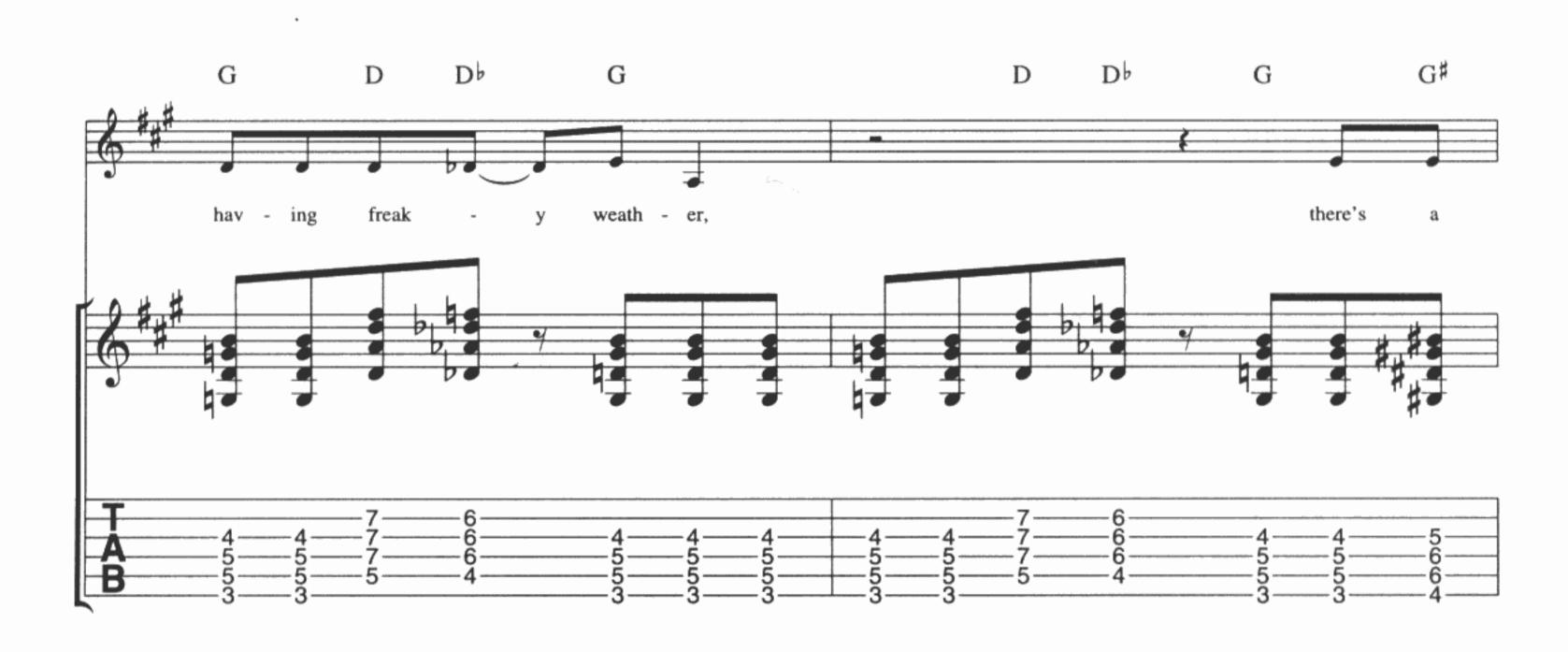
Verse 3: In hotel cells listening to dull tones Remote controls and cable moans In his drink he's talking Gets disconnected sleep-walking back home.

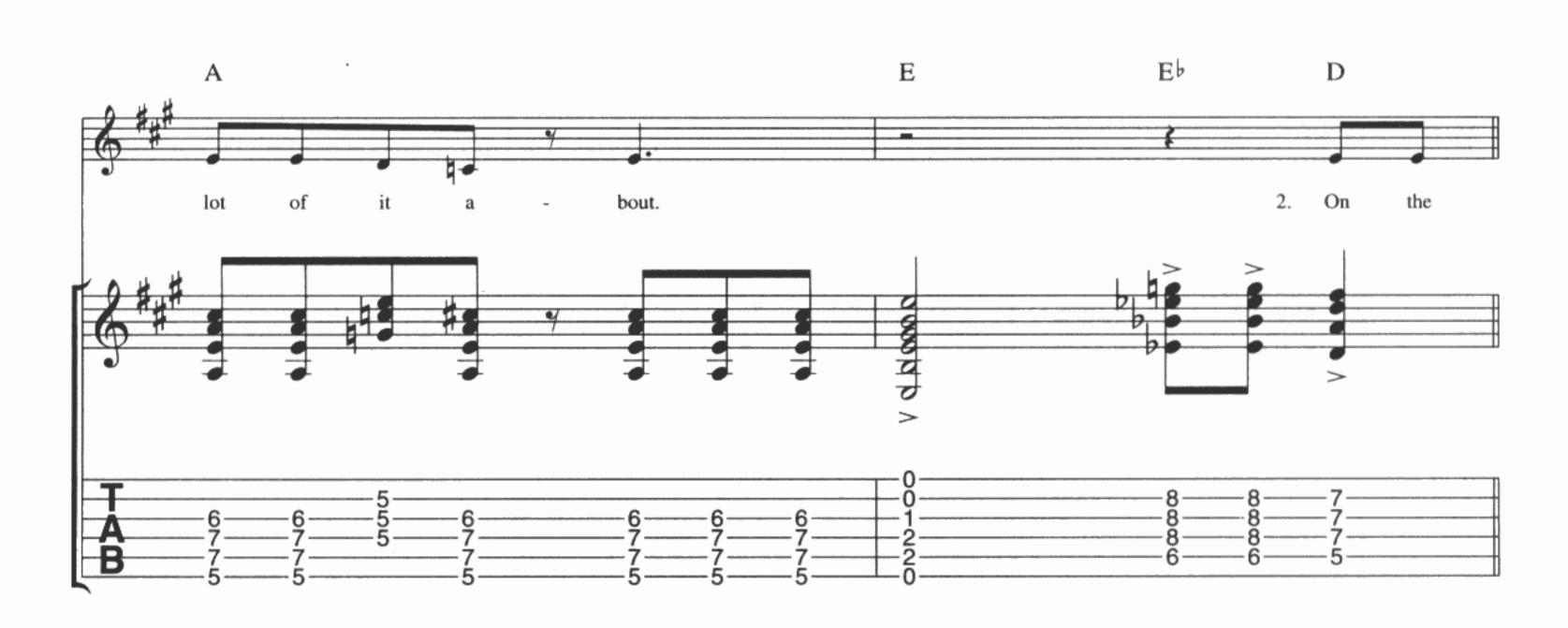
Top Man

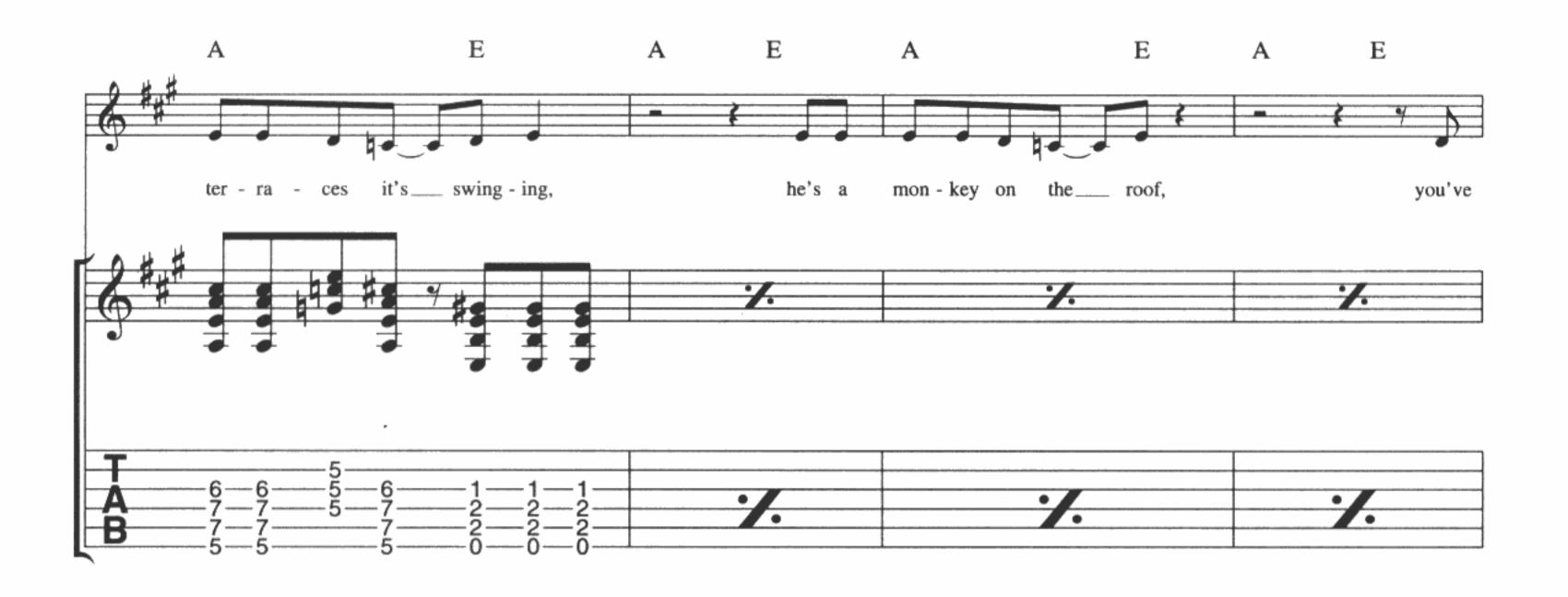


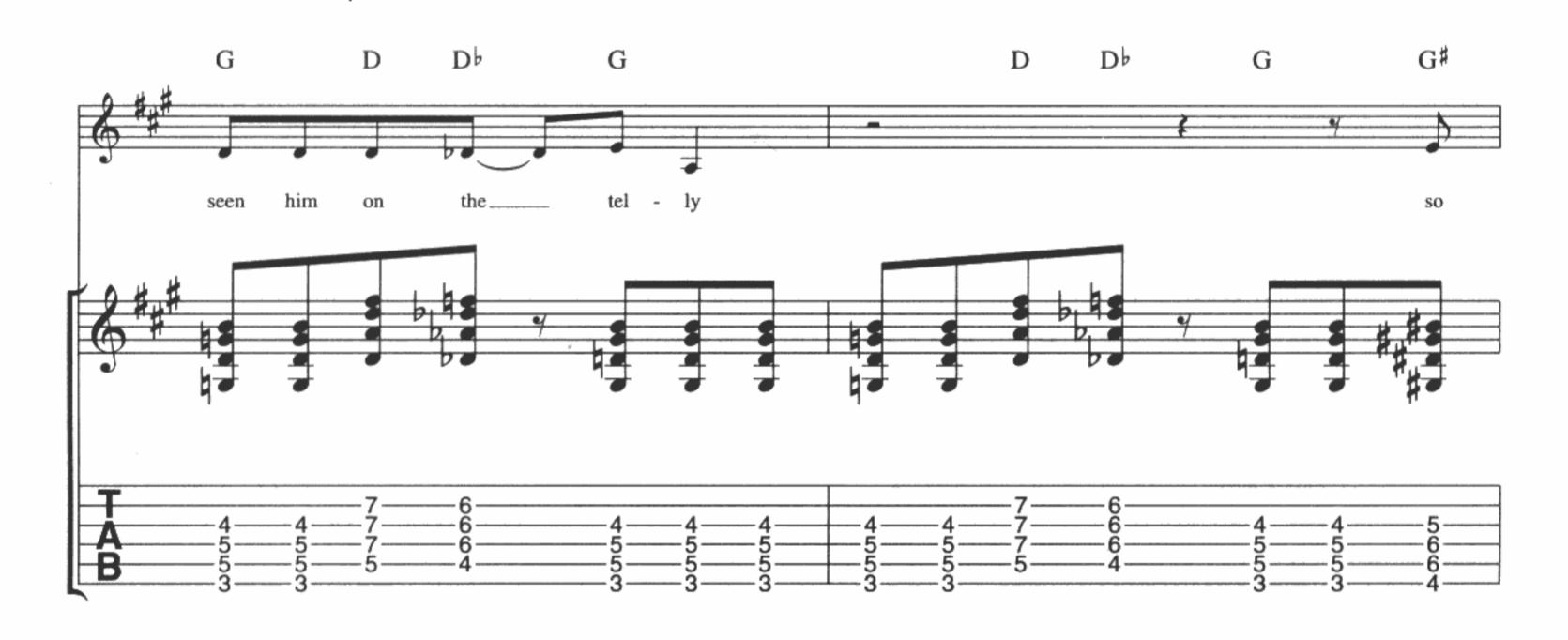
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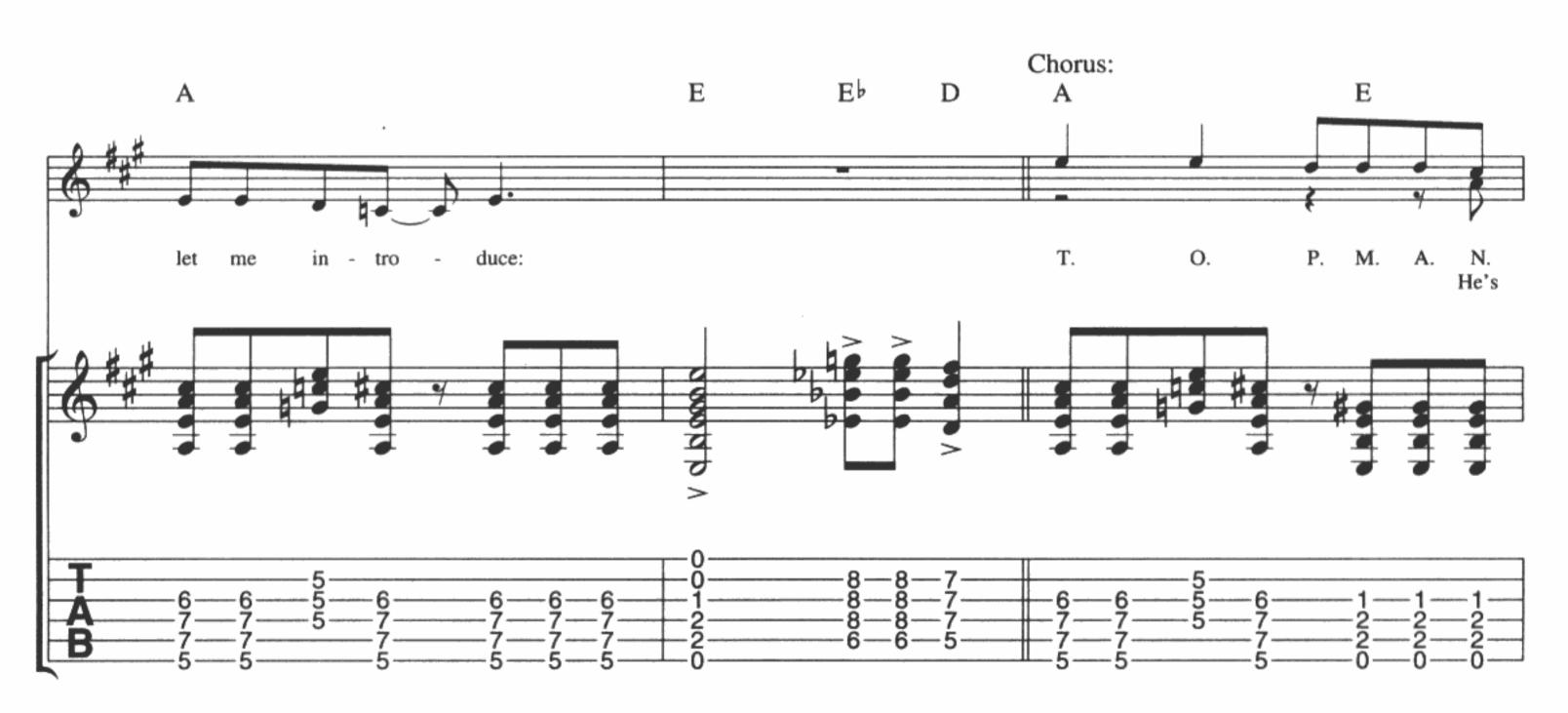


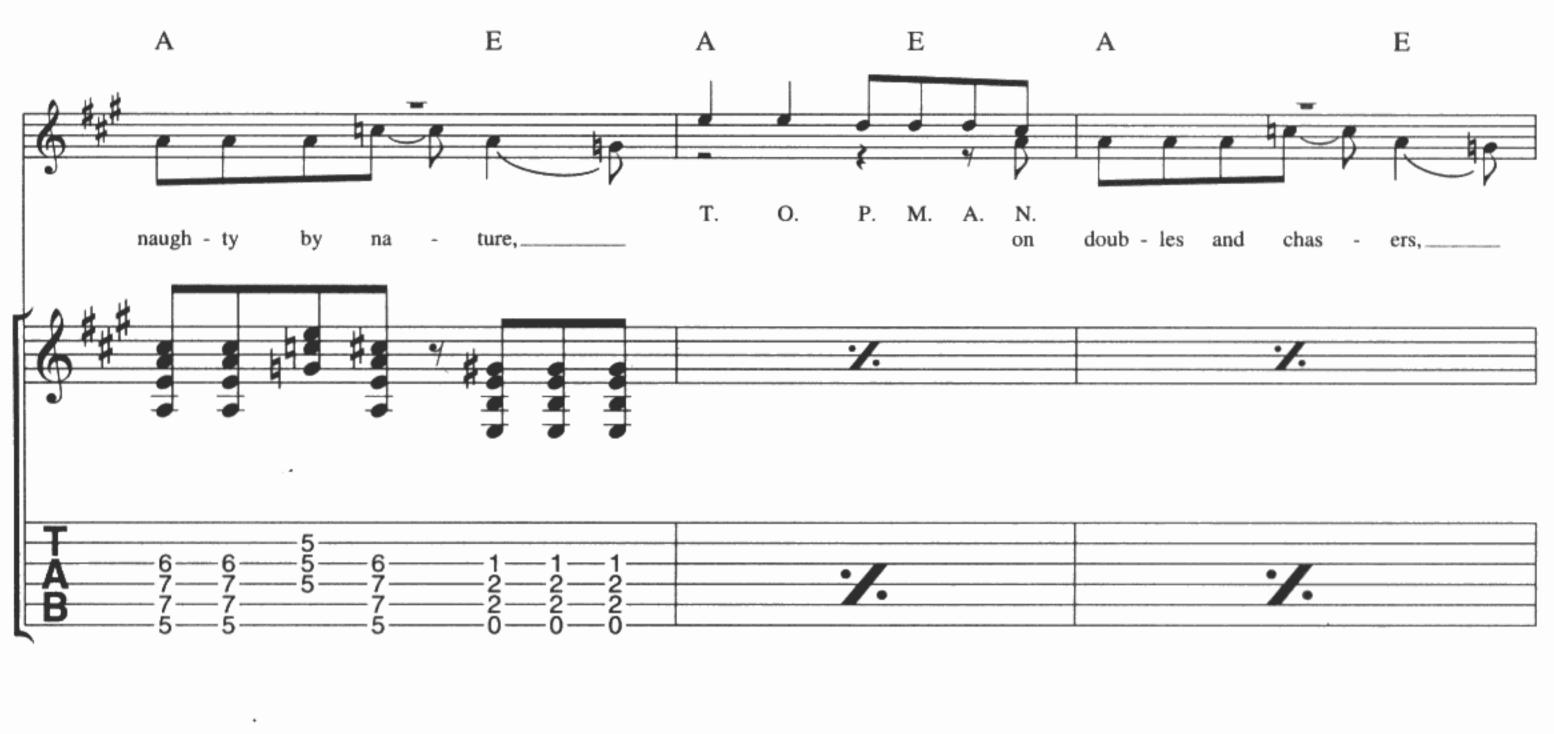


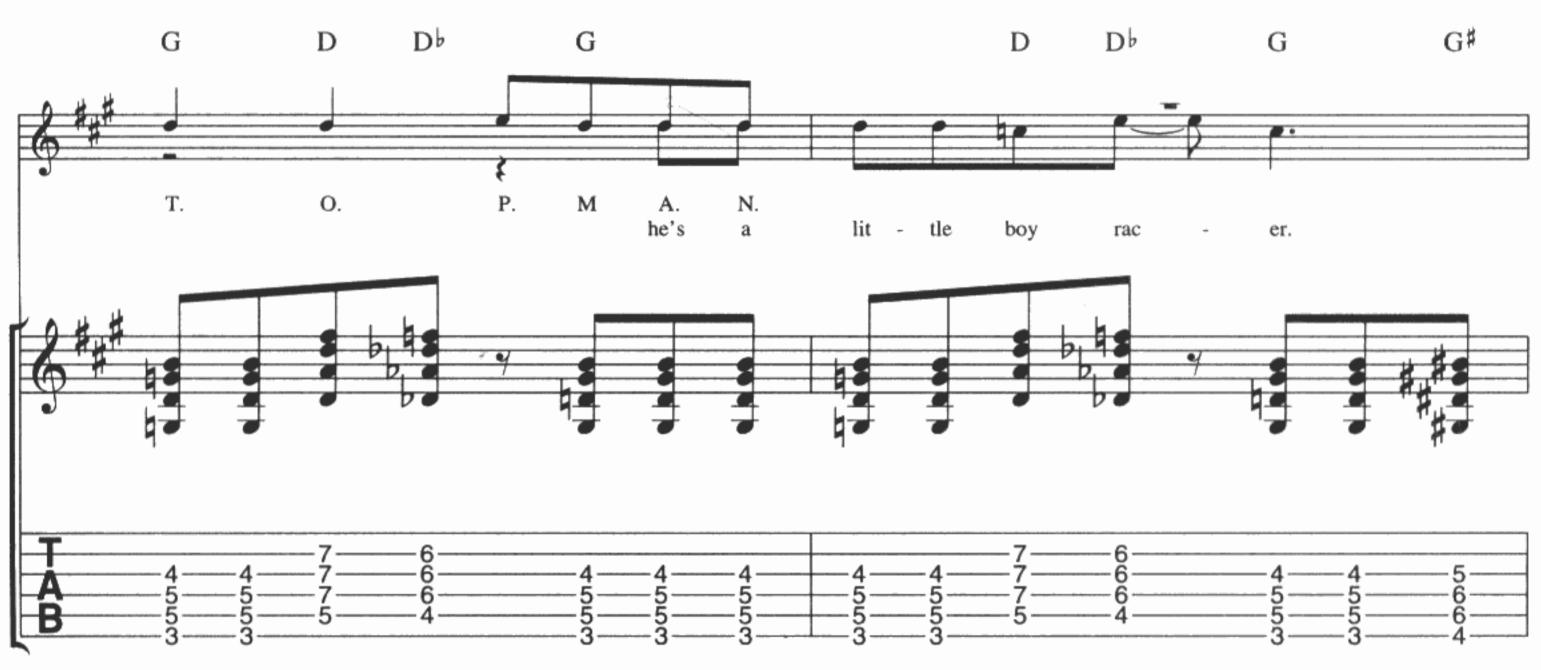


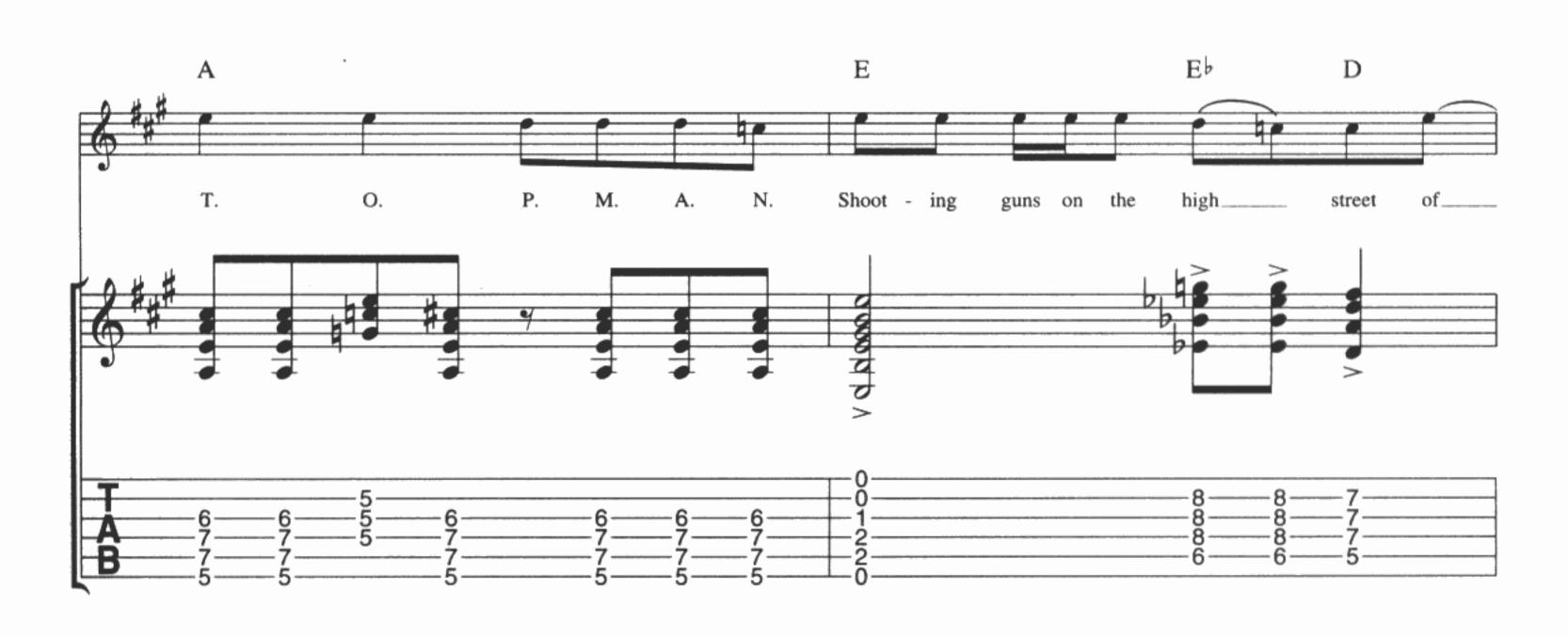




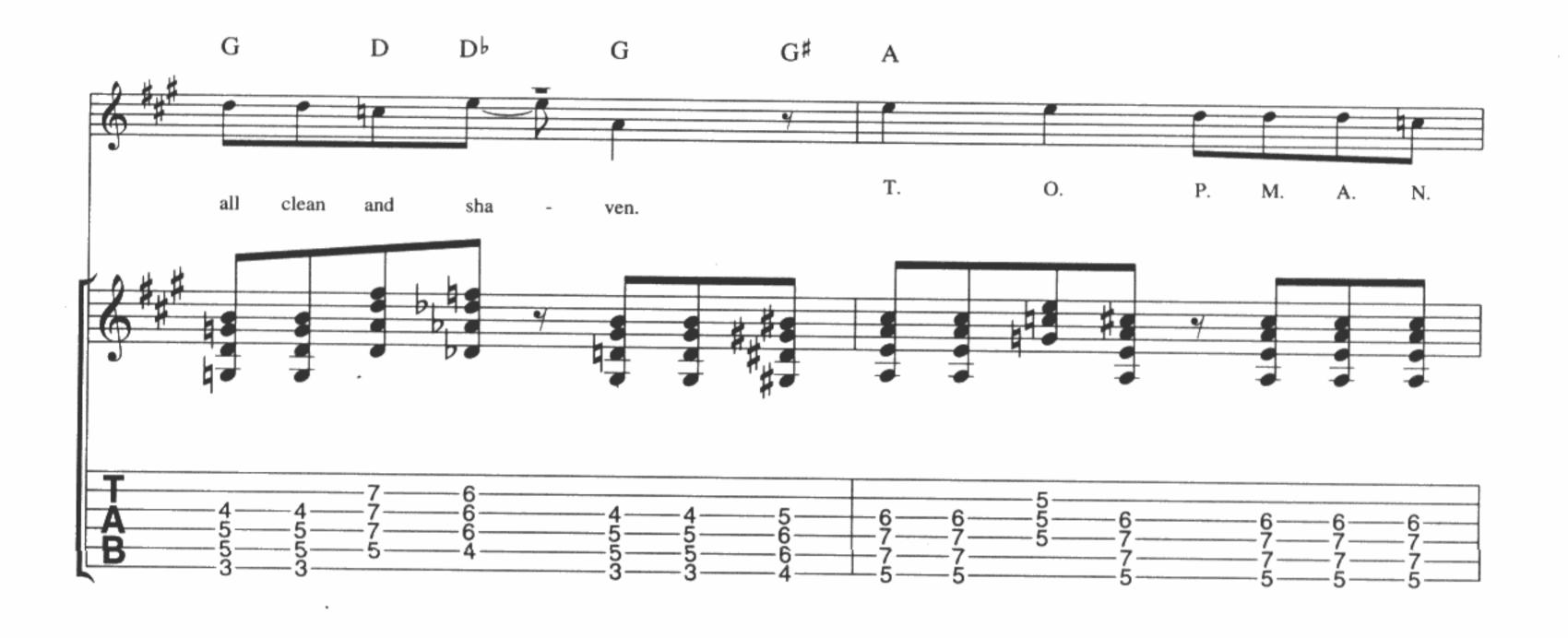


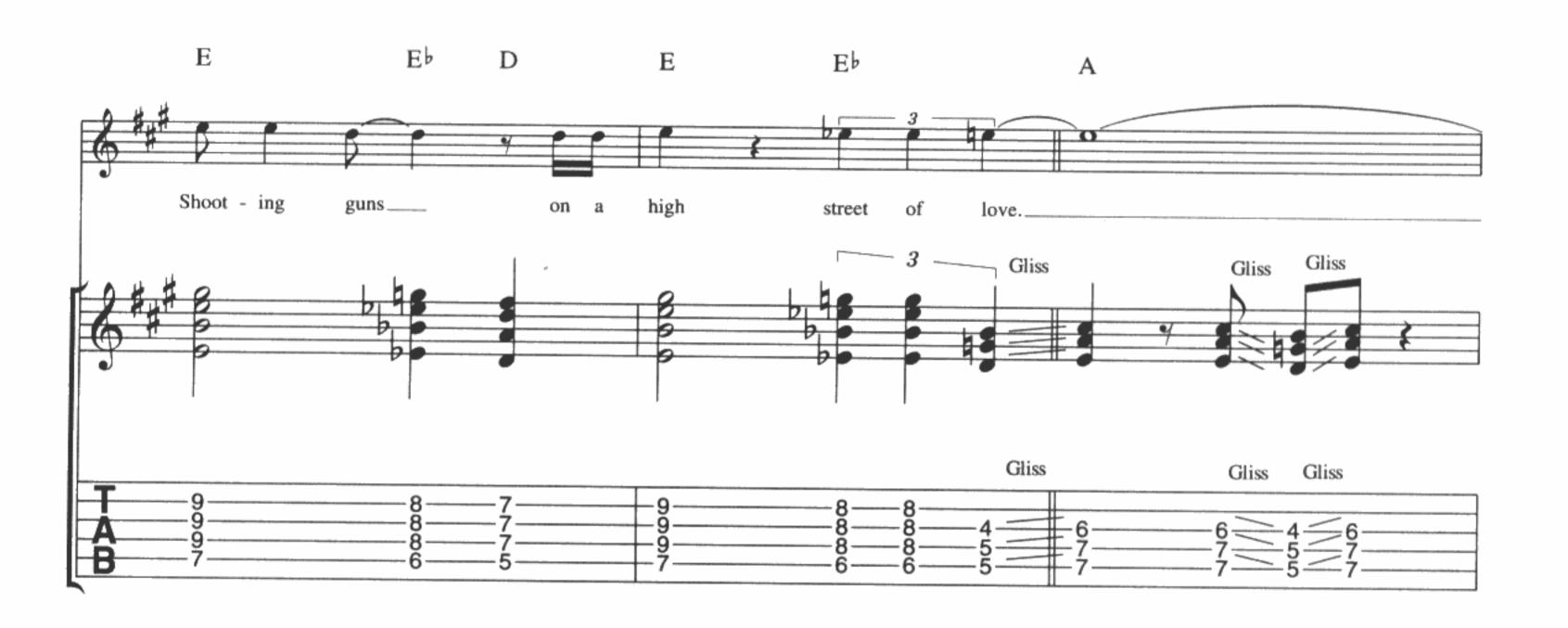






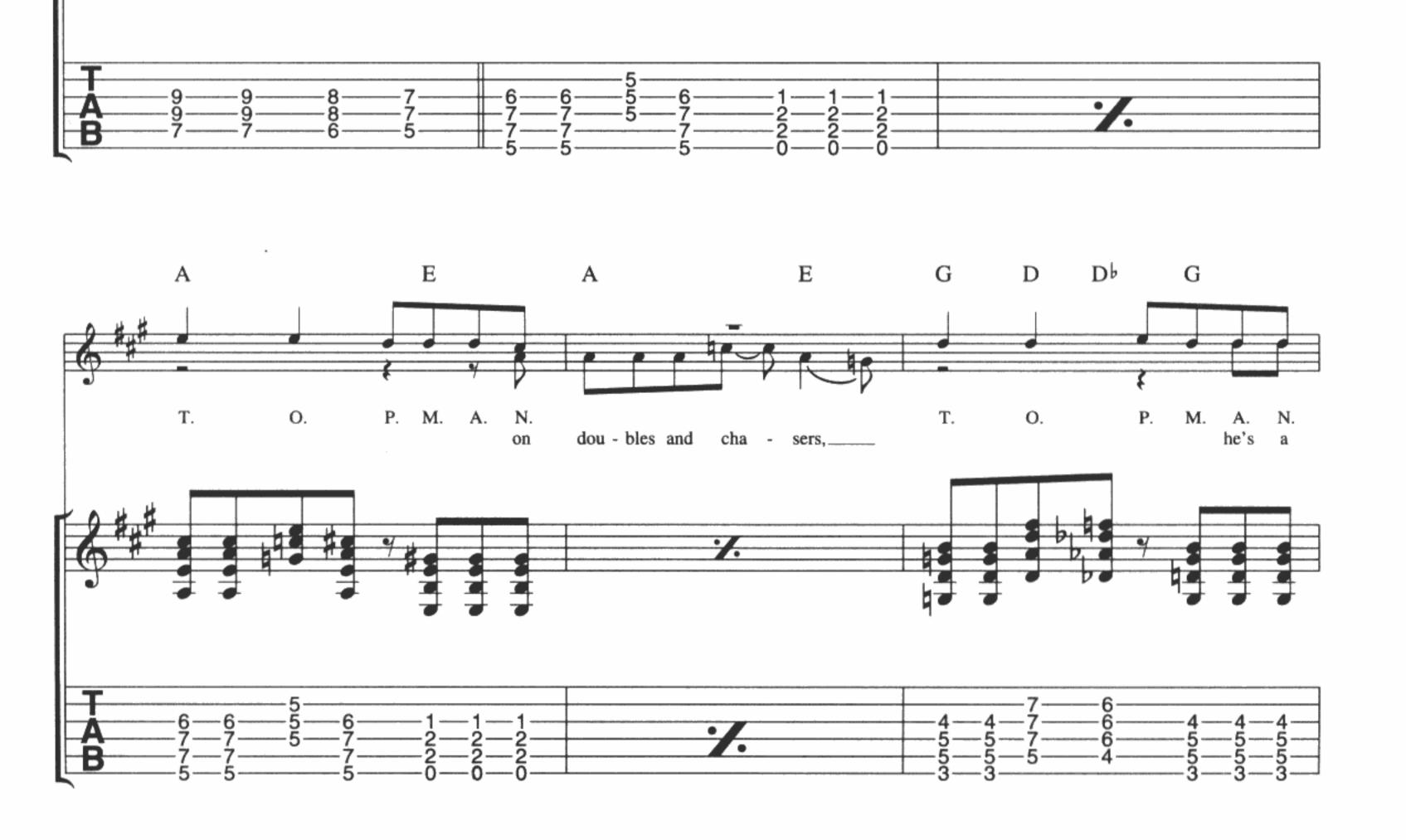














Verse 3: In a crowd it's hard to spot him But anonymity can cost It's never cheap or cheerful He's Hugo and he's Boss.

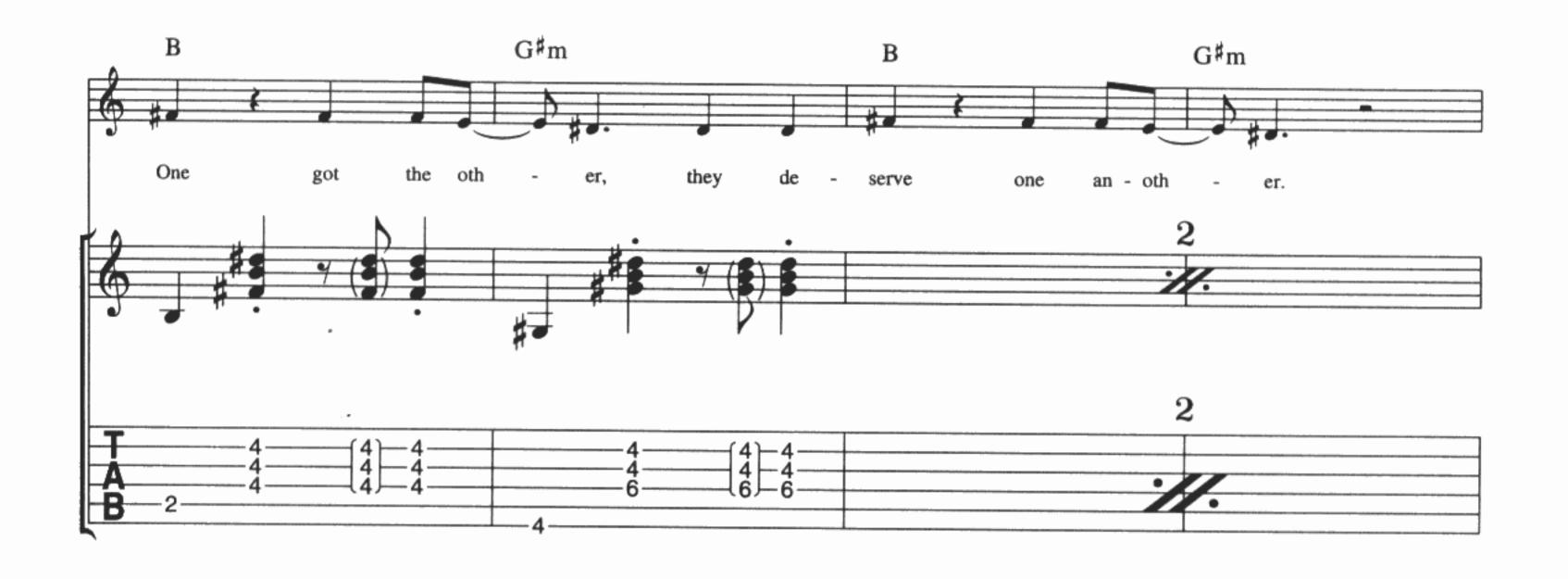
Verse 4:
He's riding through the desert
On a camel light
And on a magic carpet
He'll fly away tonight.

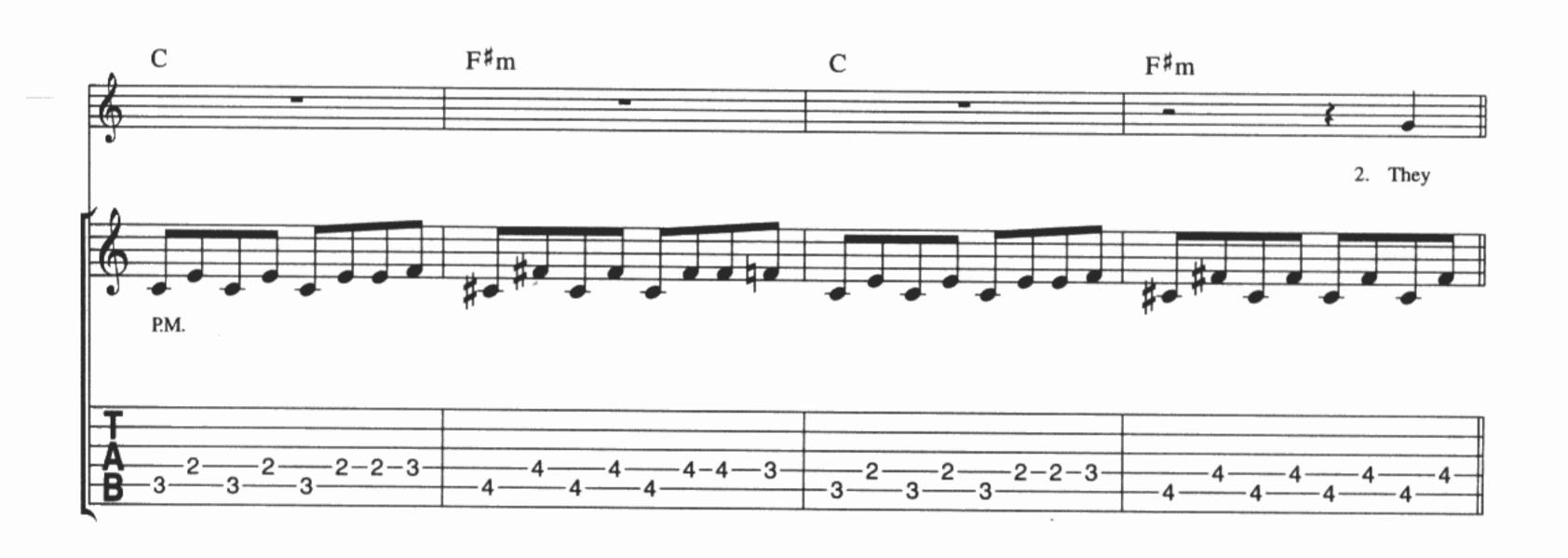
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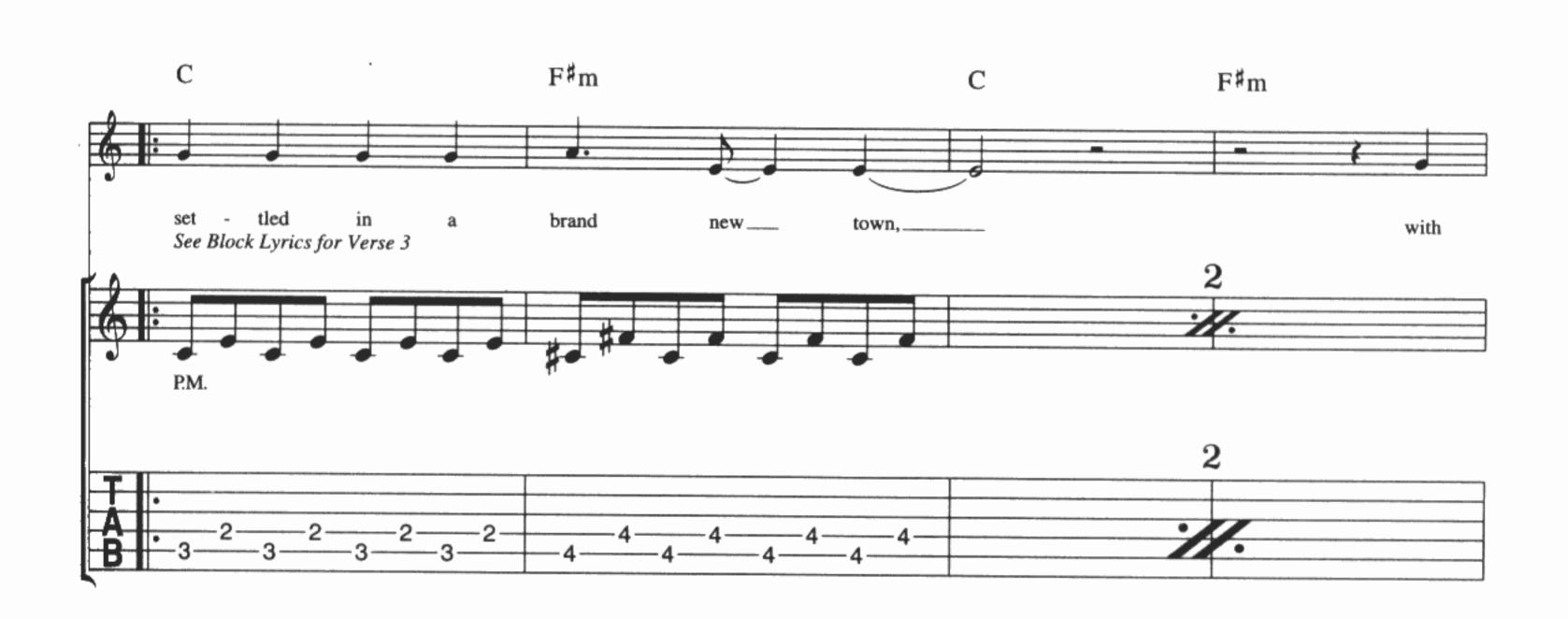
Fade Away

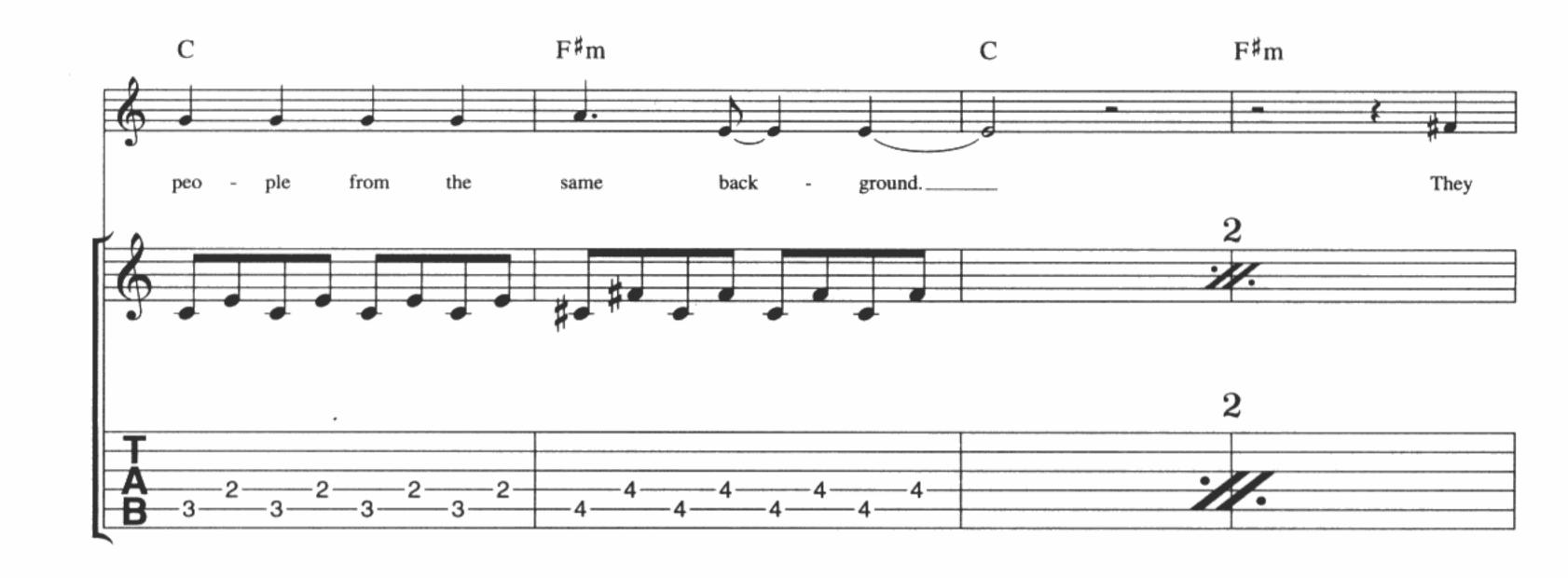


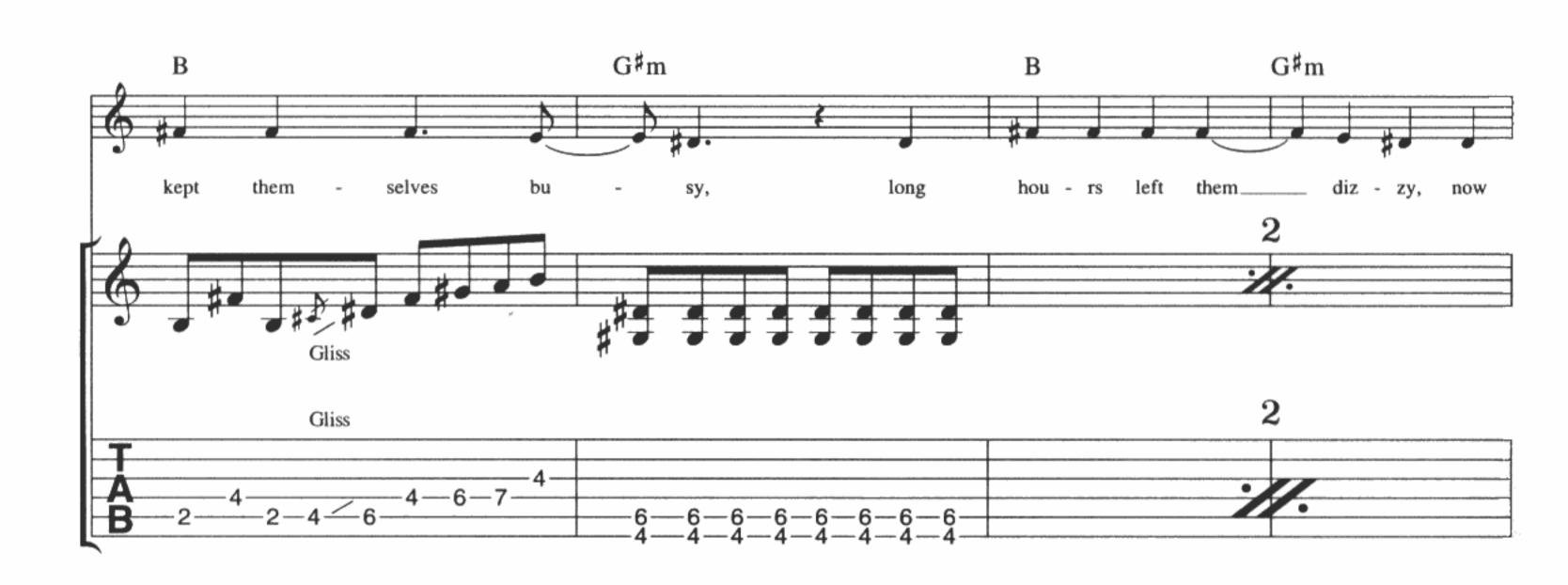
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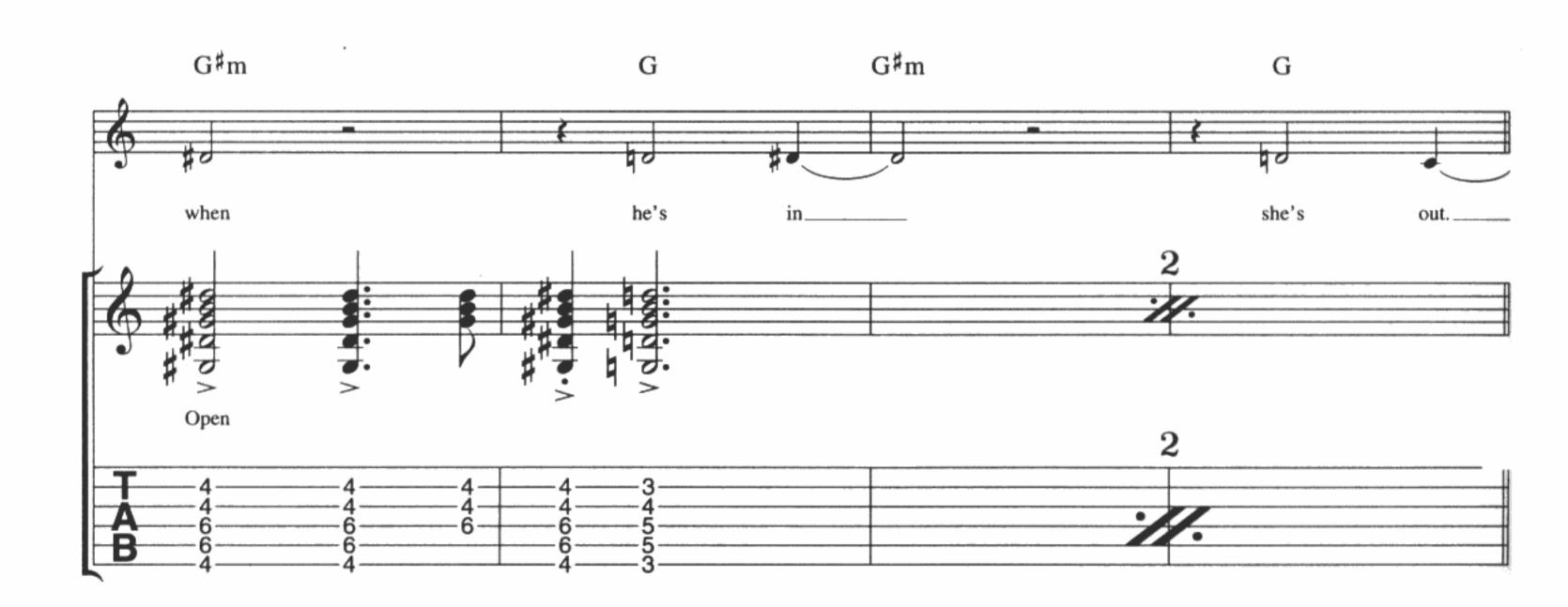


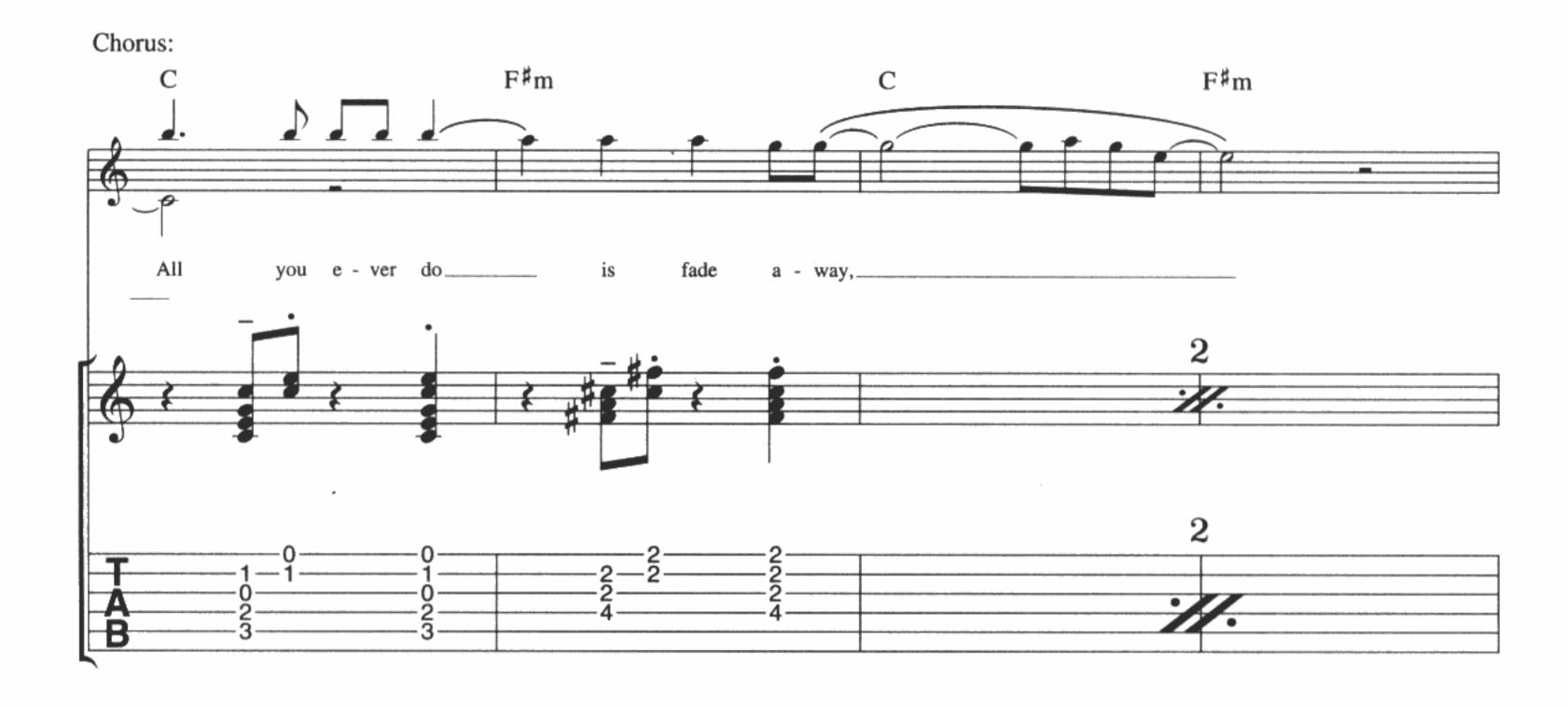


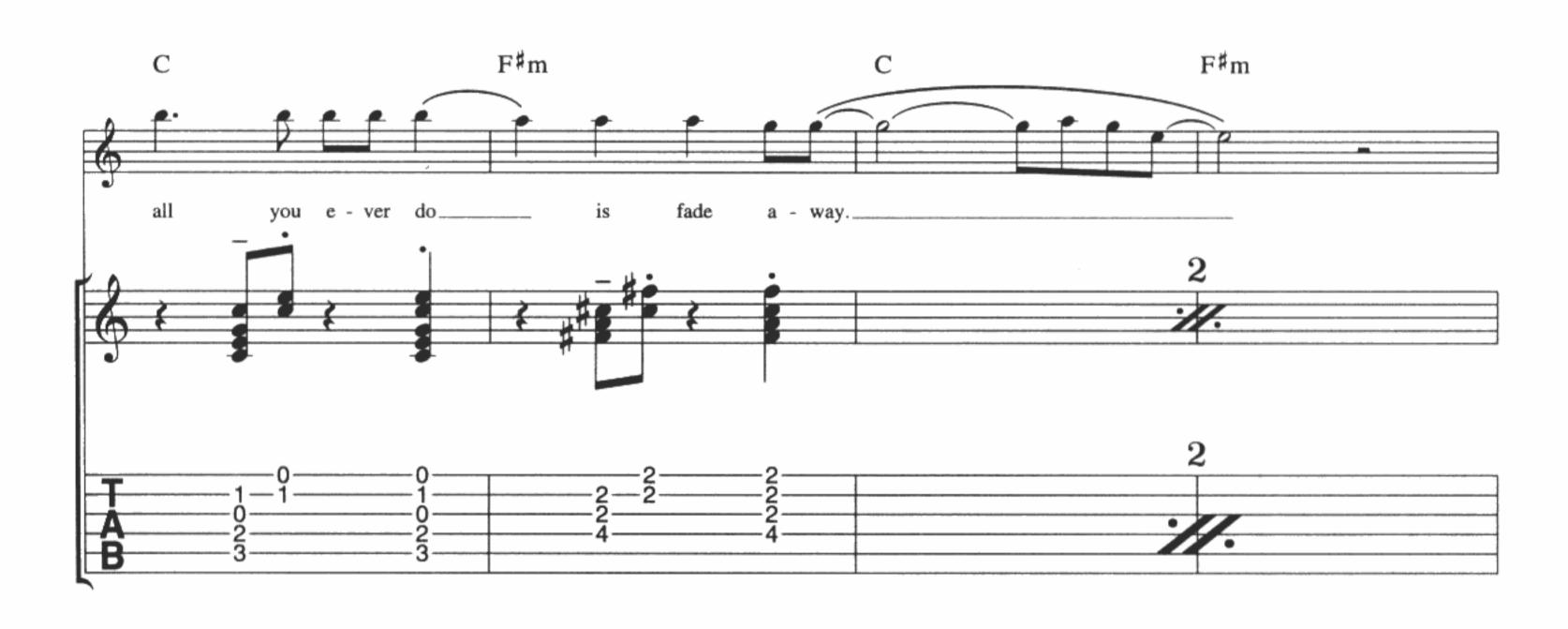


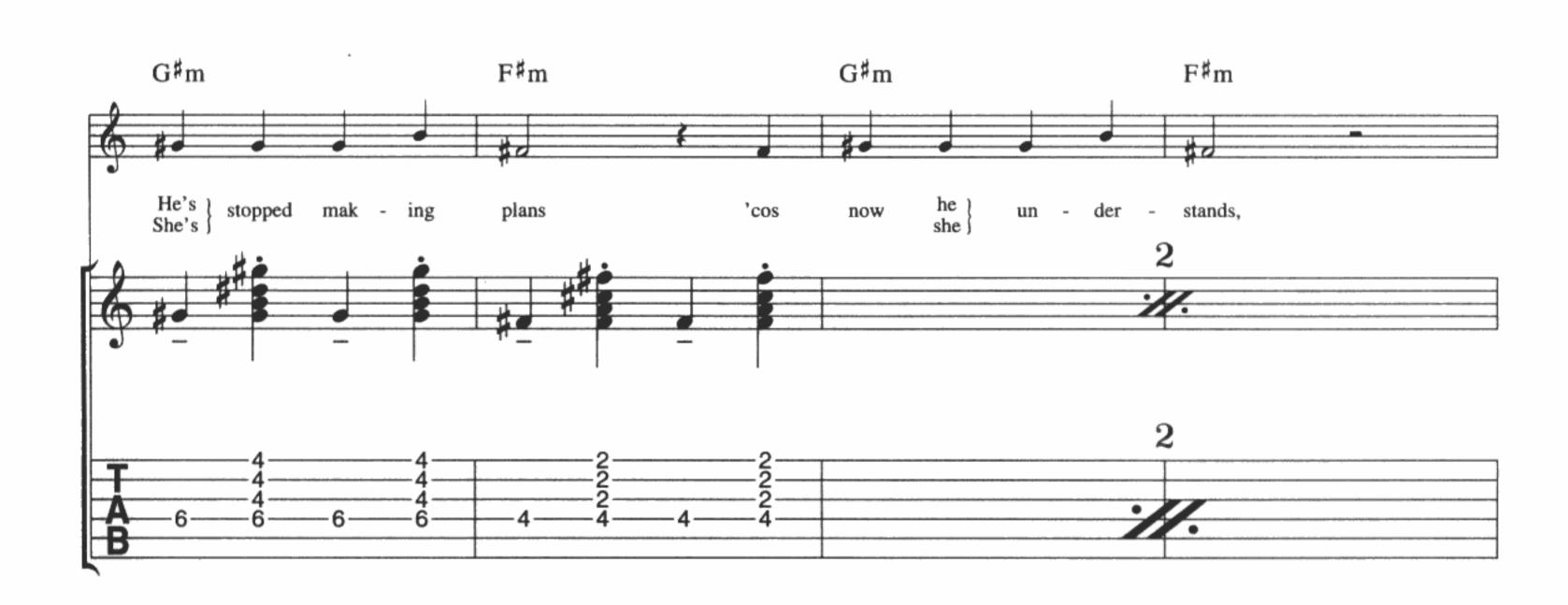


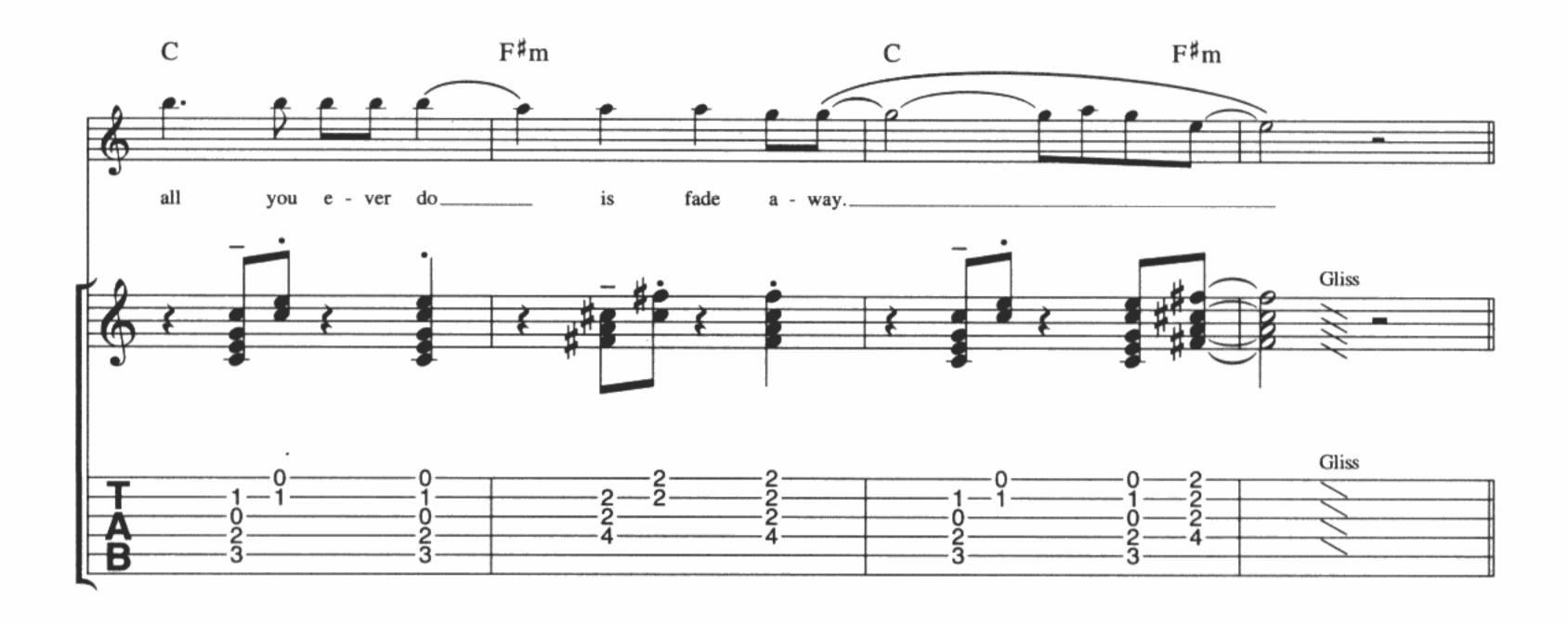


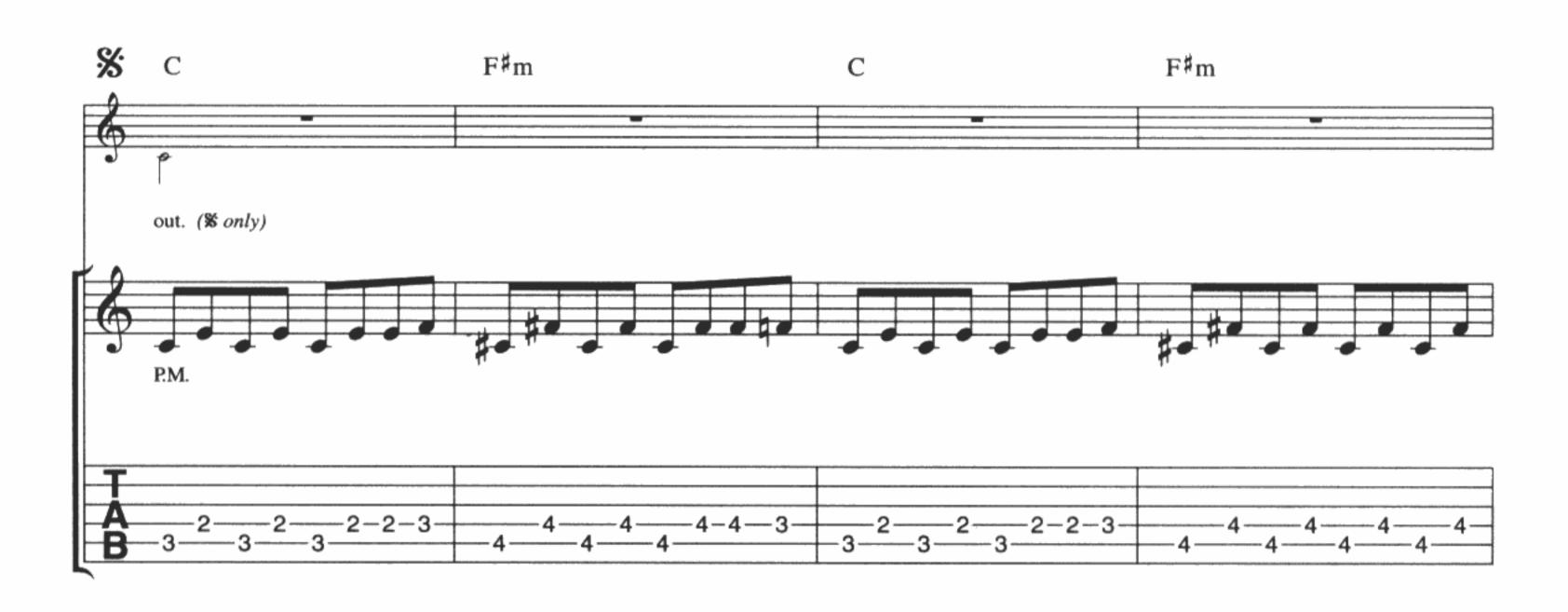


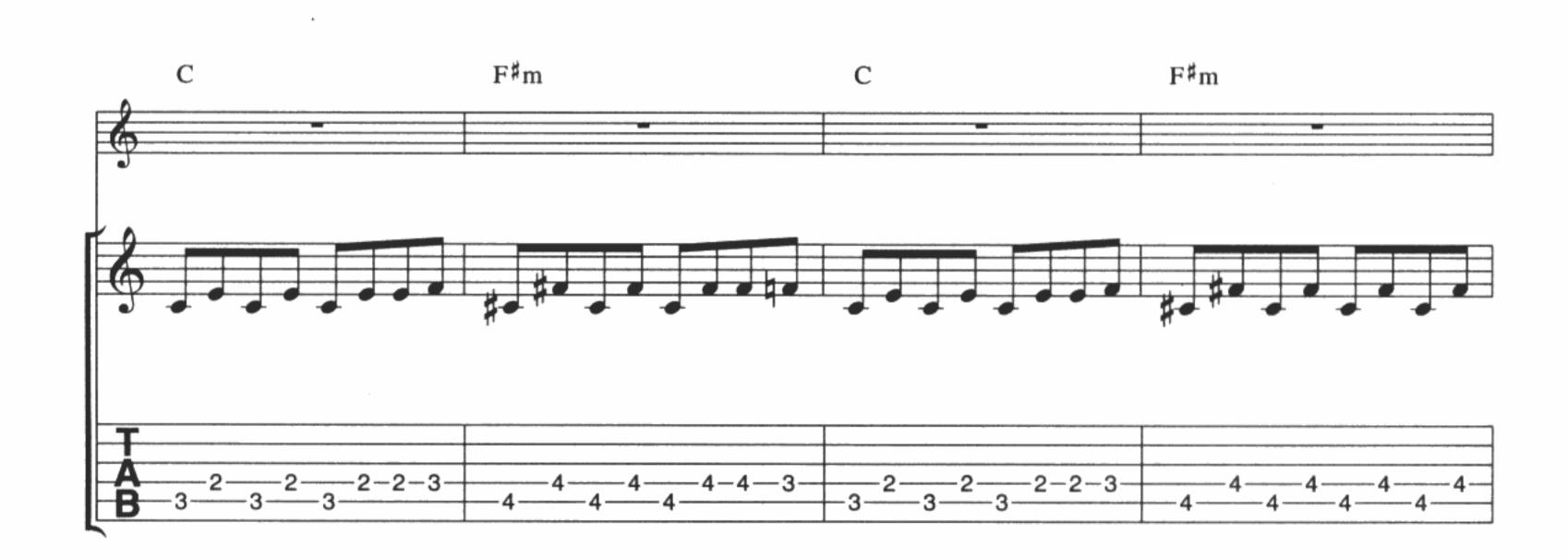


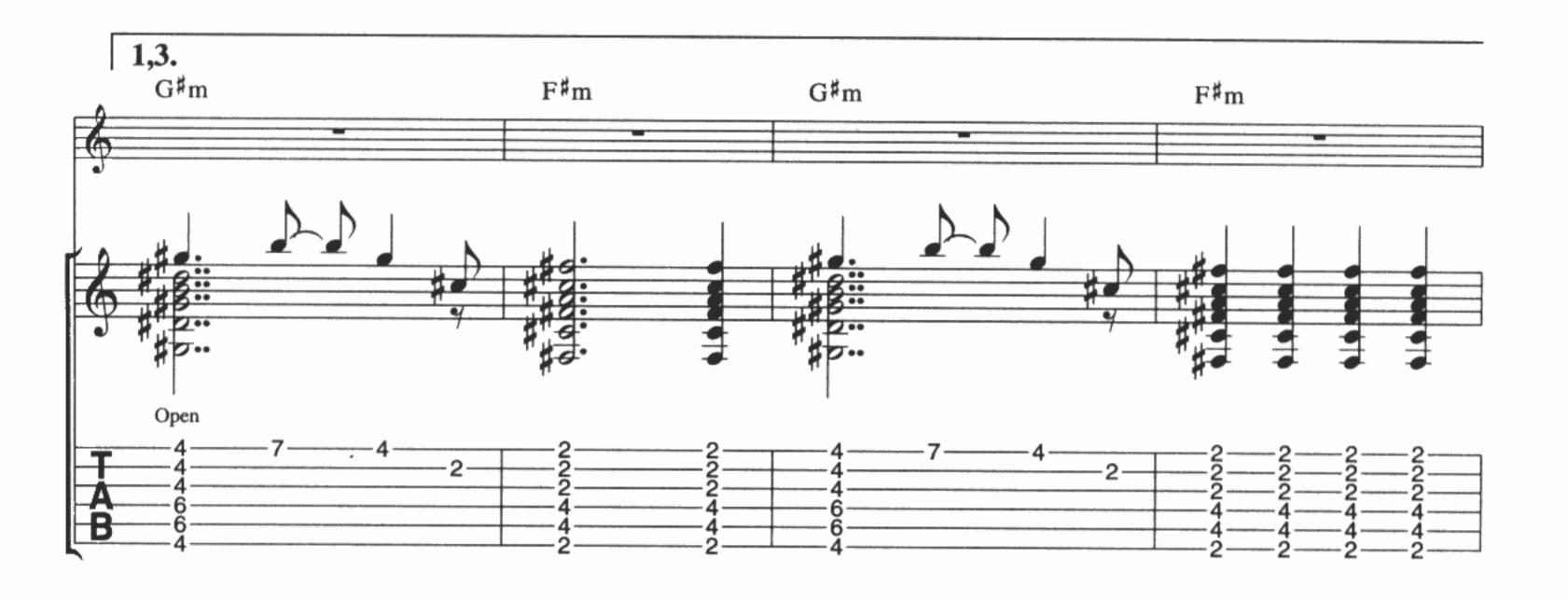


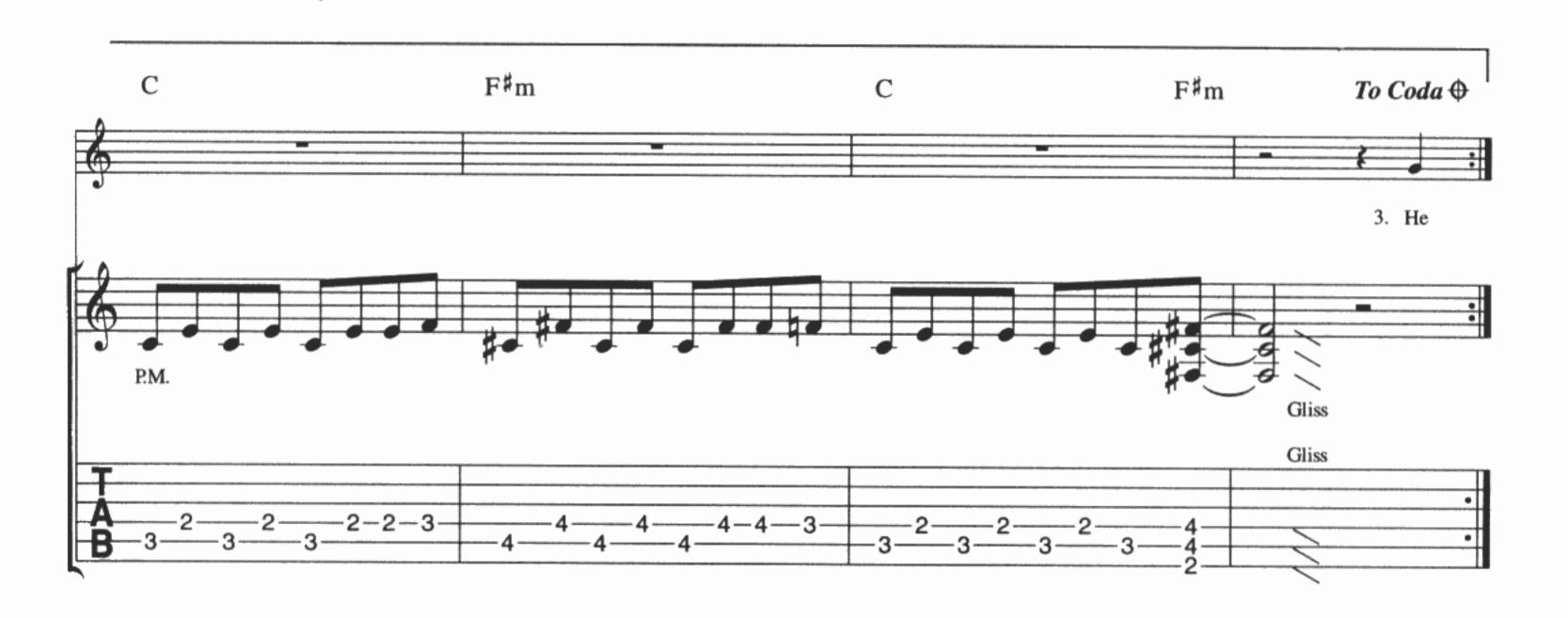


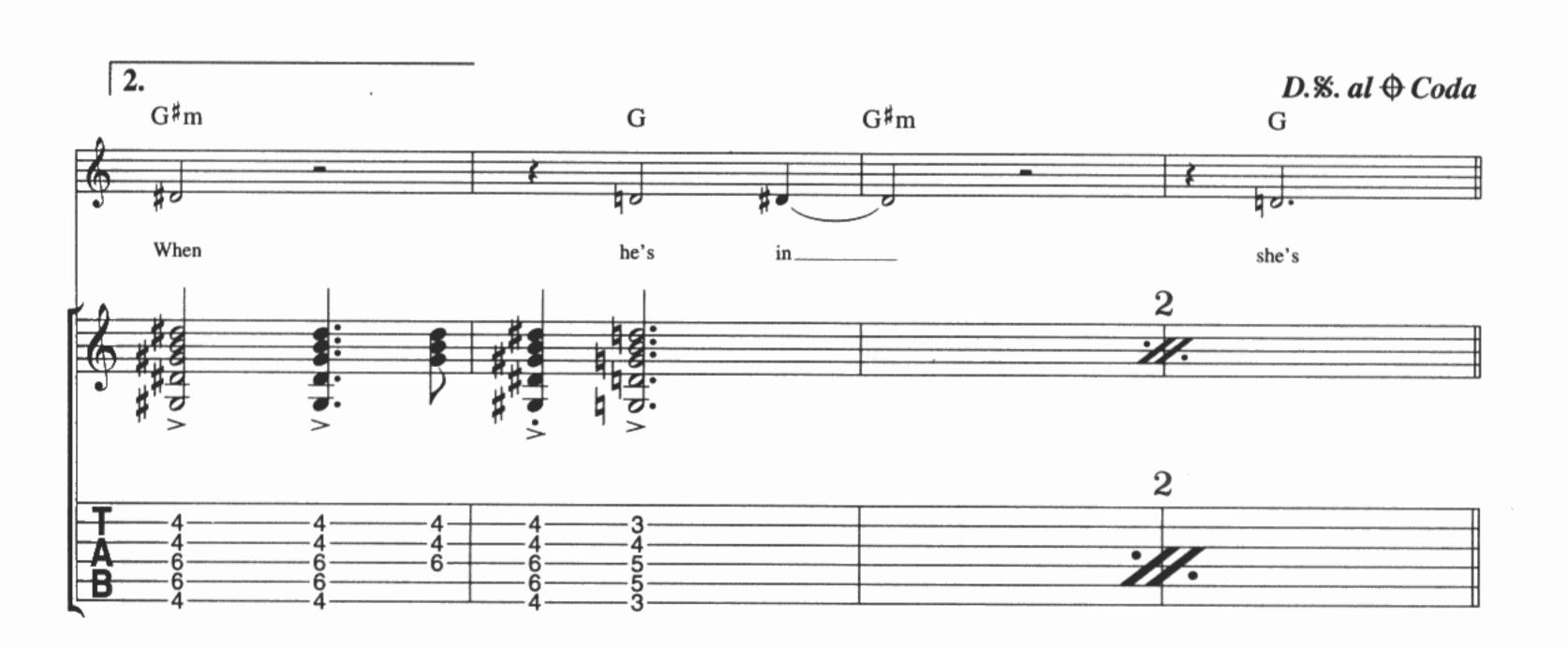


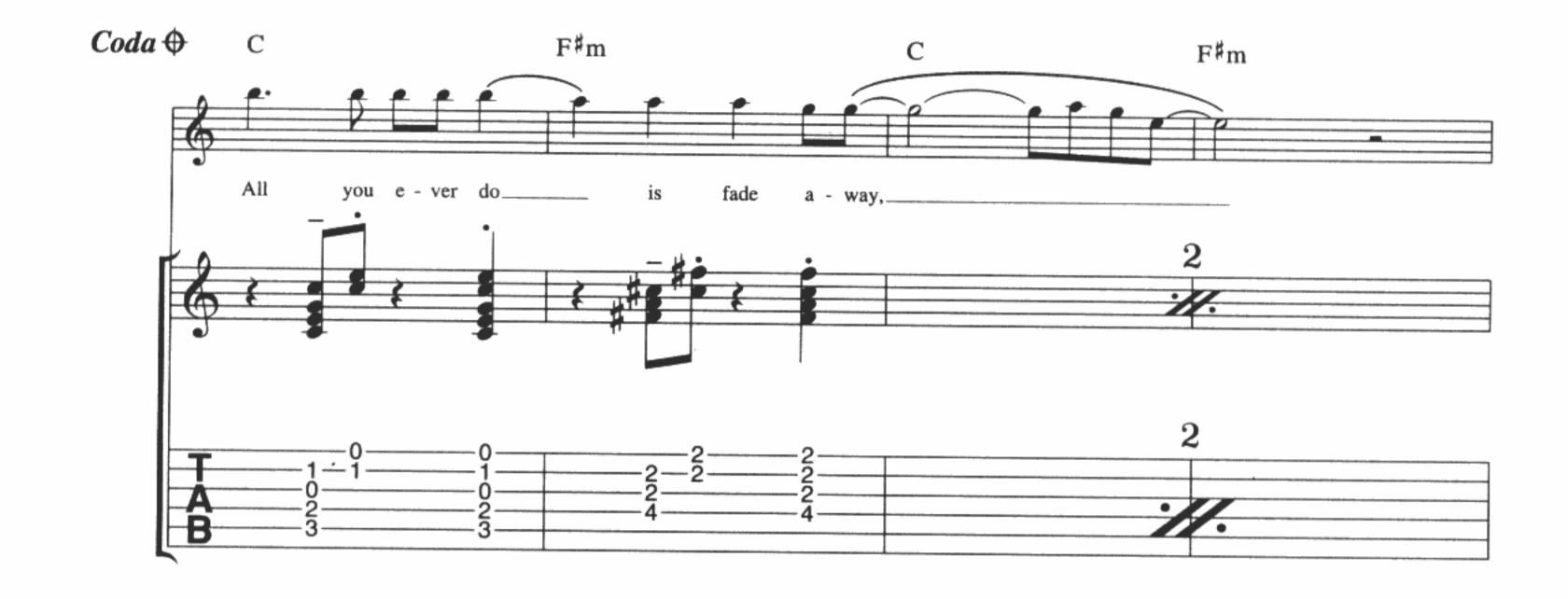


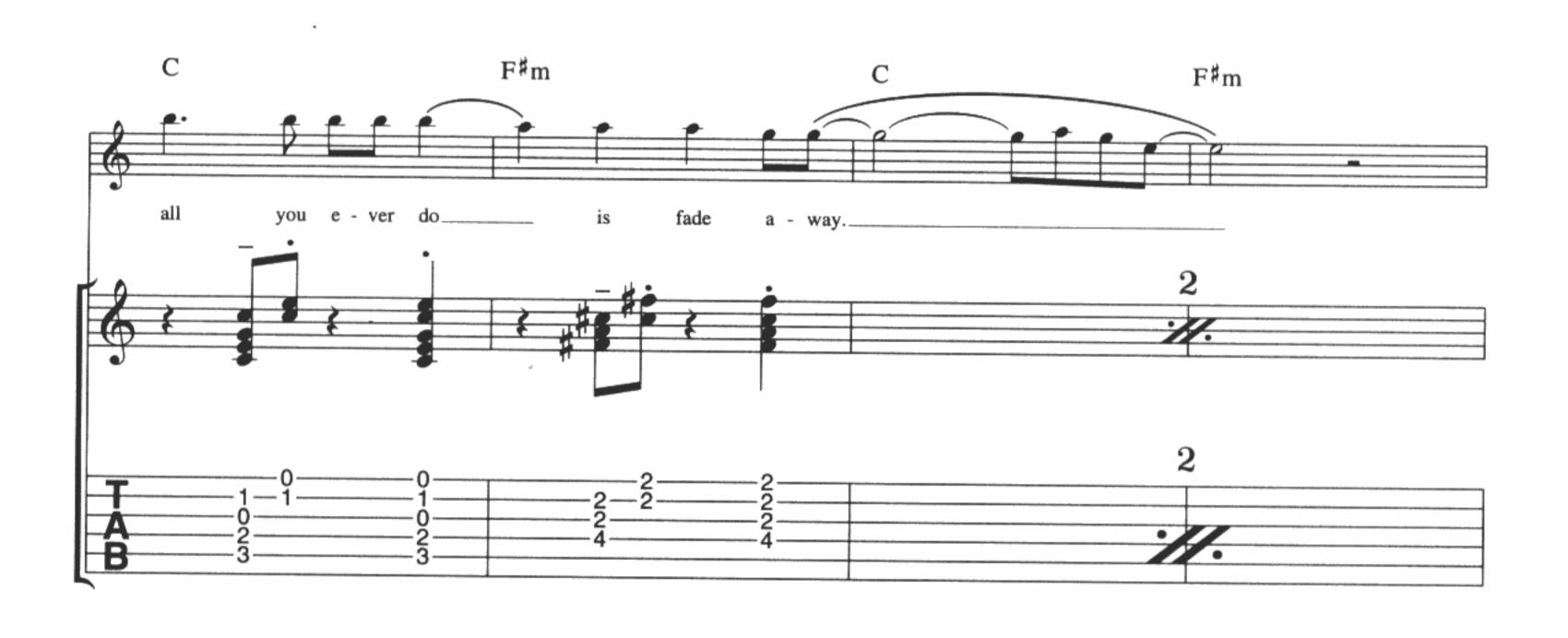


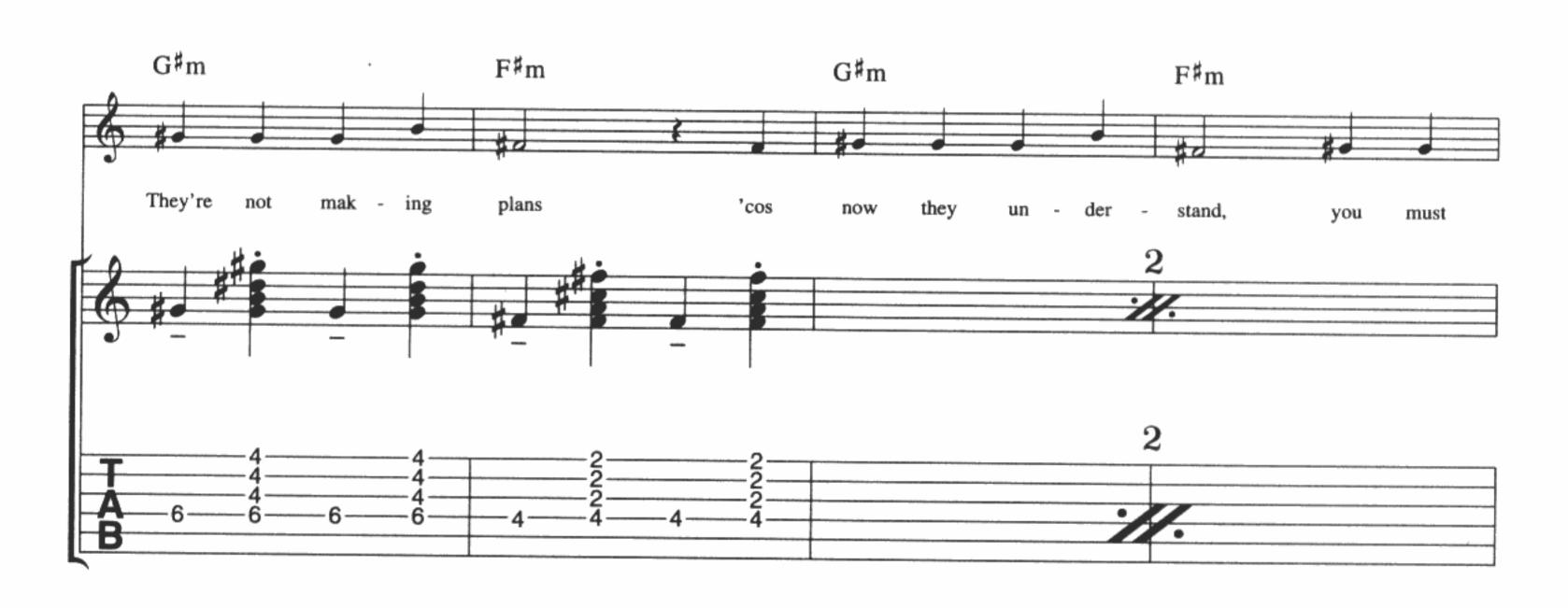


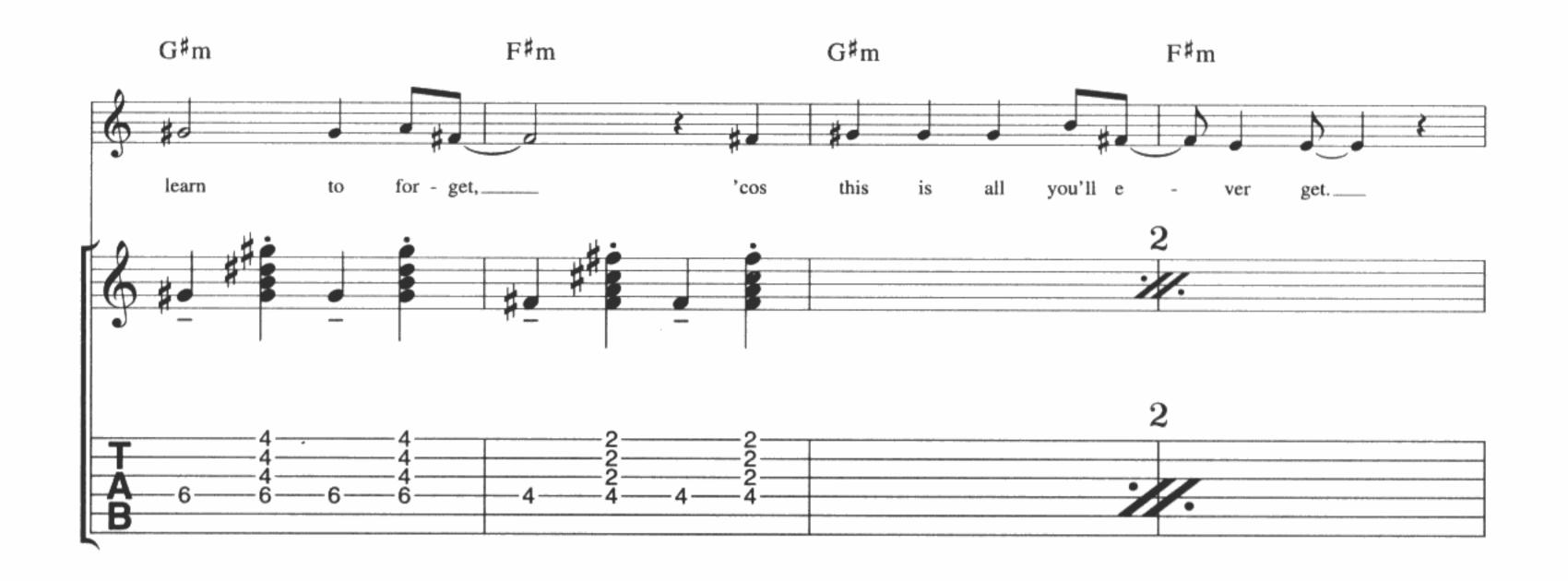


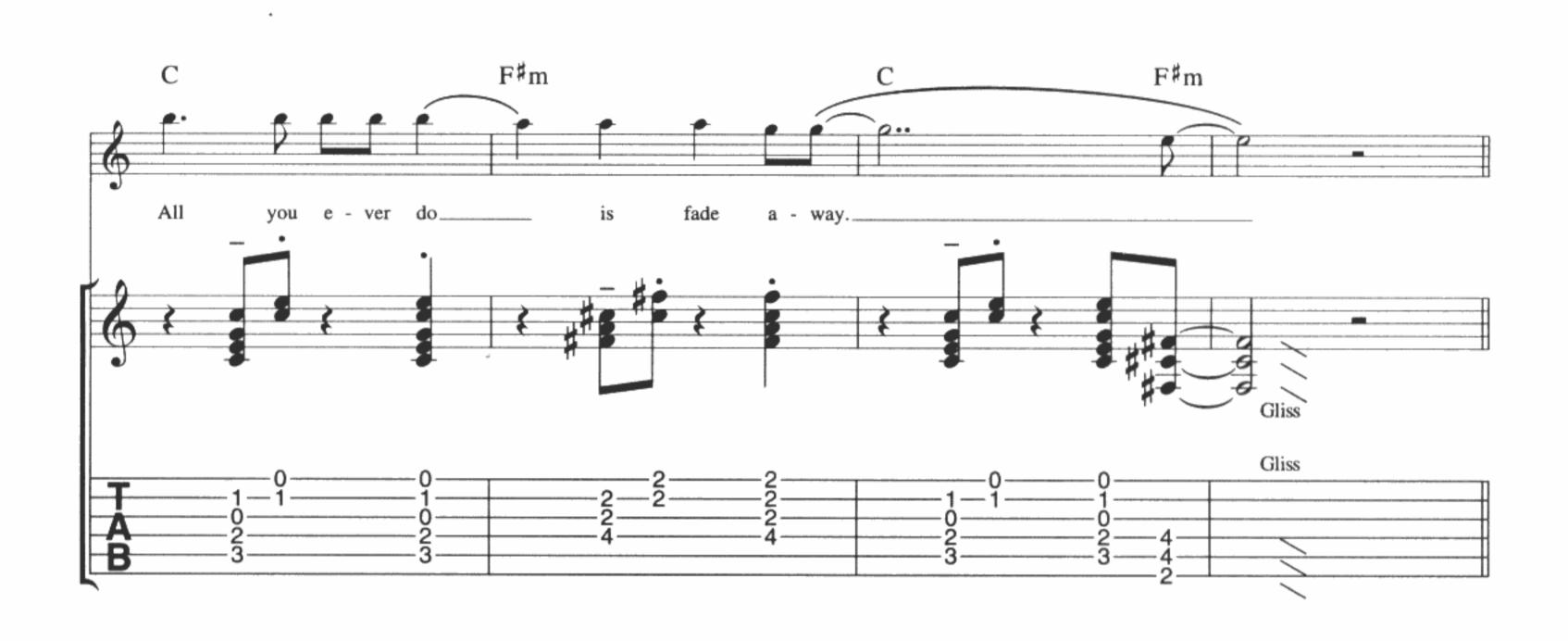


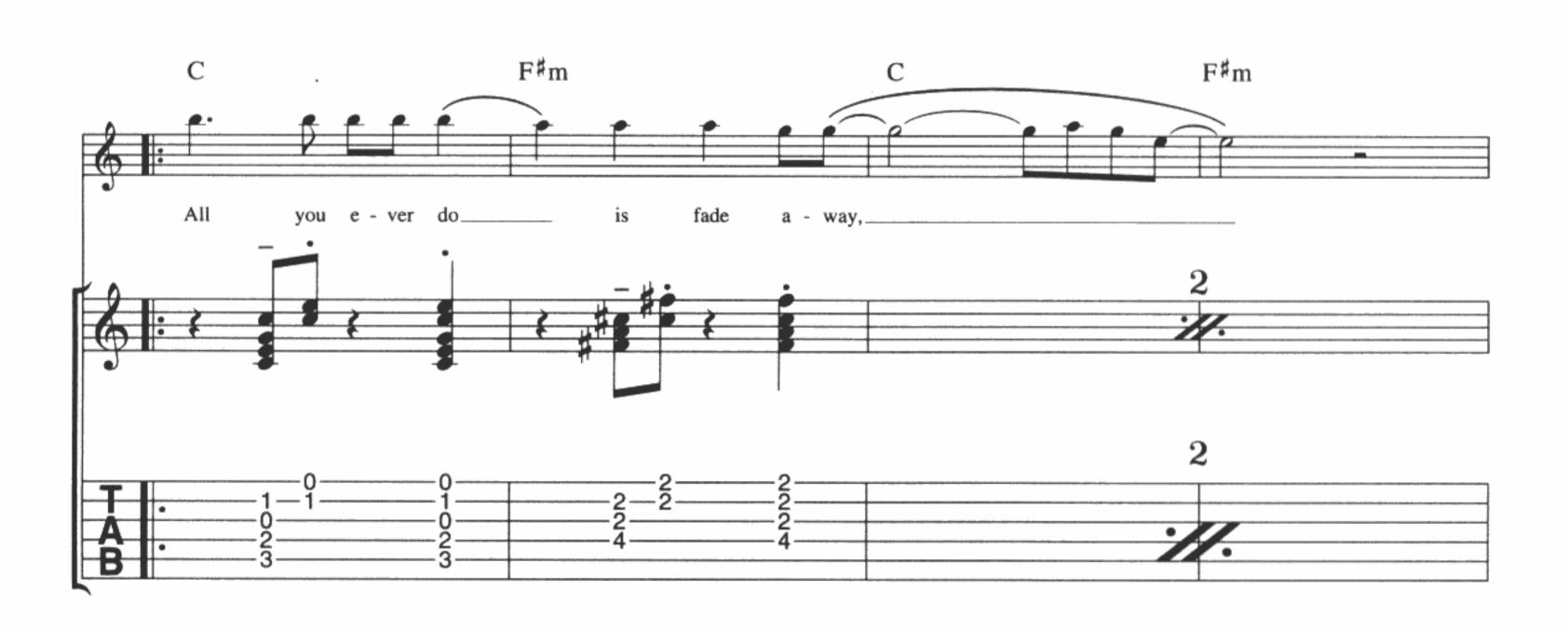












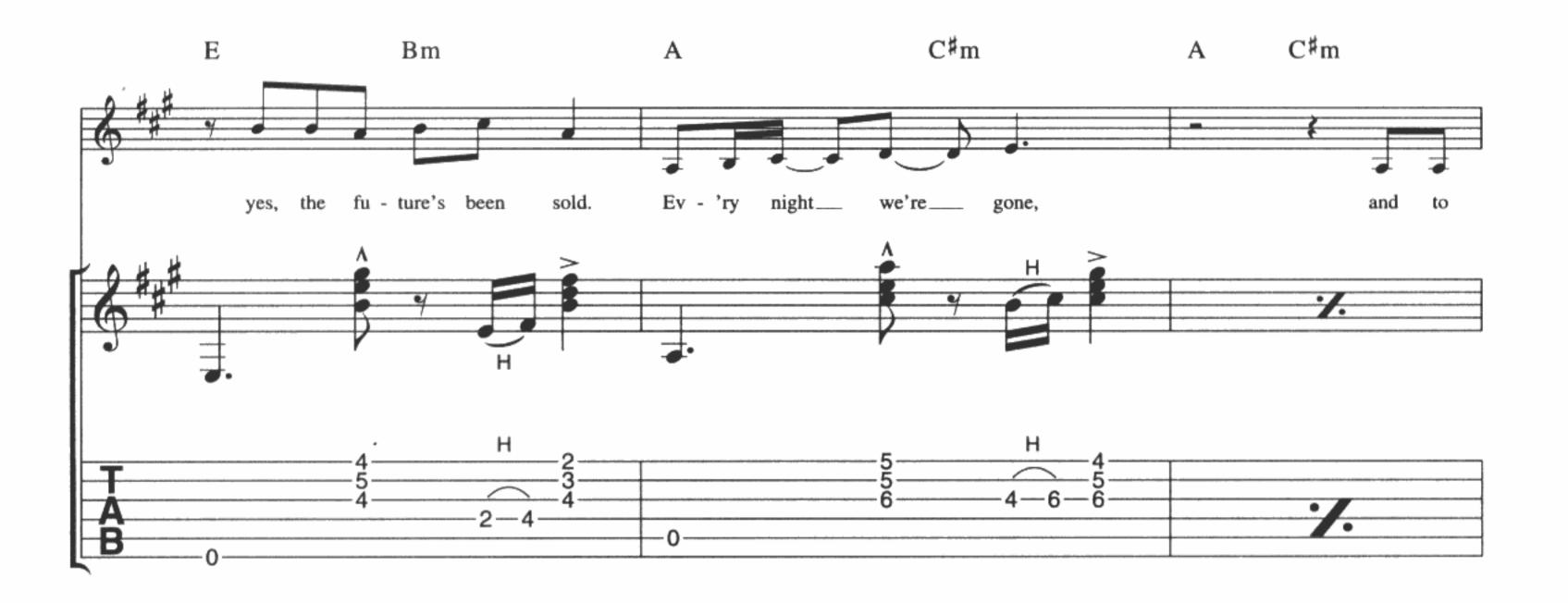


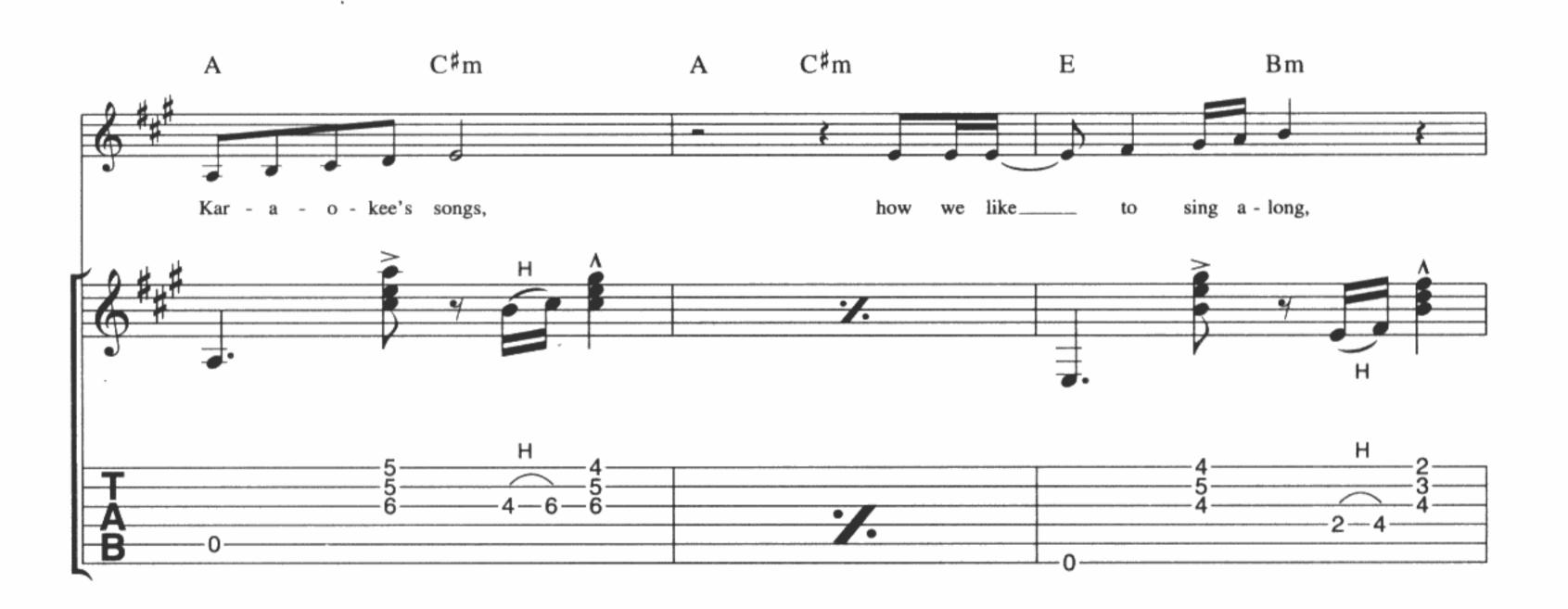
Verse 3:
He noticed he had visible lines
She worried about her behind
Their birth had been the death of them
It didn't really bother them
Now when she's in, he's out.

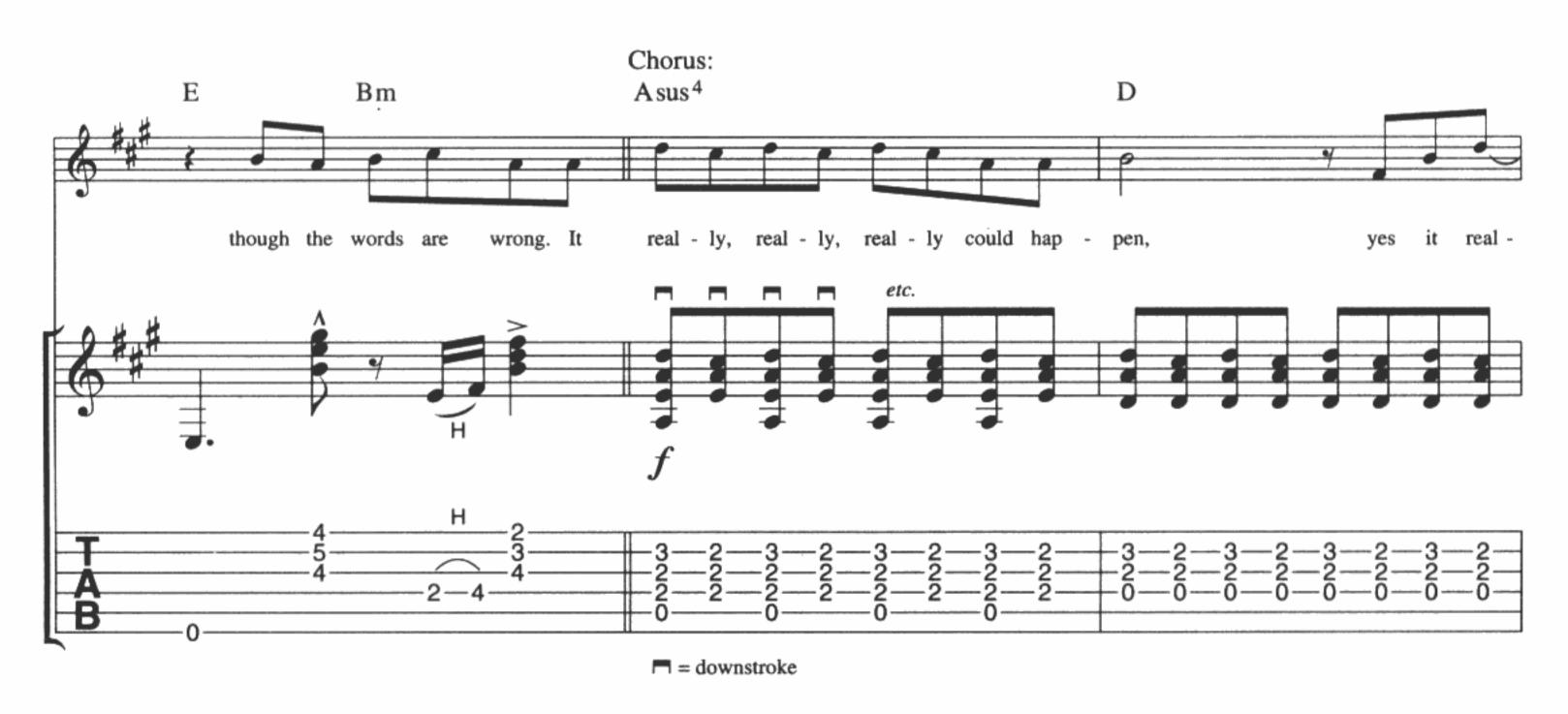
The Universal

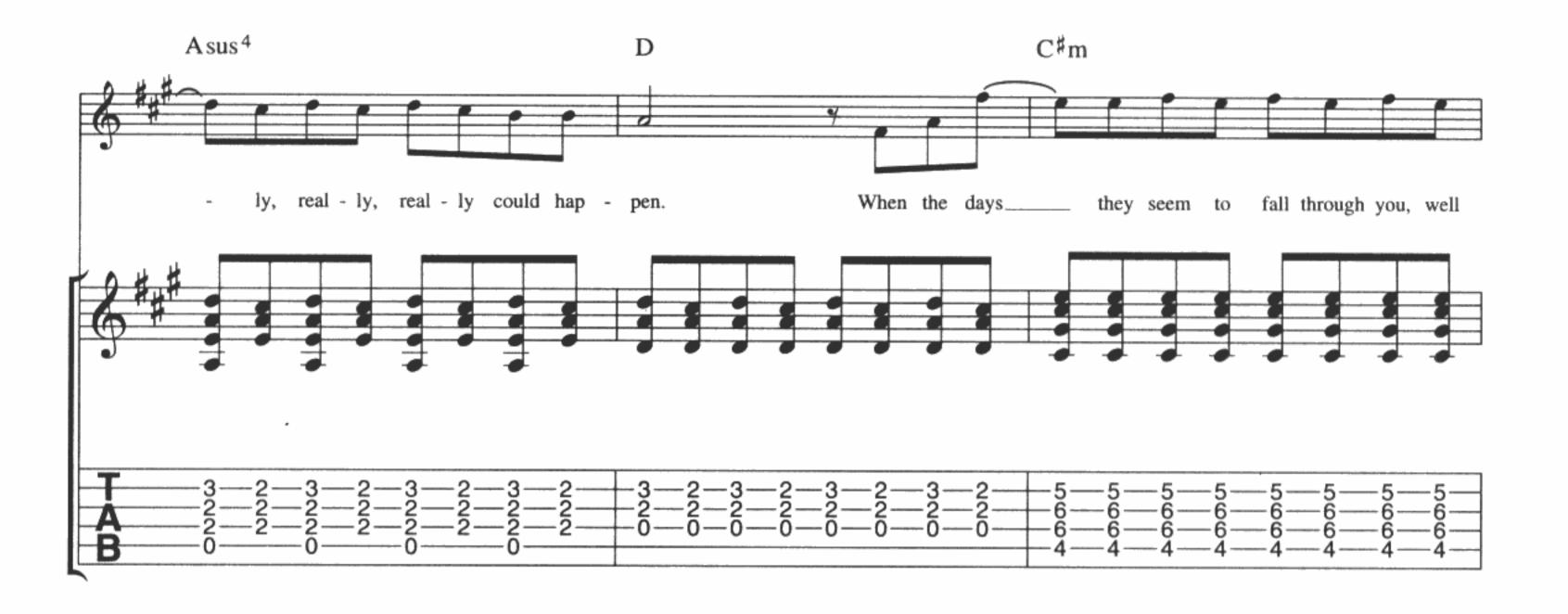


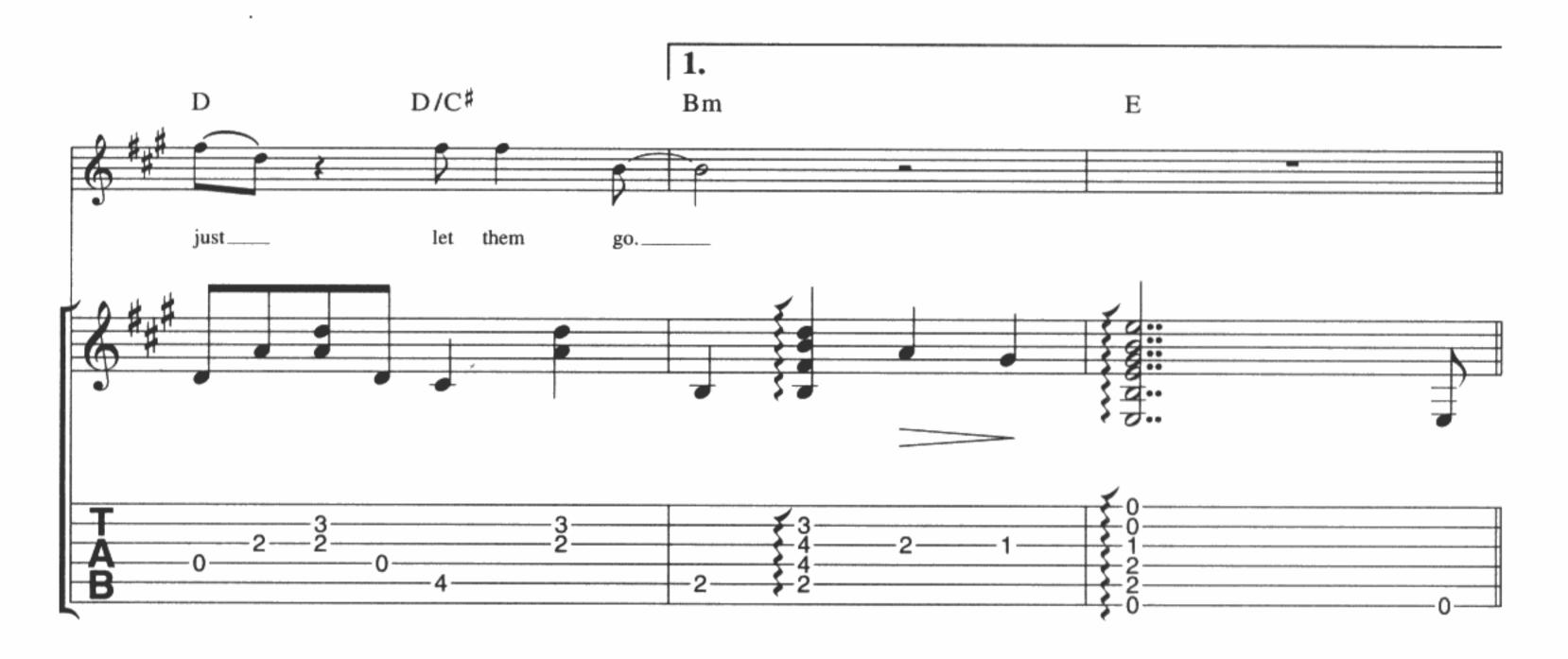
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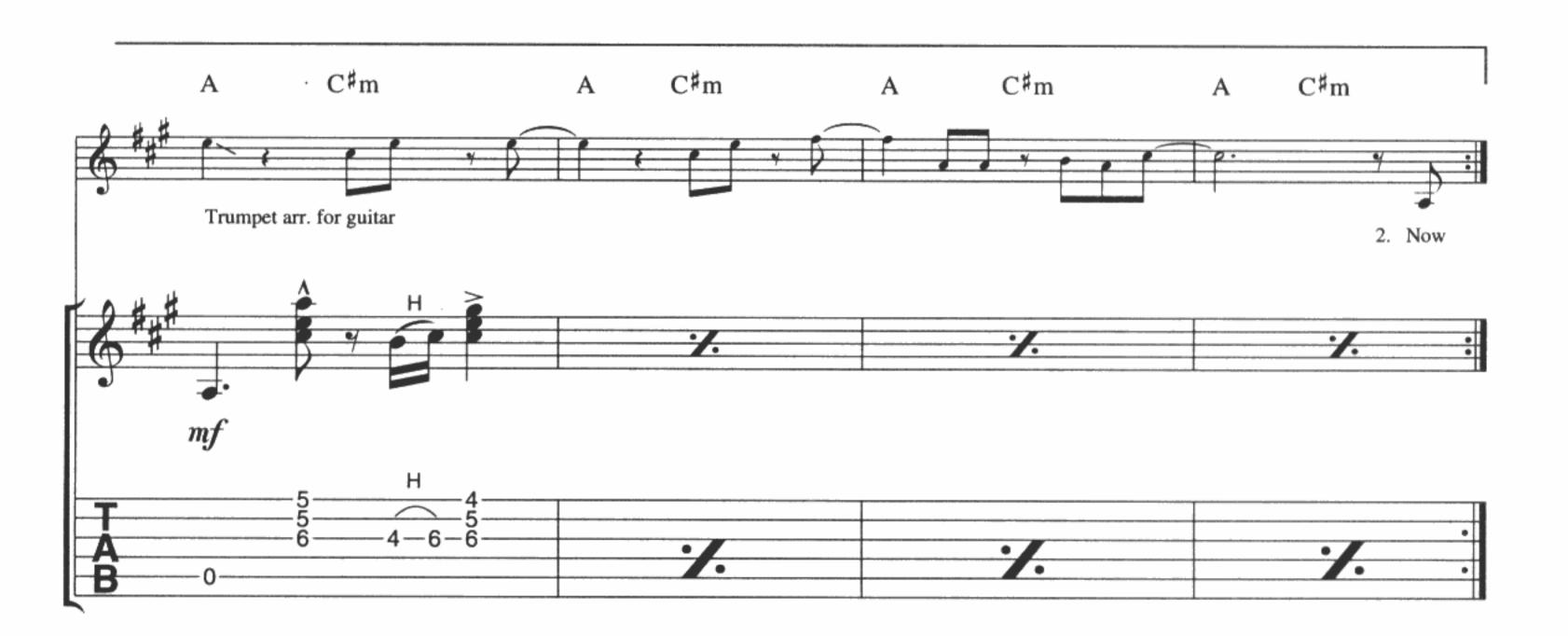


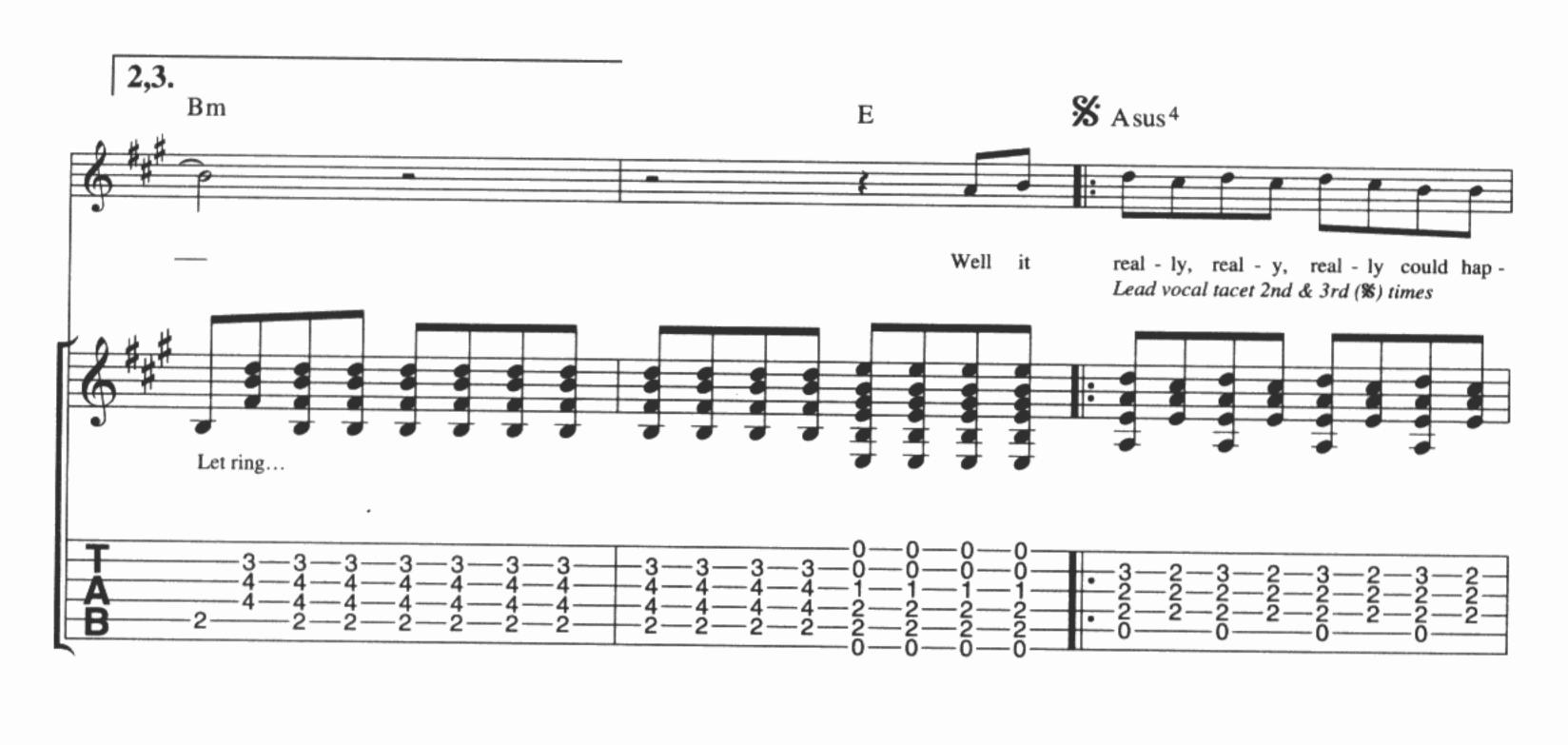


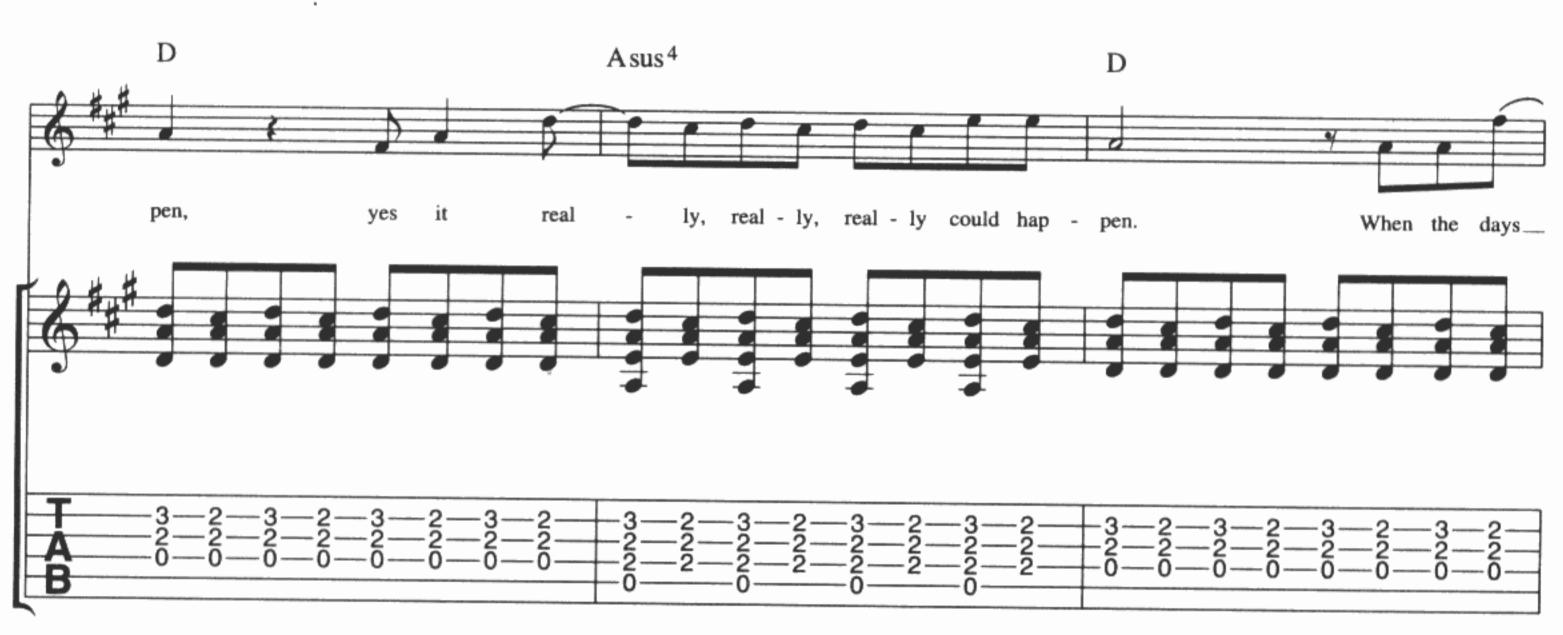


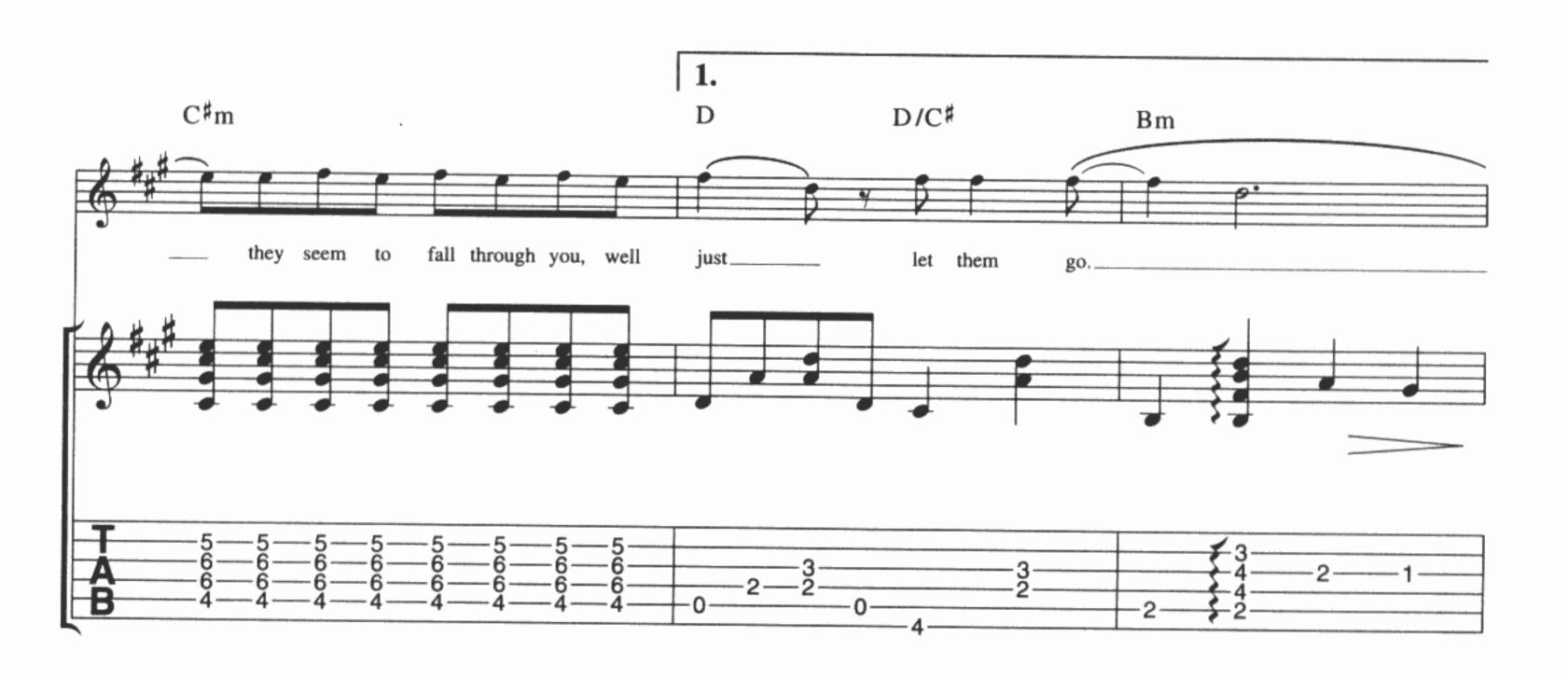


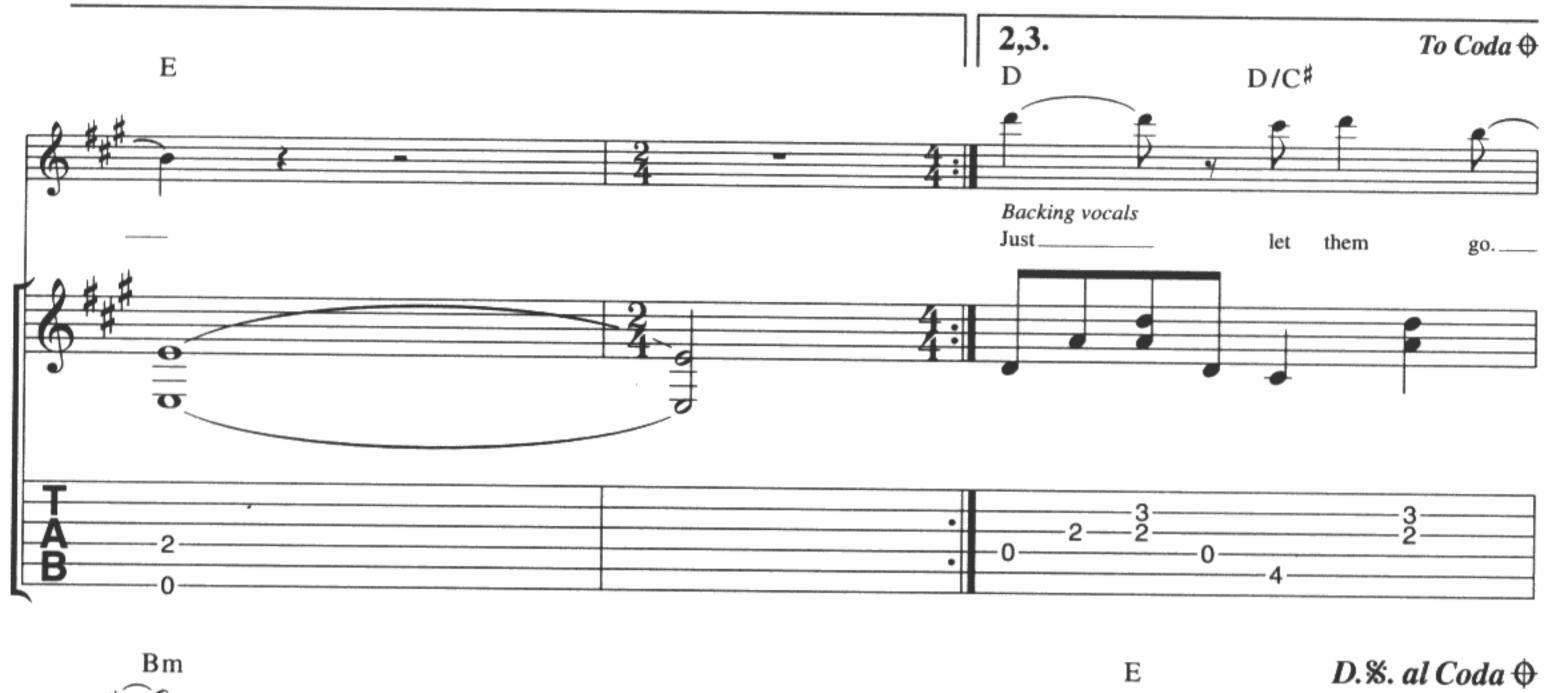


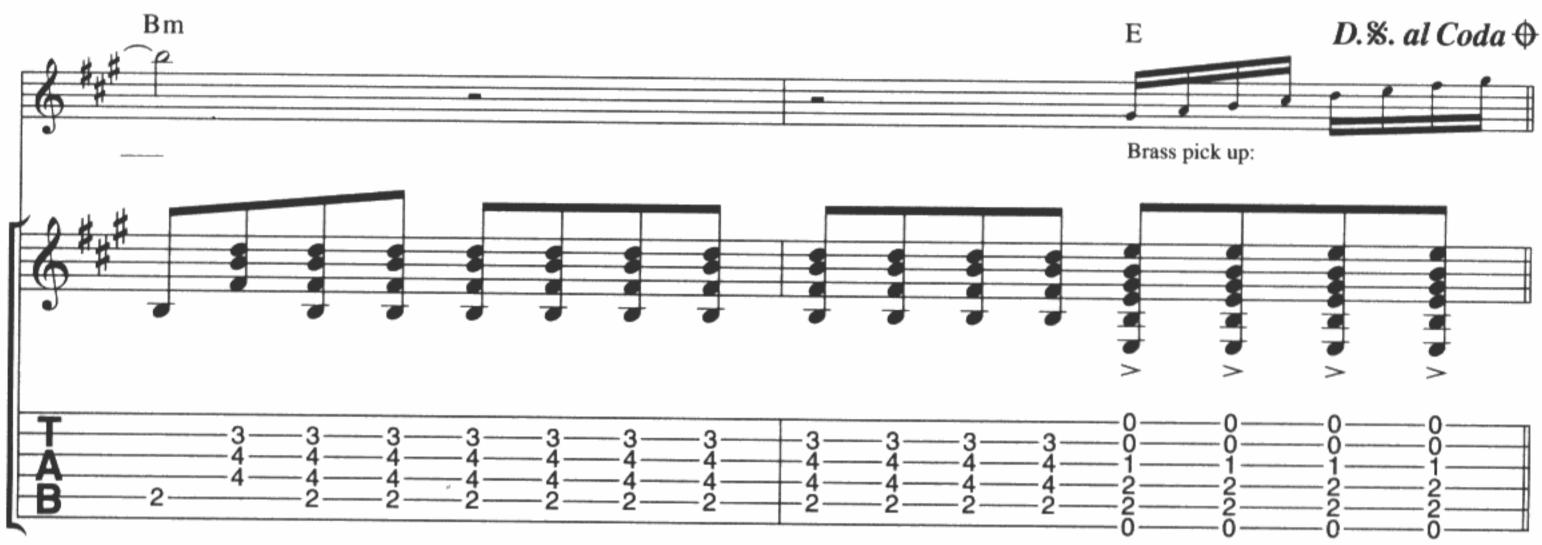


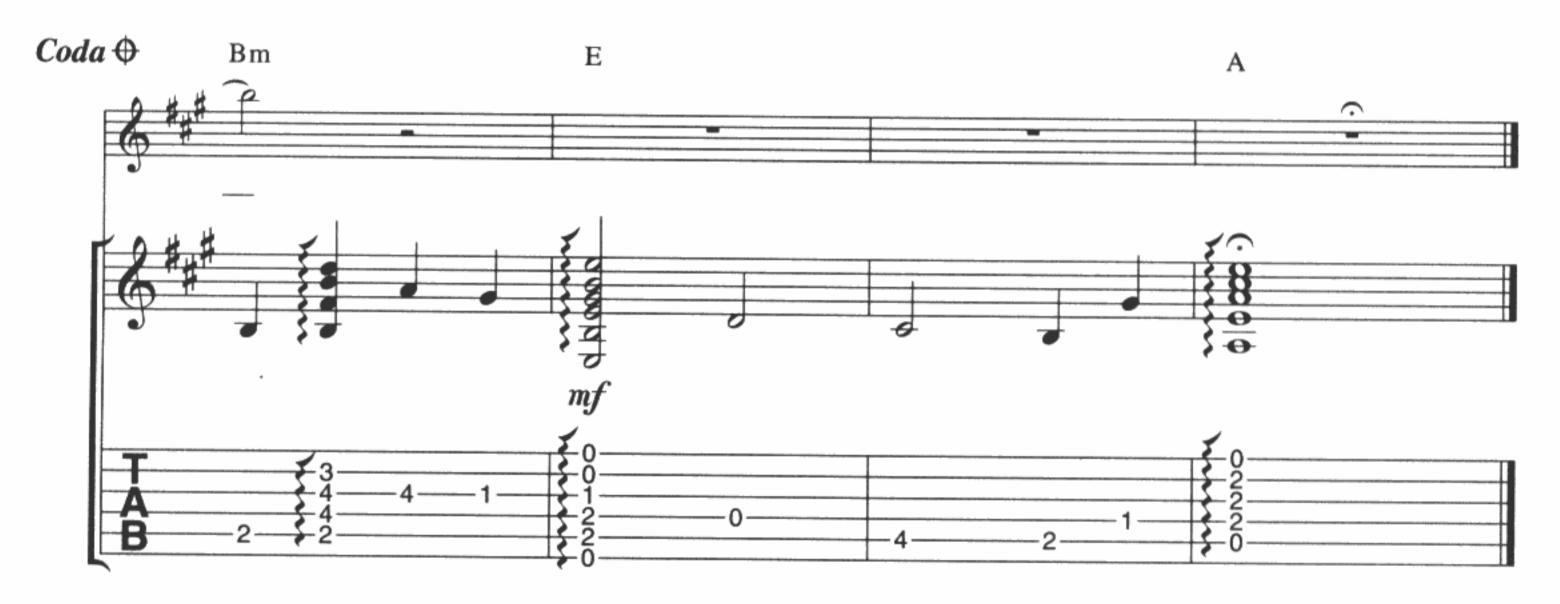










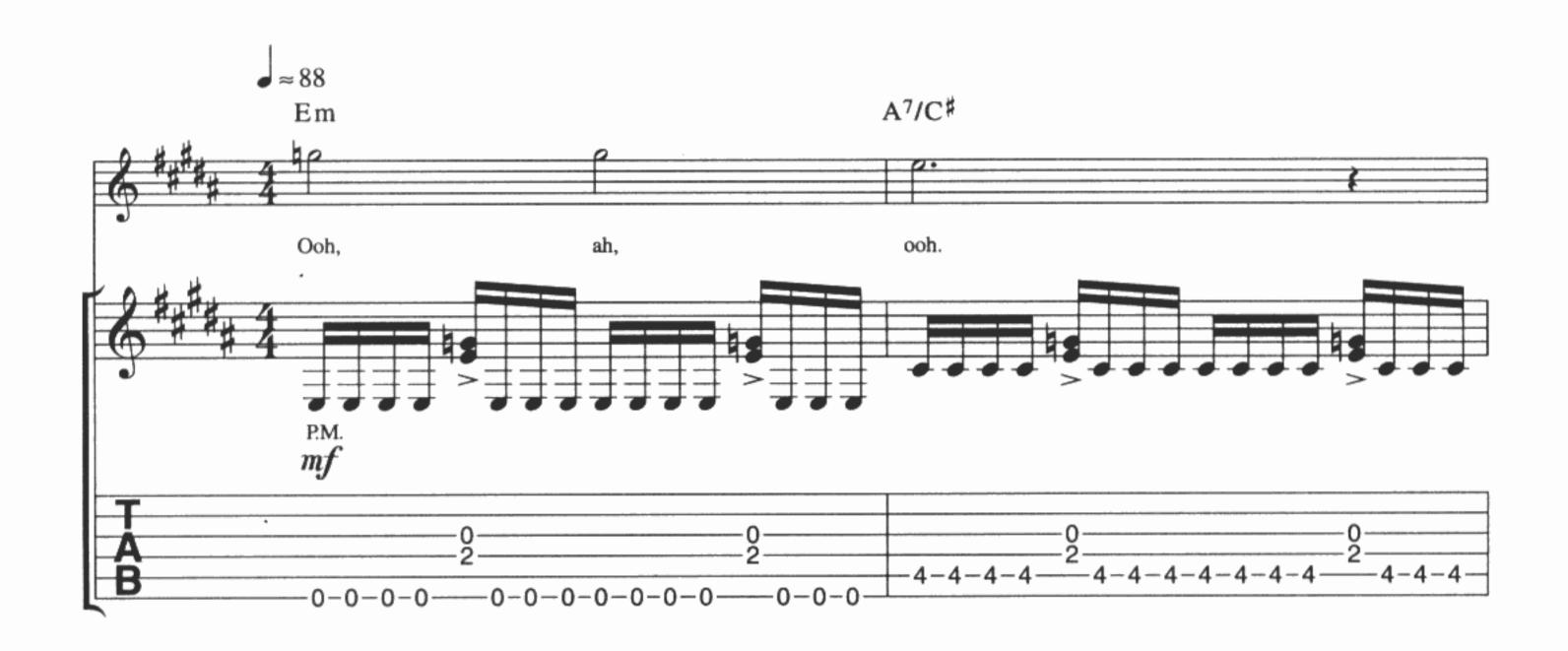


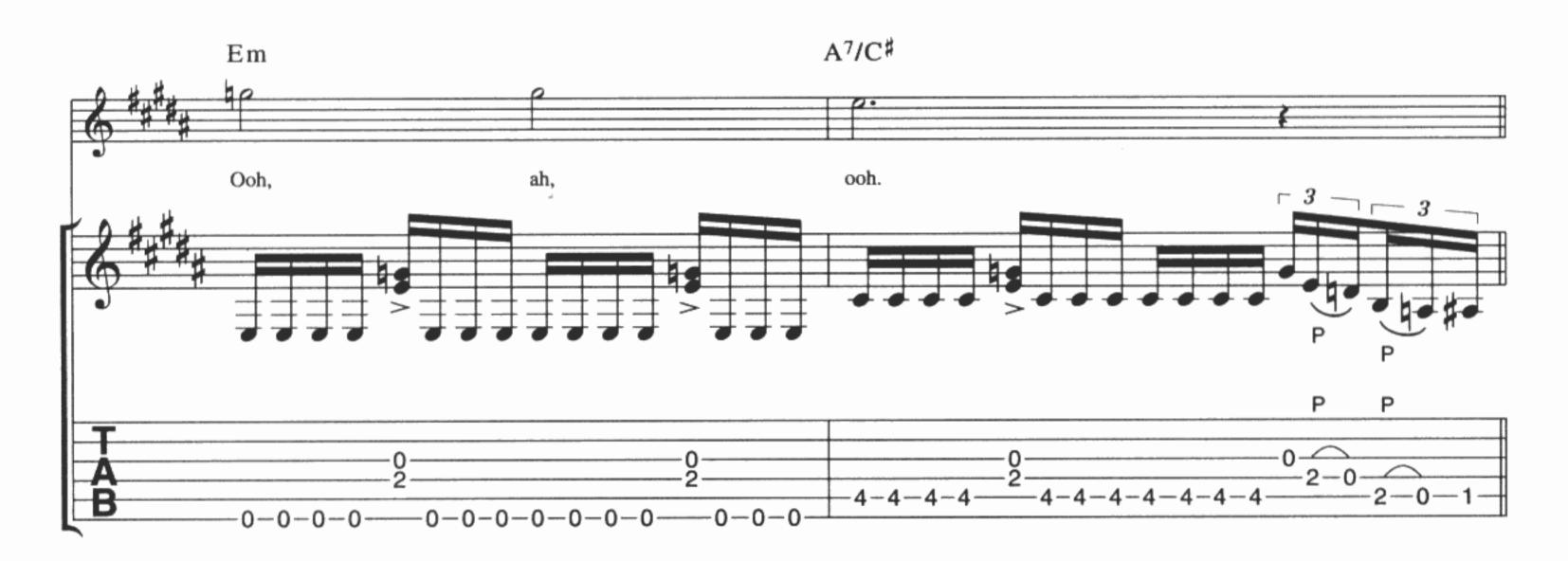
Verse 2: No one here is alone Satellites in every home Yes, the Universal's here Here for everyone.

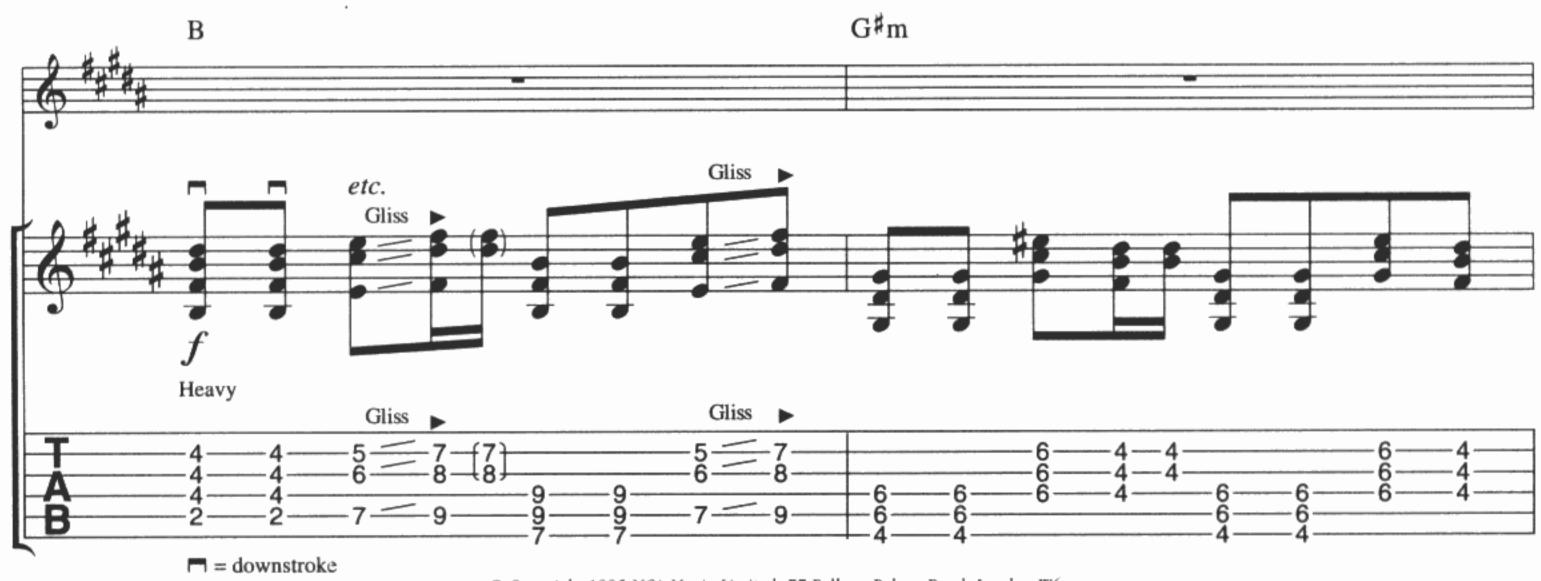
Every paper that you read Says tomorrow's your lucky day Well, here's your lucky day.

Mr. Robinson's Quango

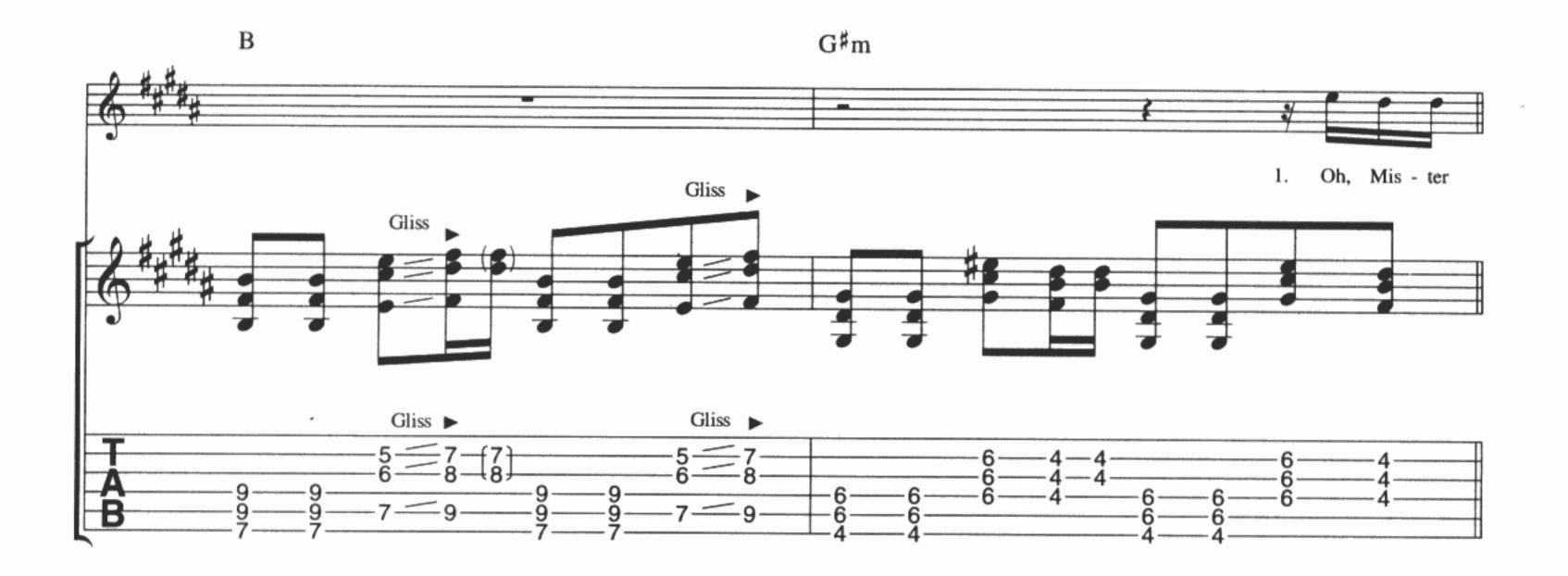
Words & Music by Damon Albarn, Graham Coxon, Alex James & David Rowntree

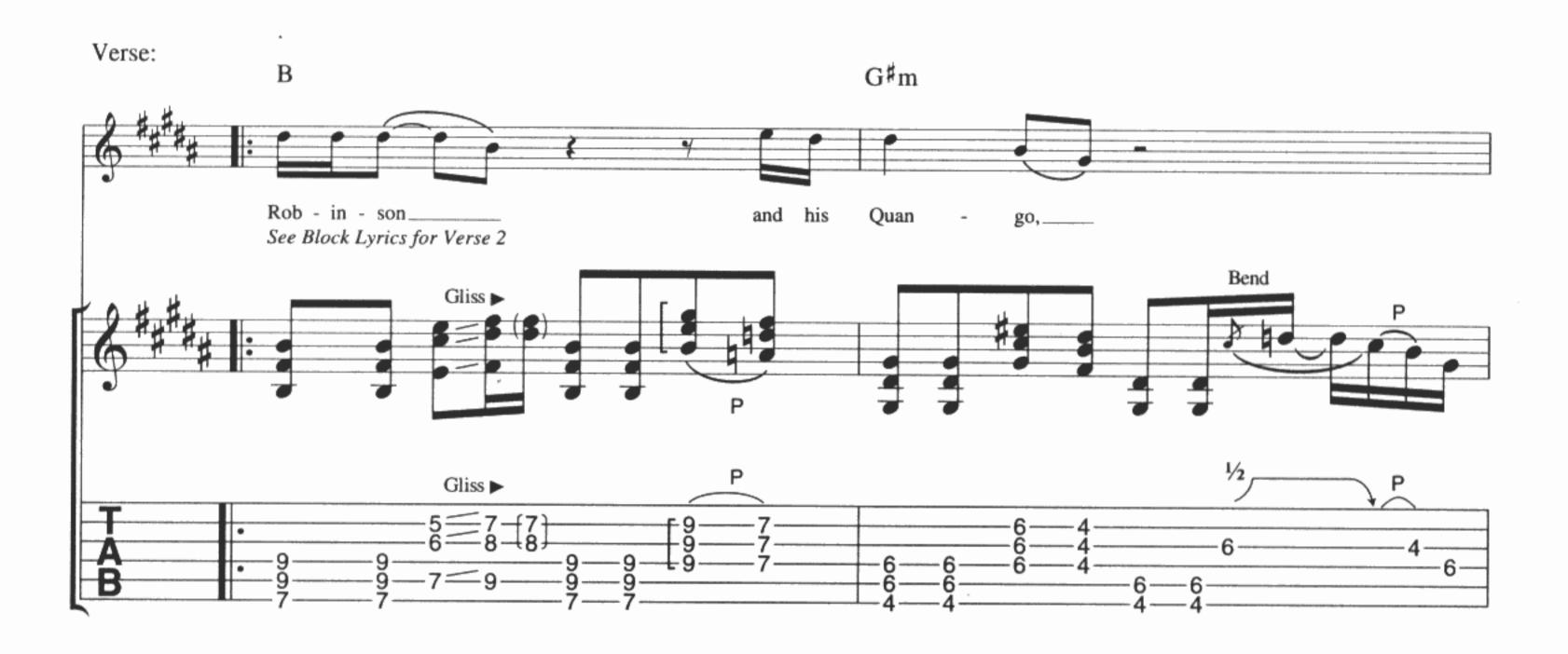


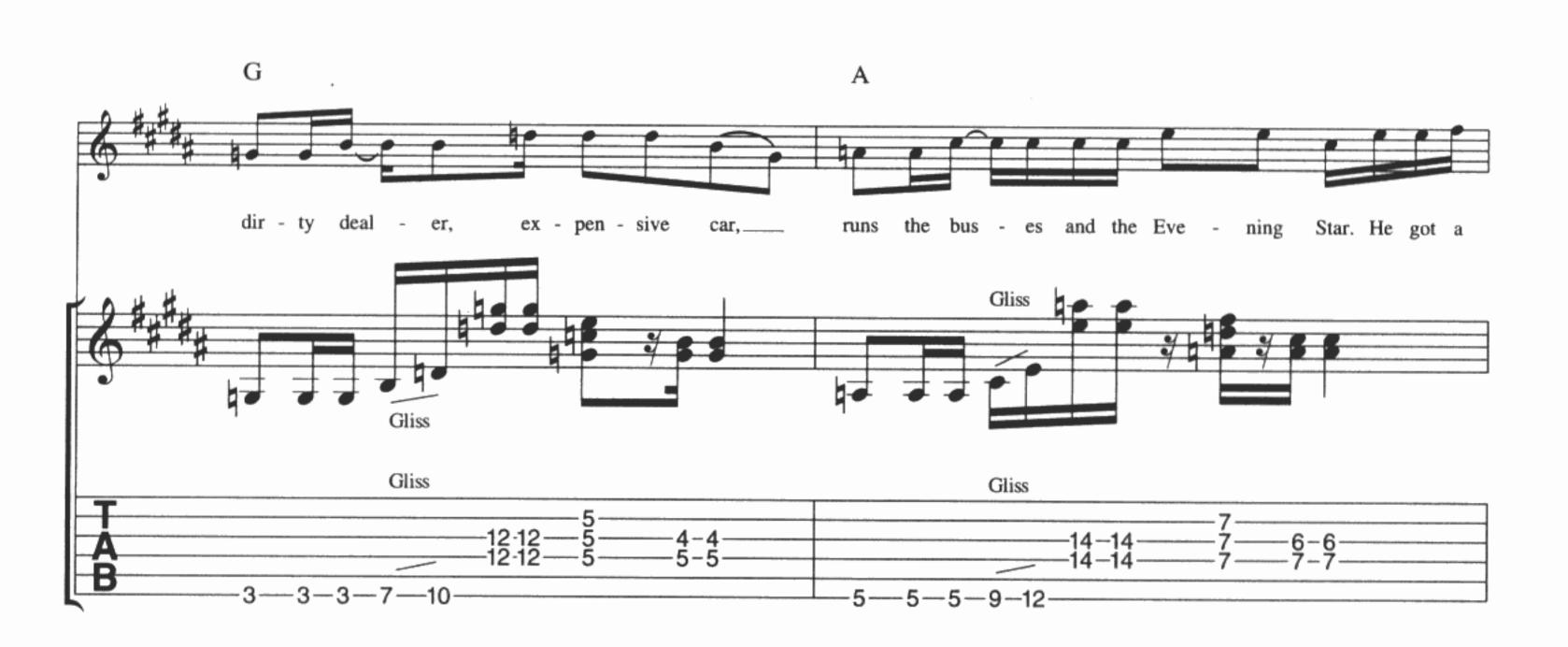


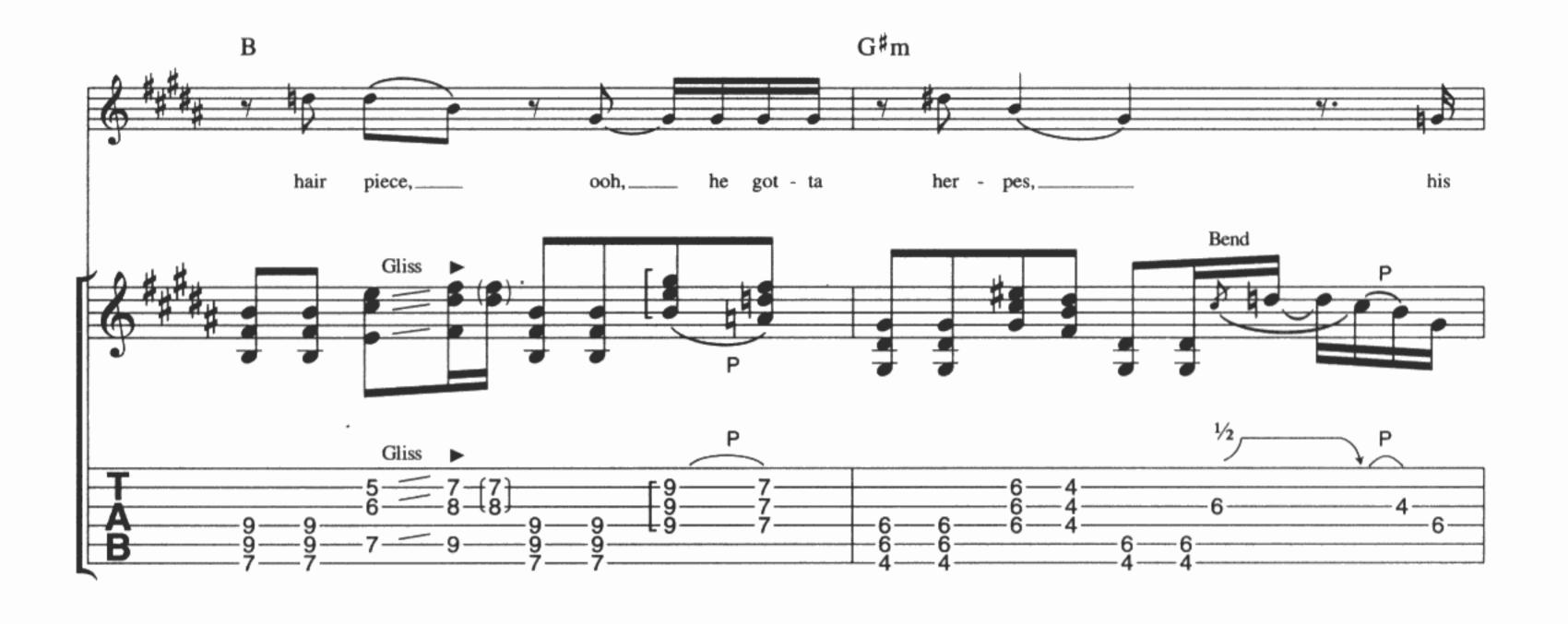


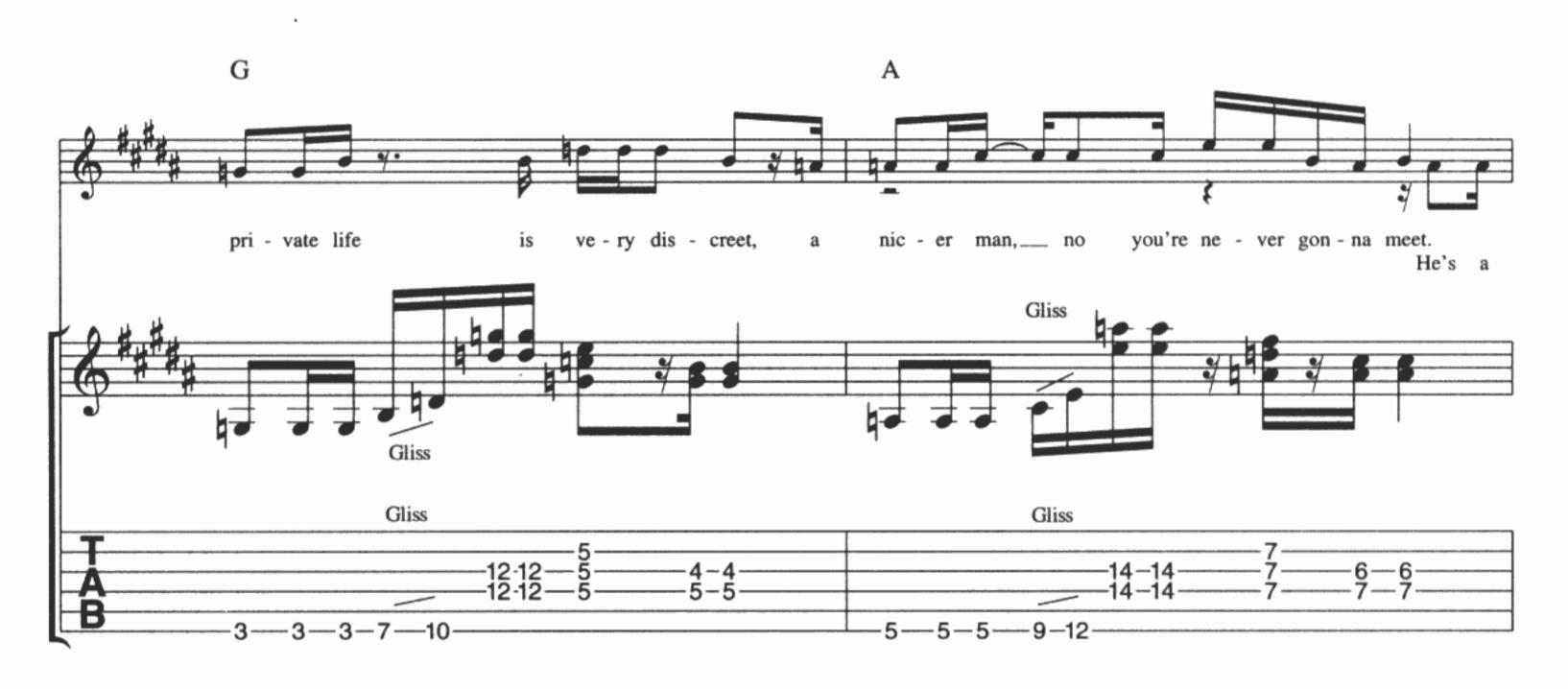
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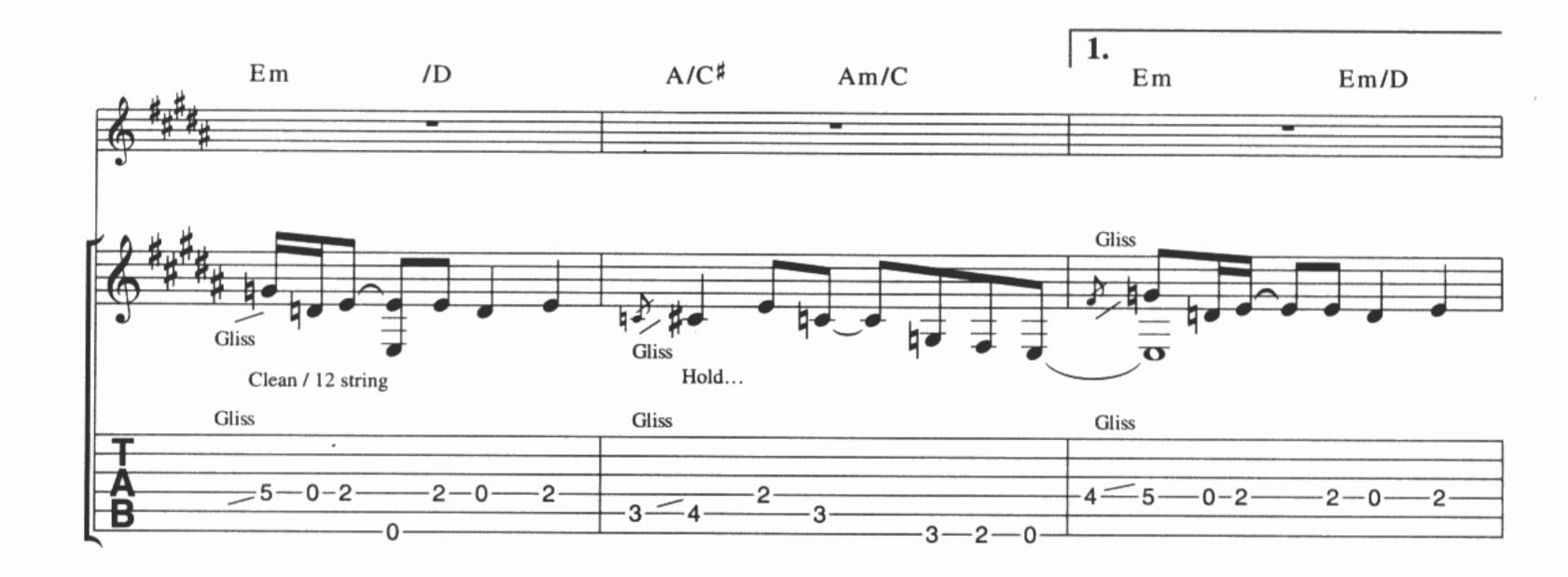


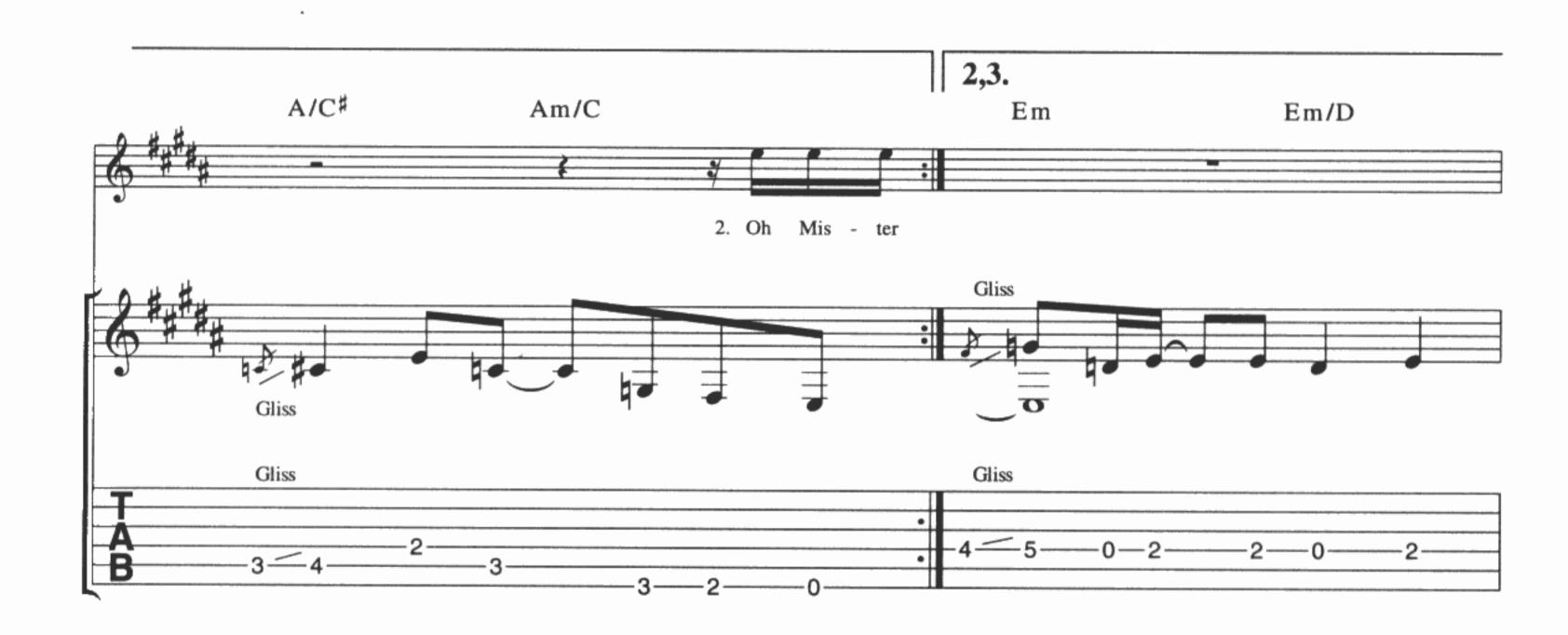


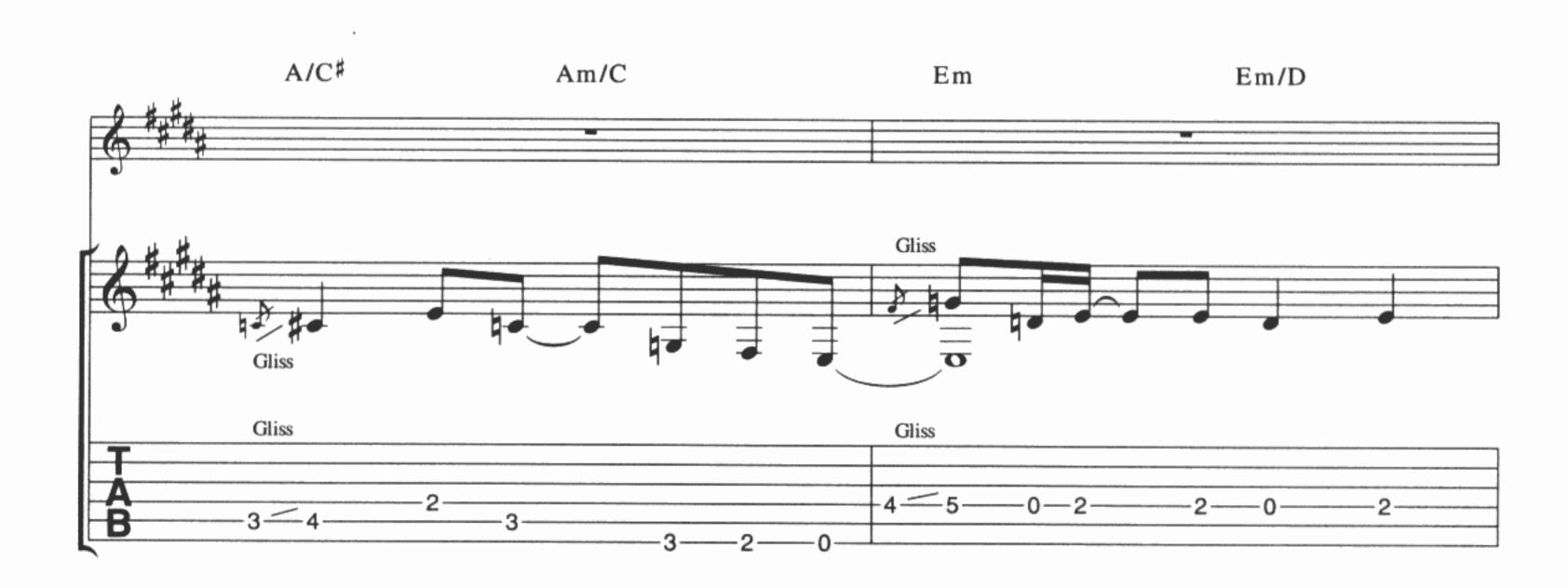


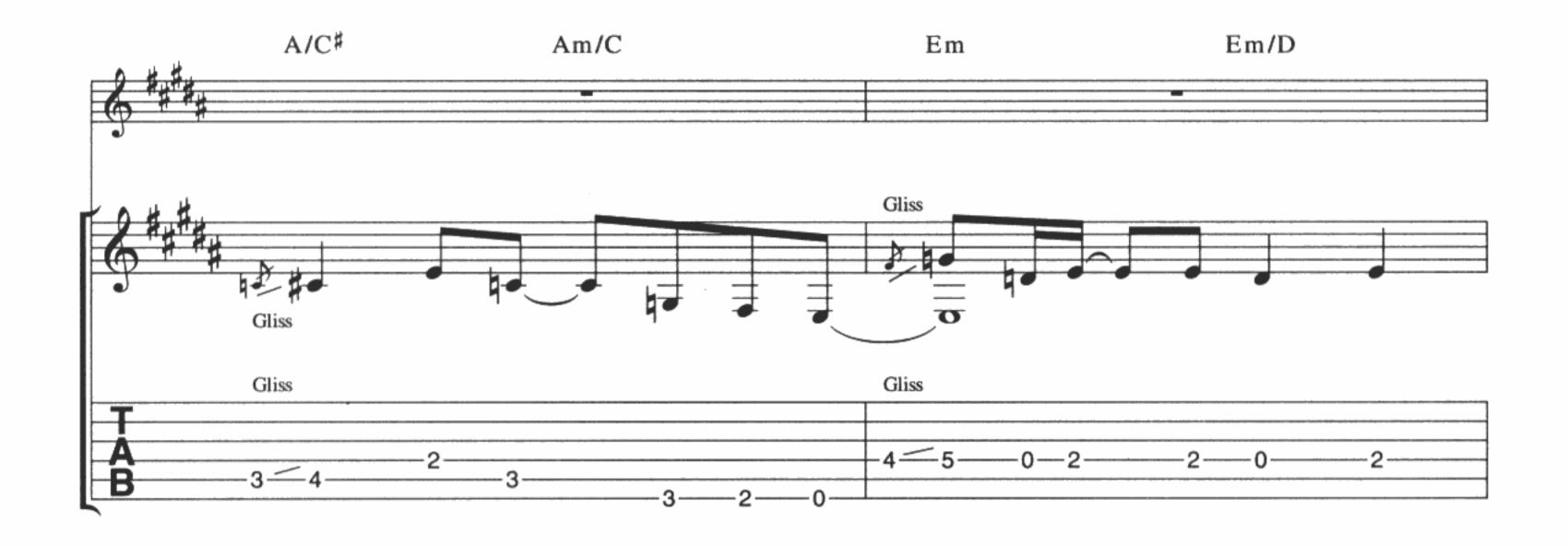


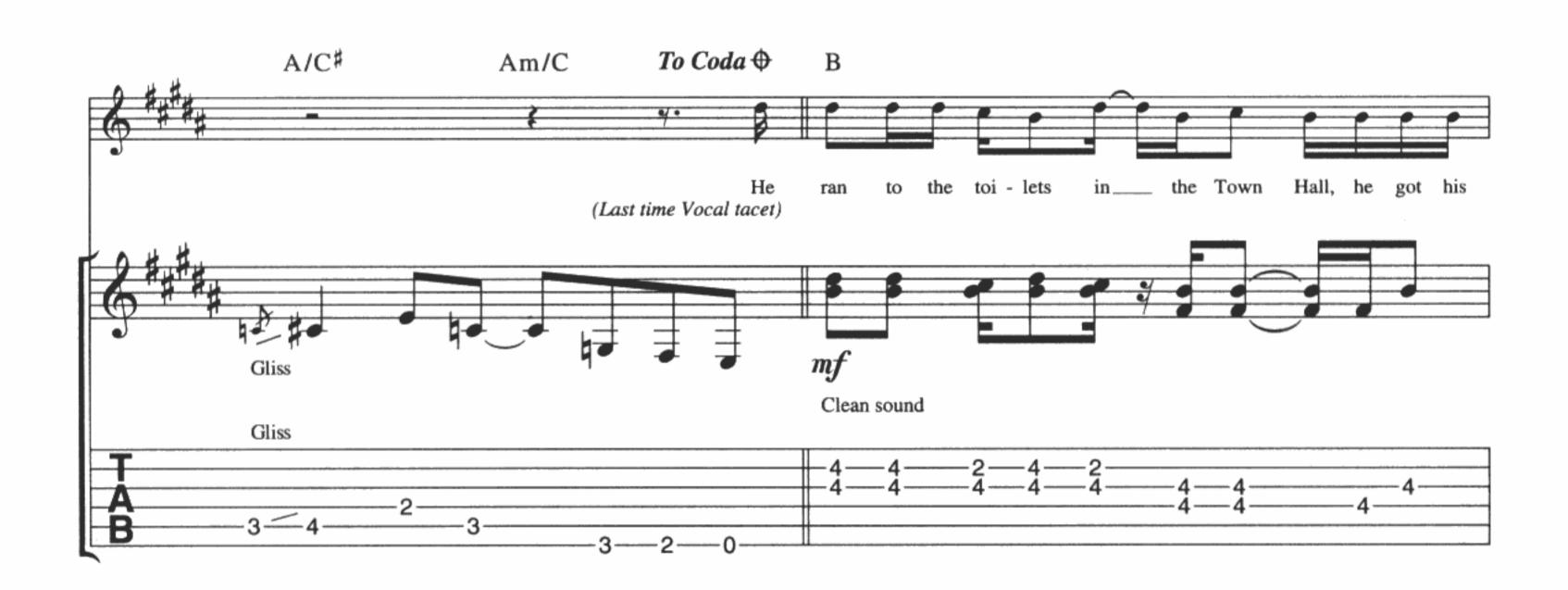


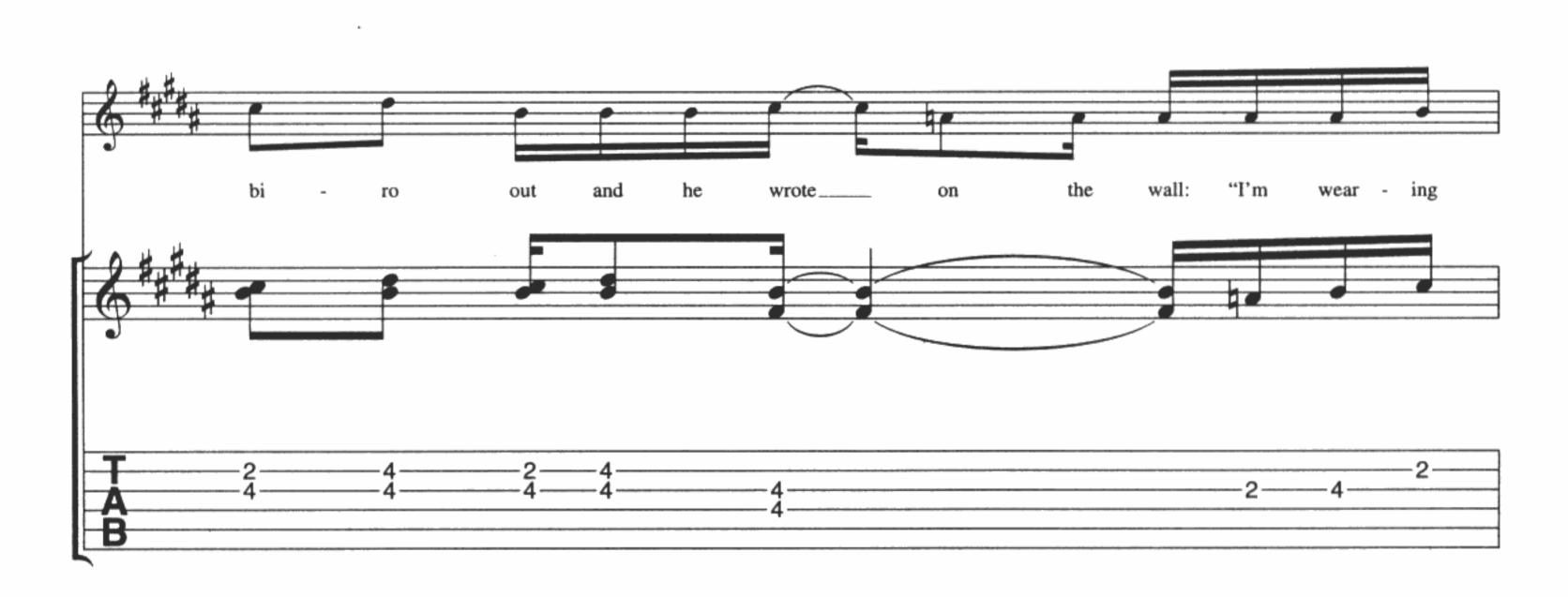


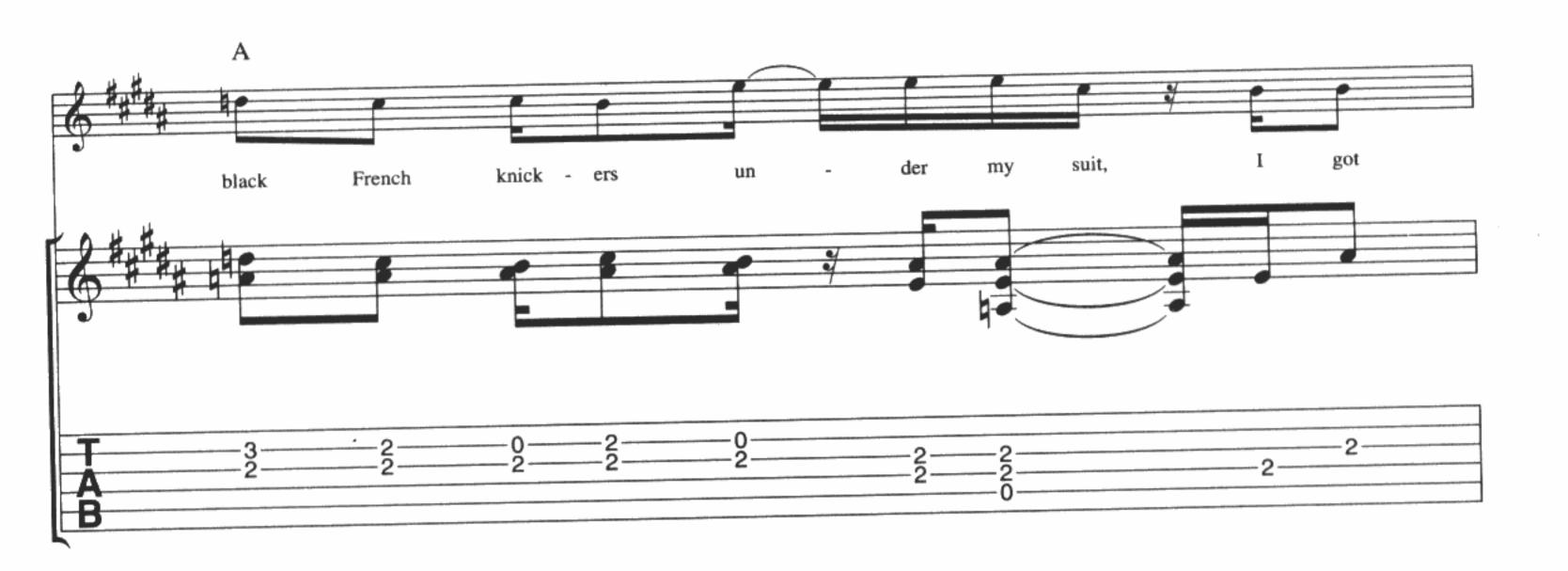


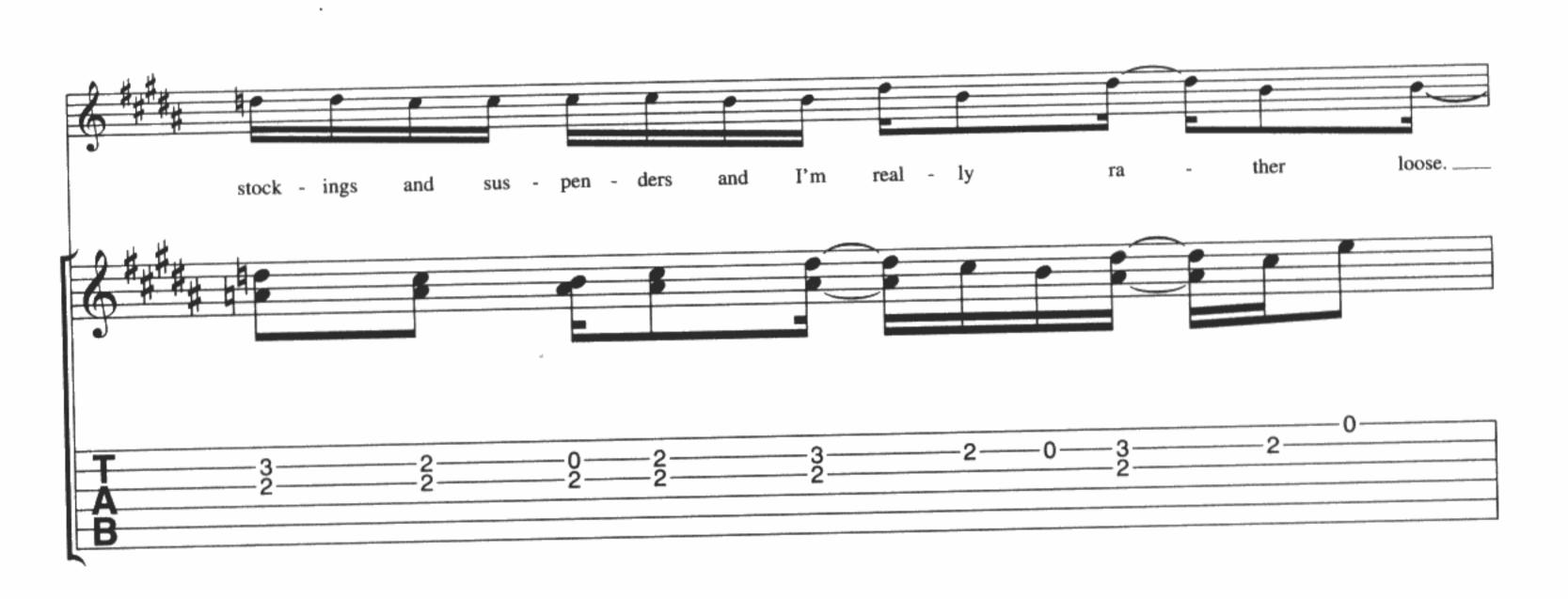


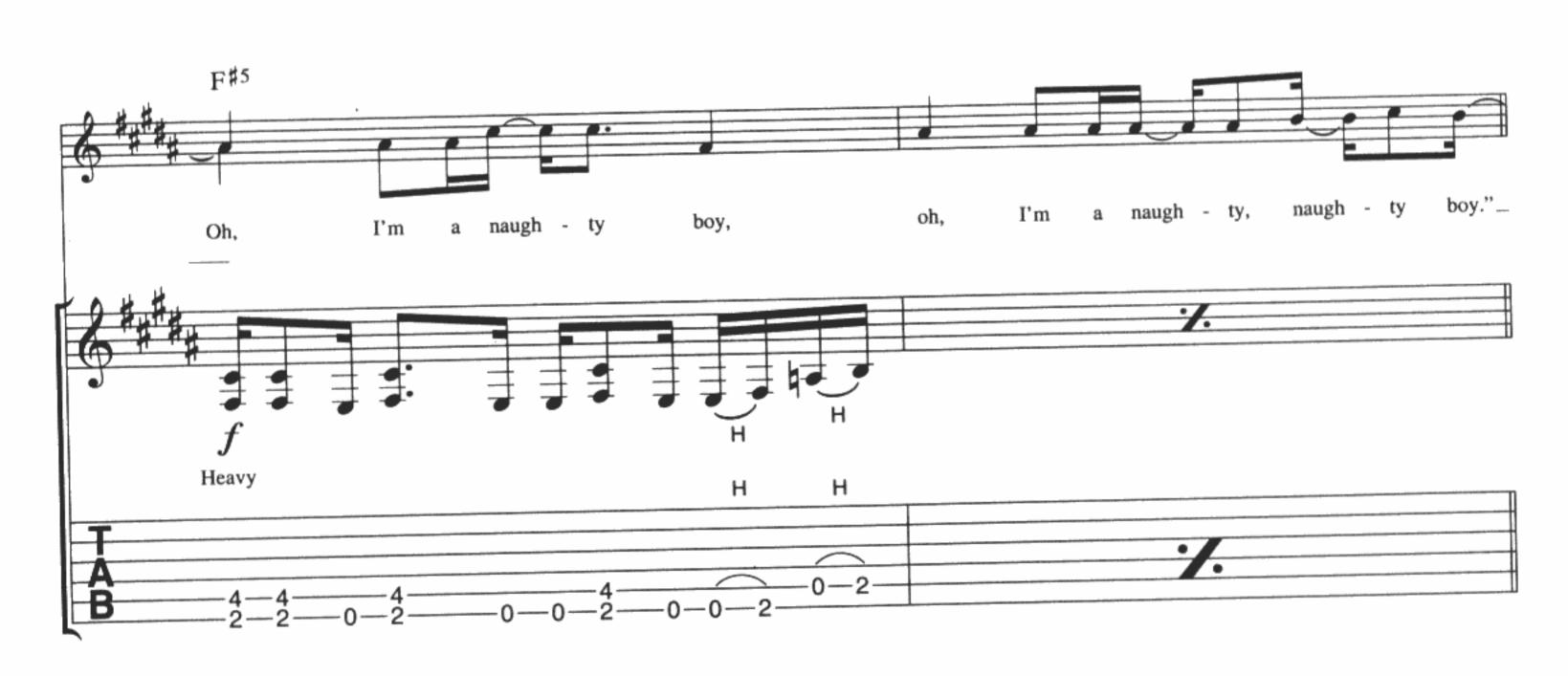


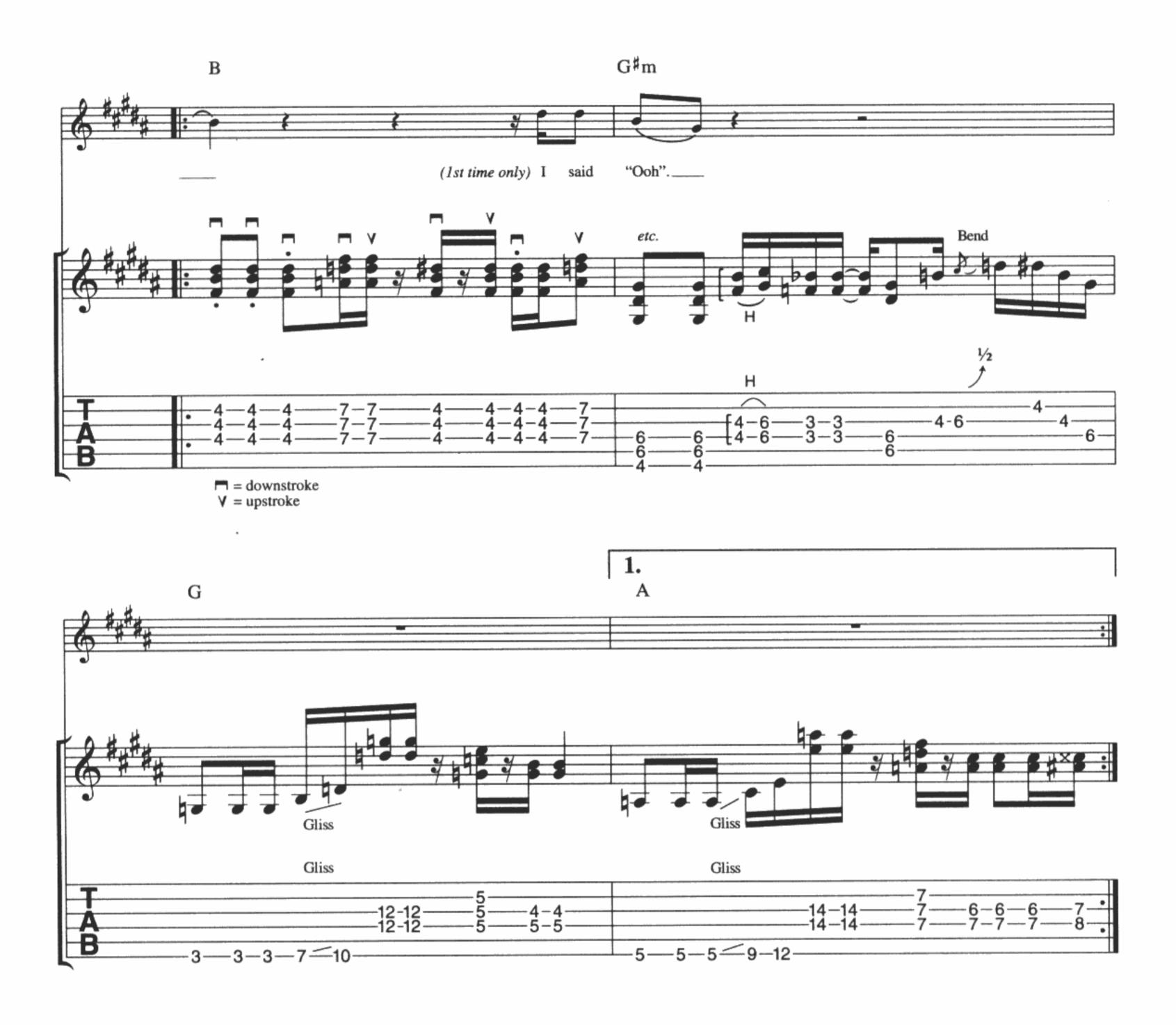


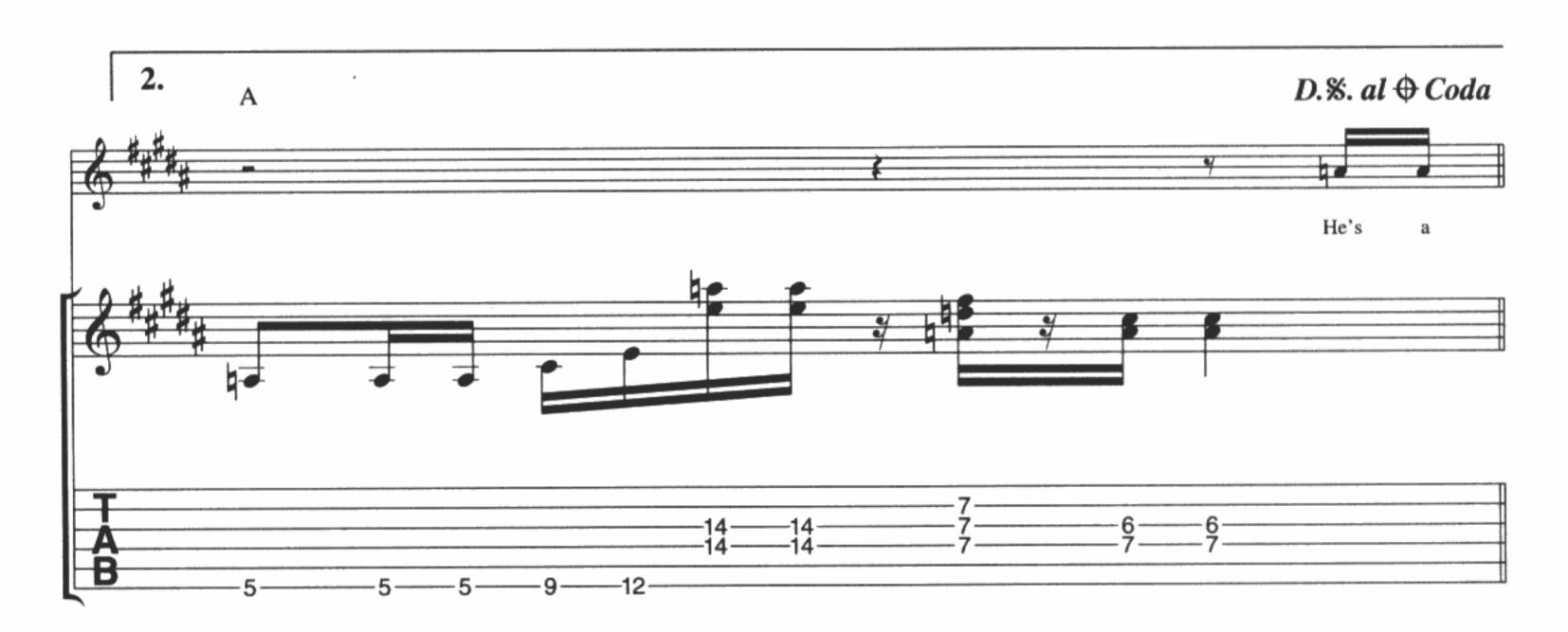


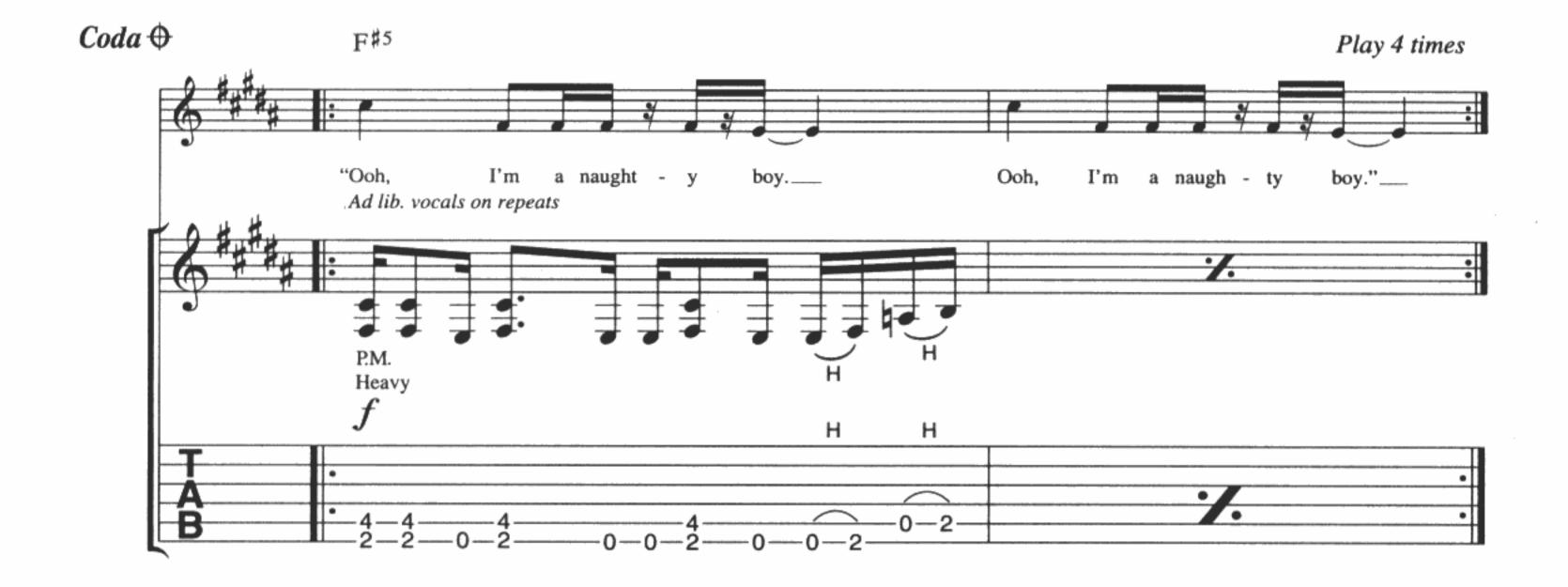


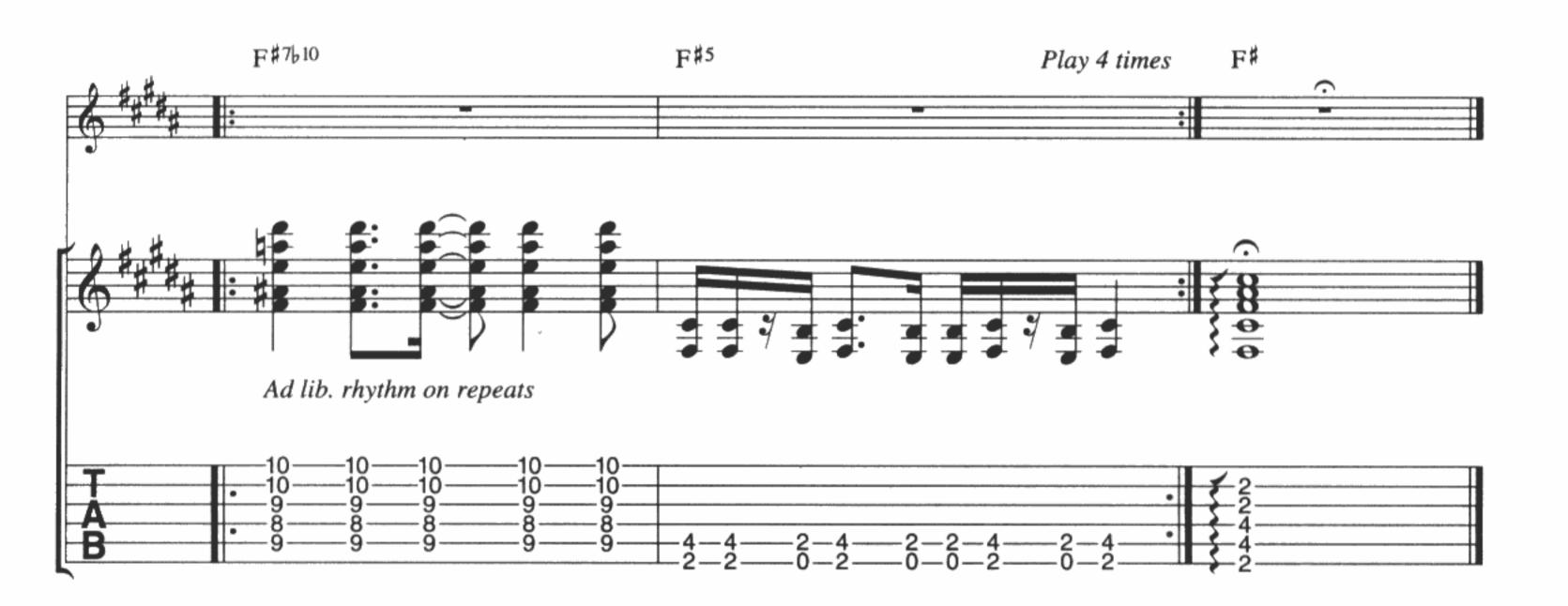










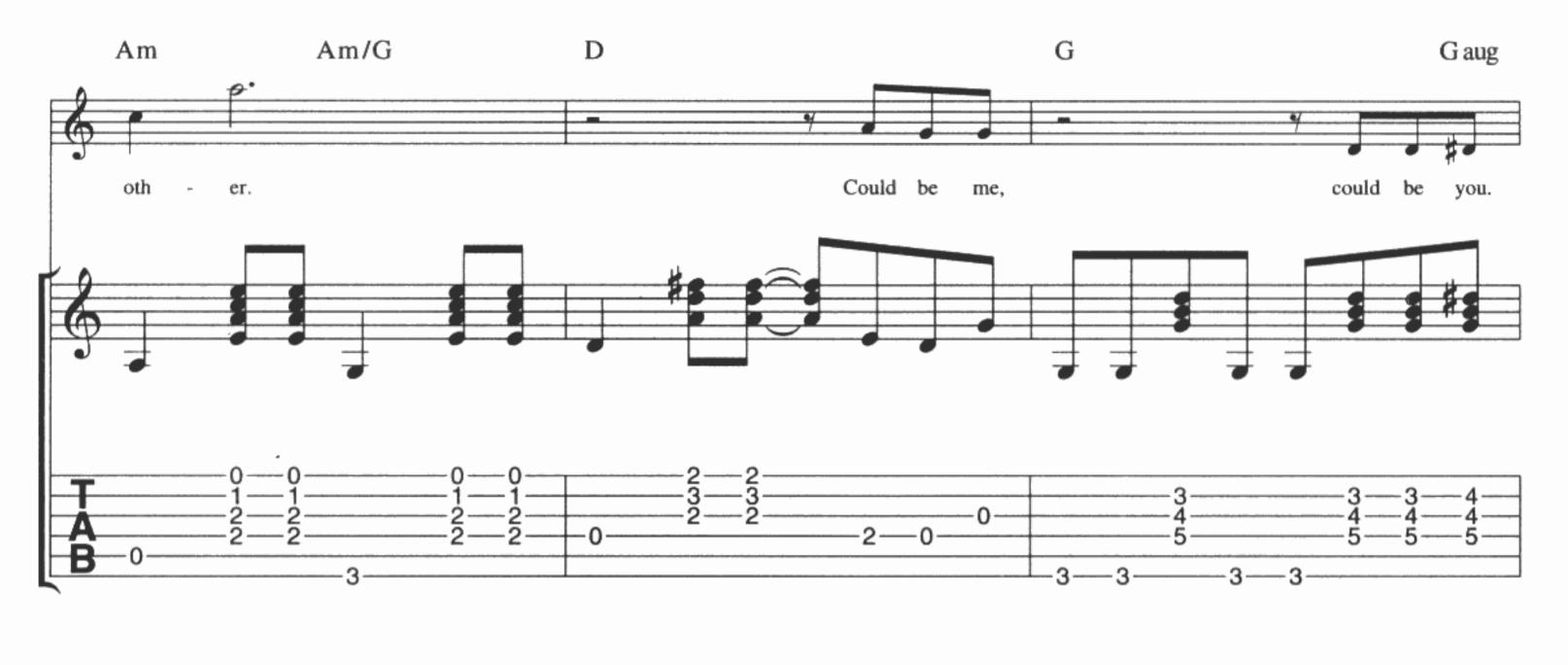


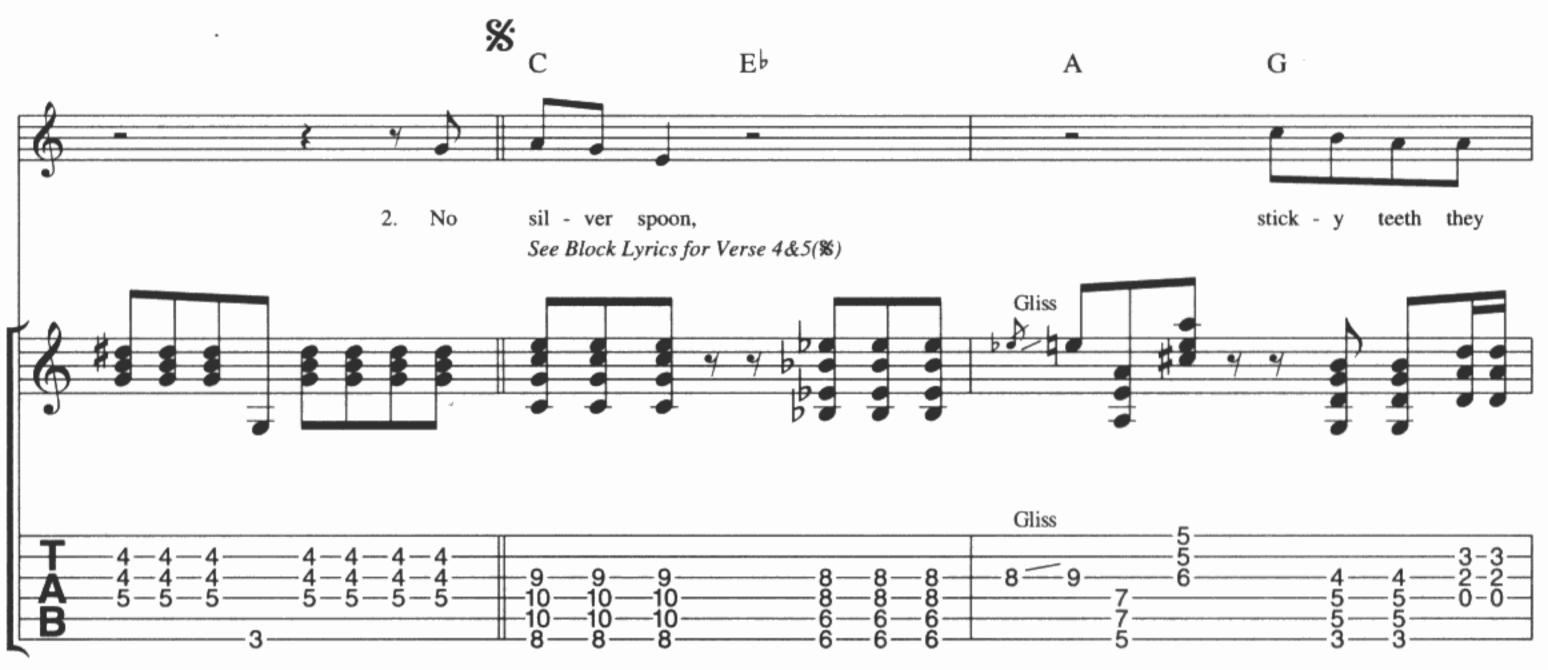
Verse 2:
Mister Robinson and his Quango
Drinks with Generals and County wives
The family business is doing alright
They are doing tangos down in the Quangos
He makes them tick and he makes them tock
And if he don't get it he puts you in the dock.

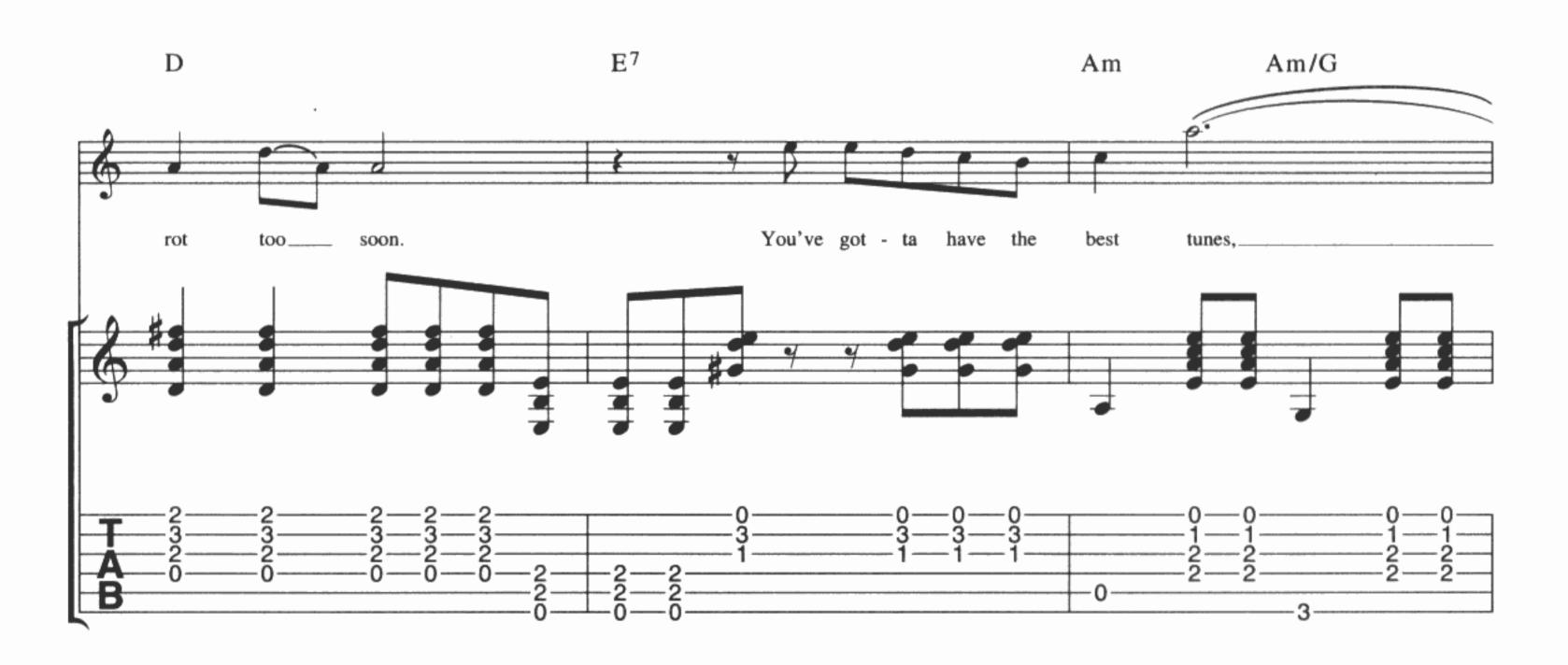
He just sits in his leather chair and twiddles his thumb Gets his secretary in and pinches her bum.

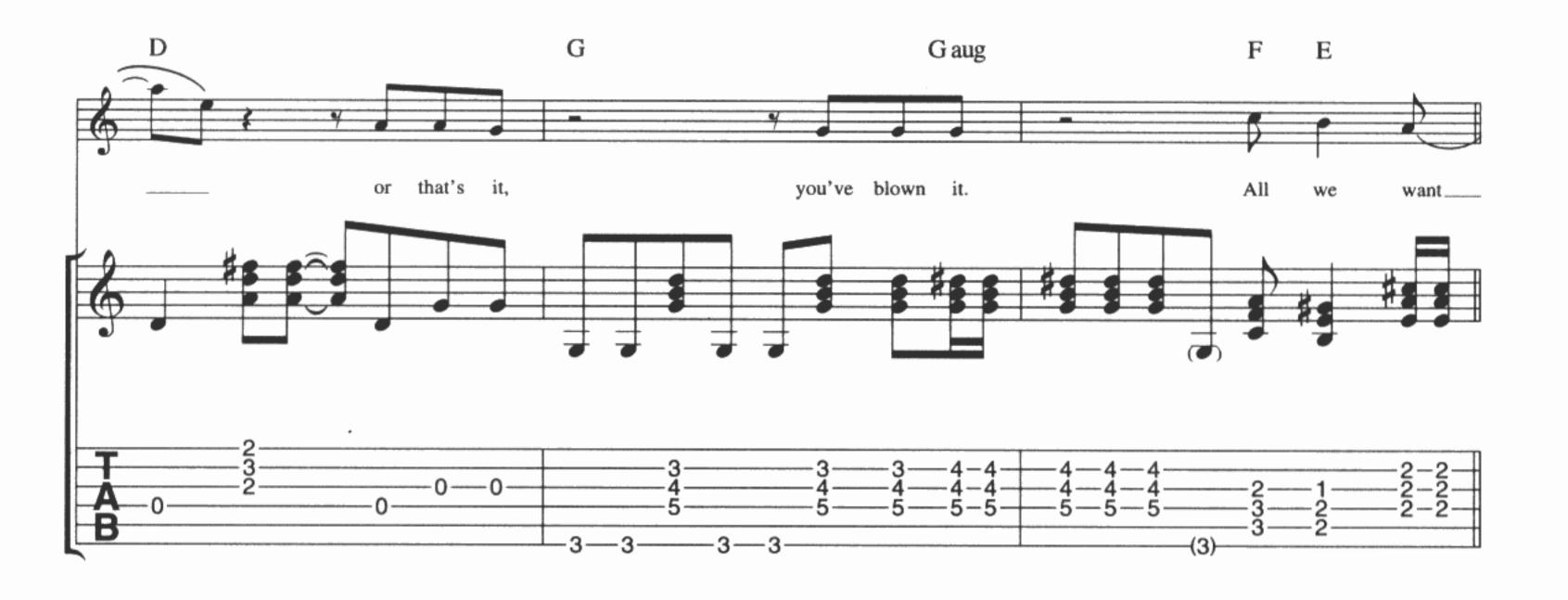
It Could Be You

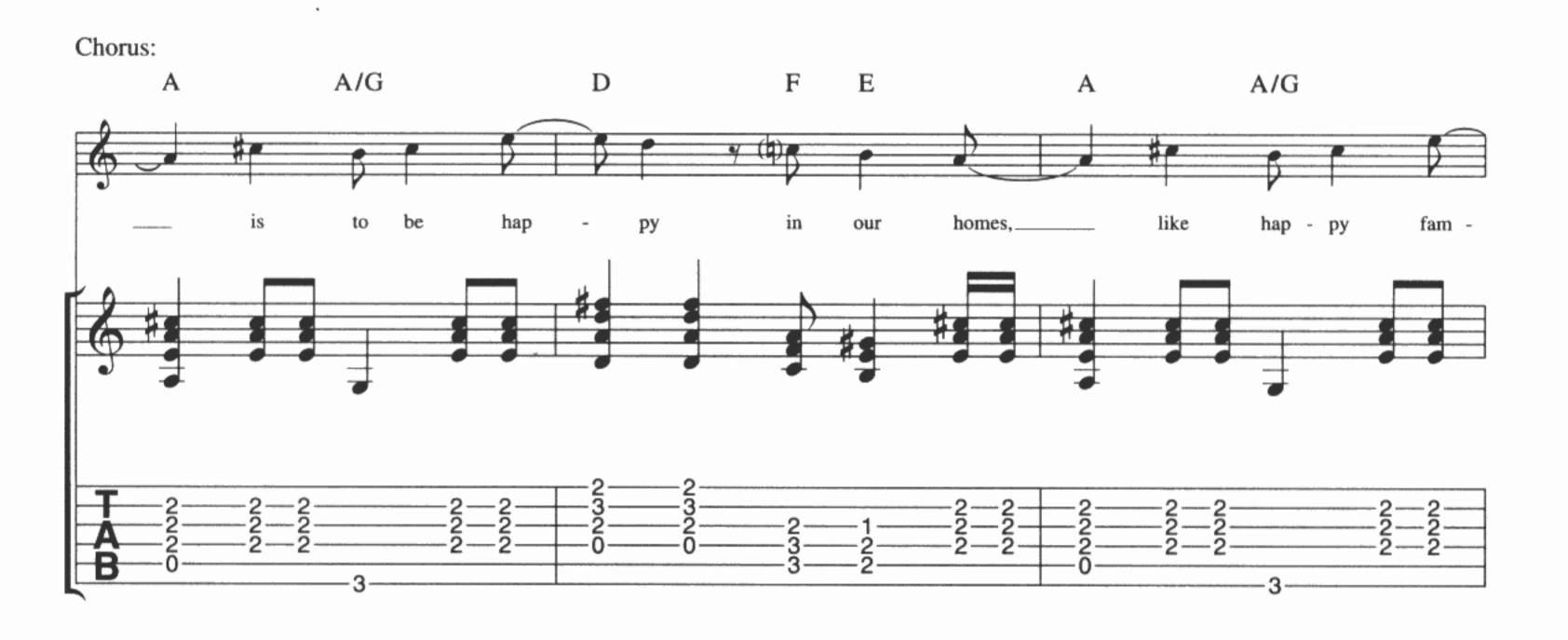


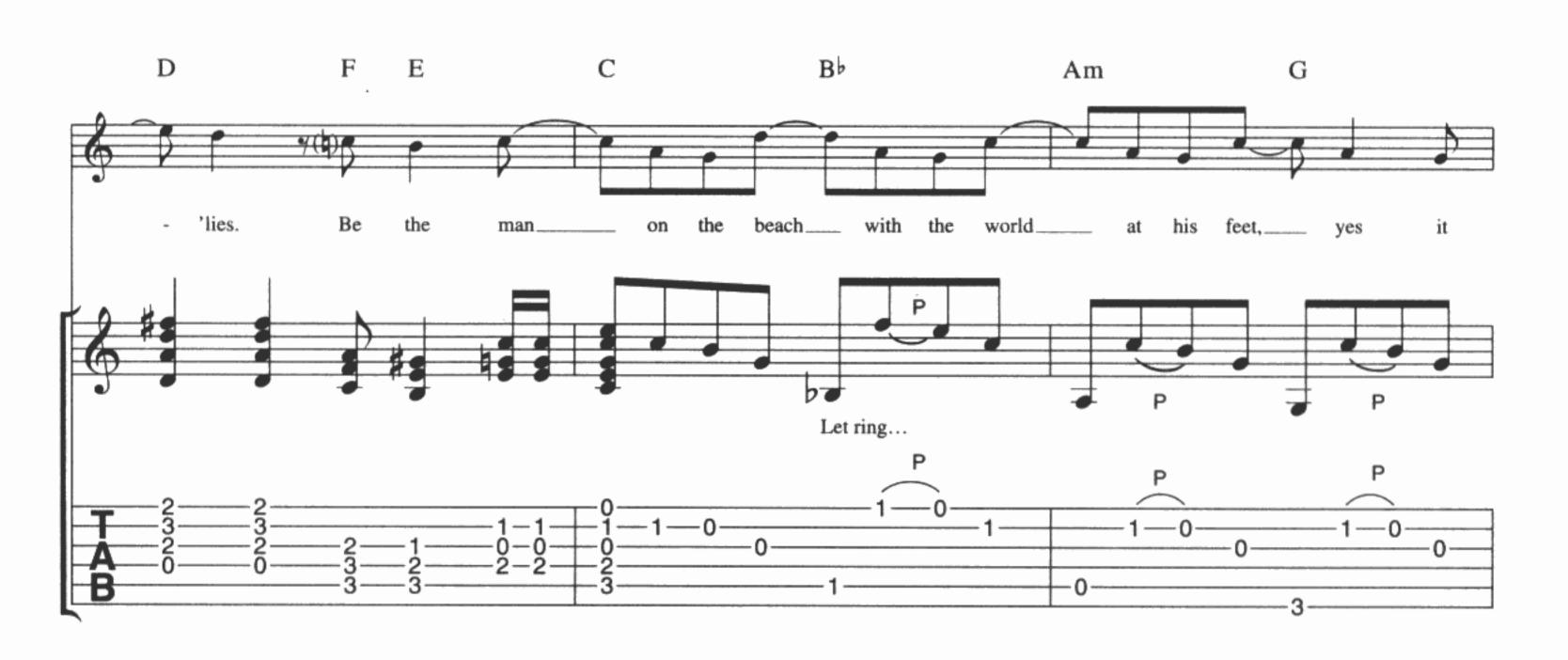


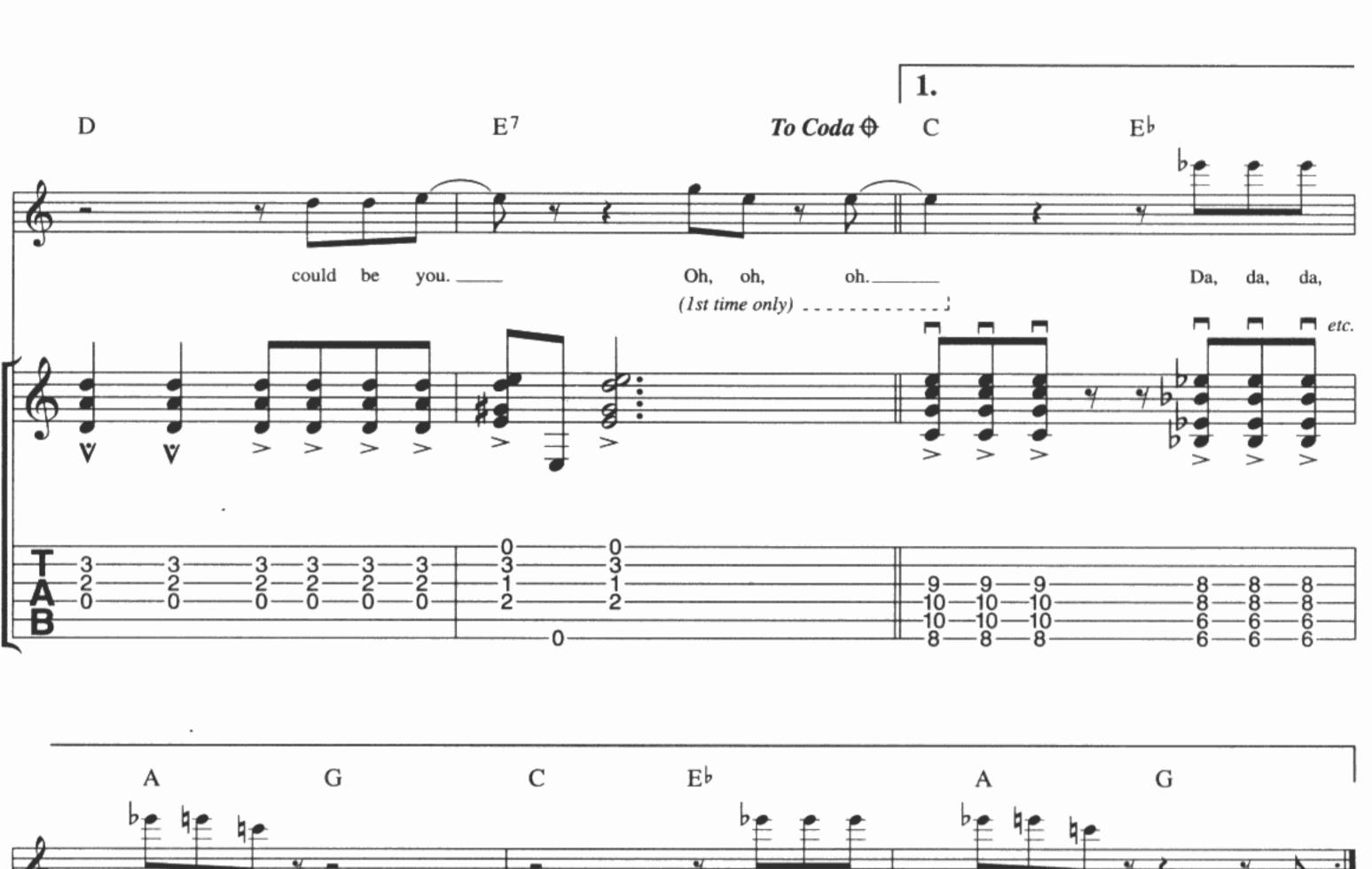


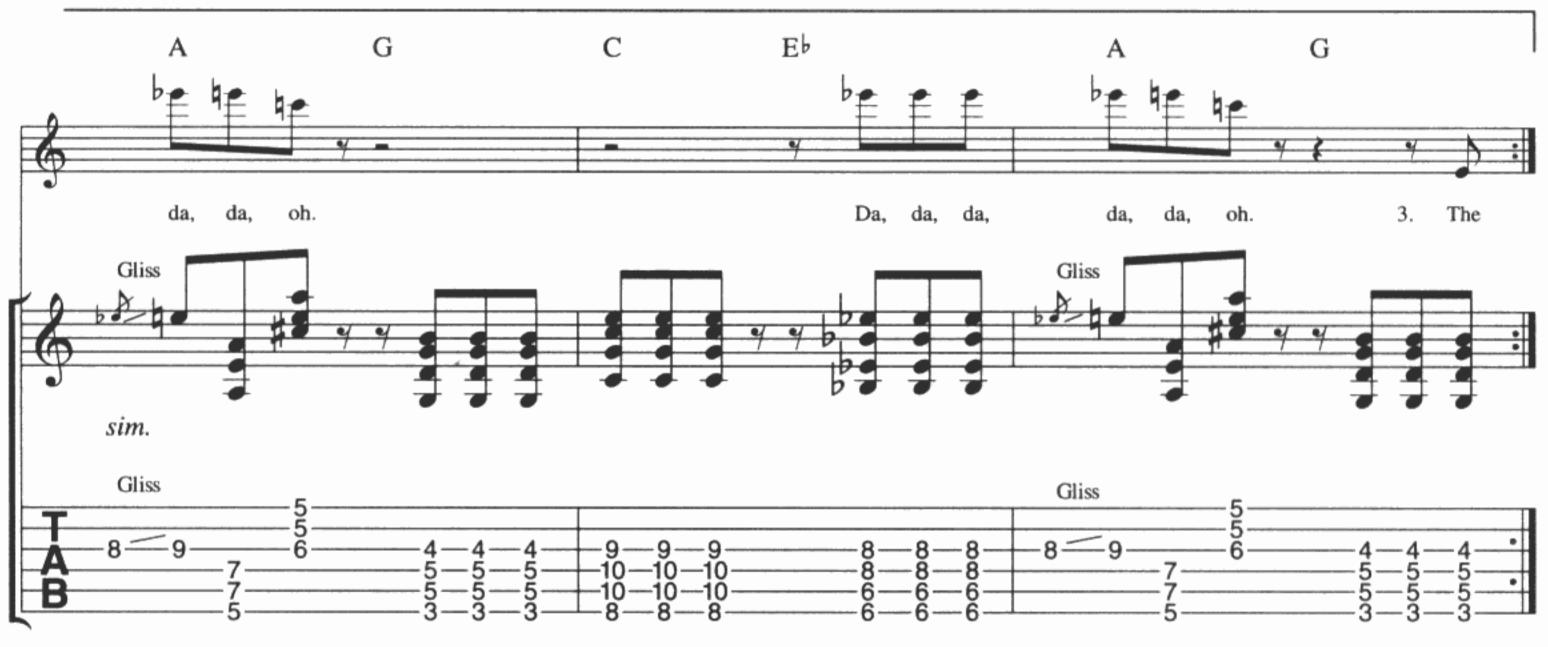


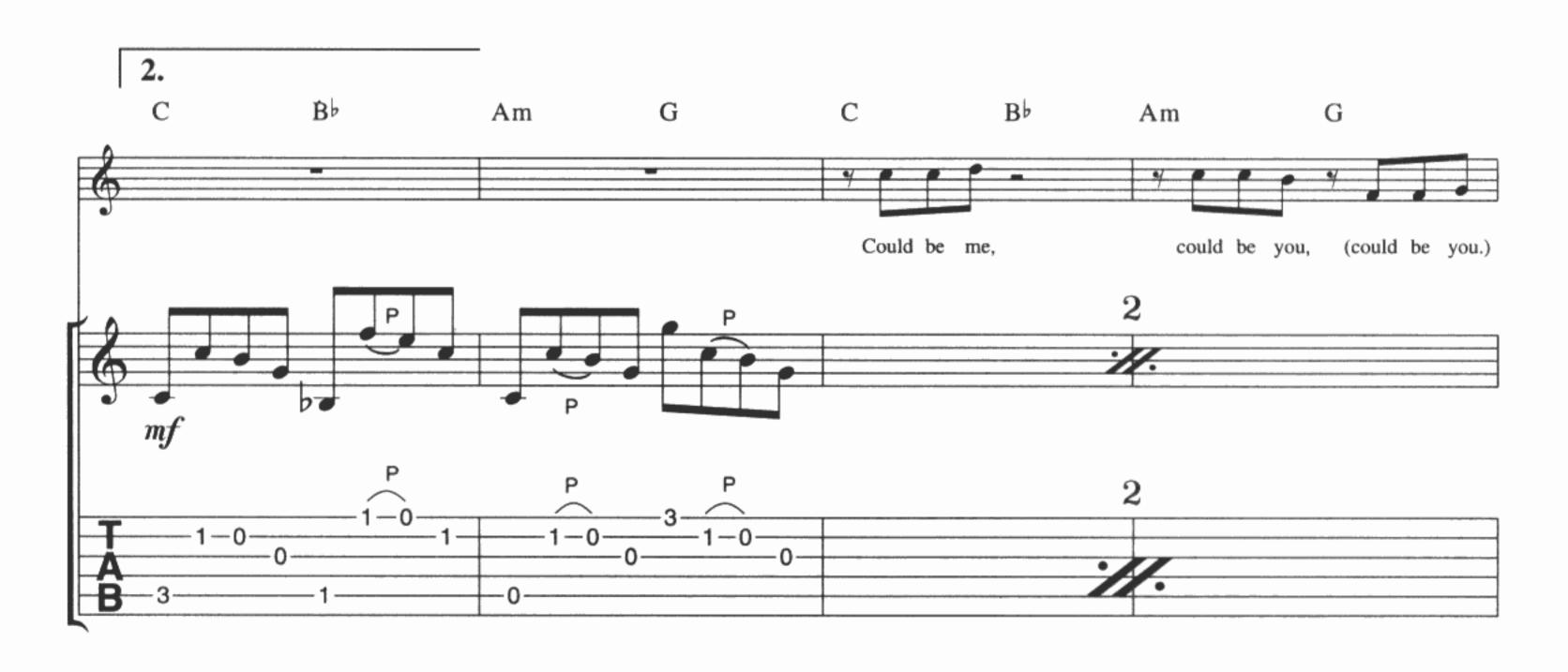


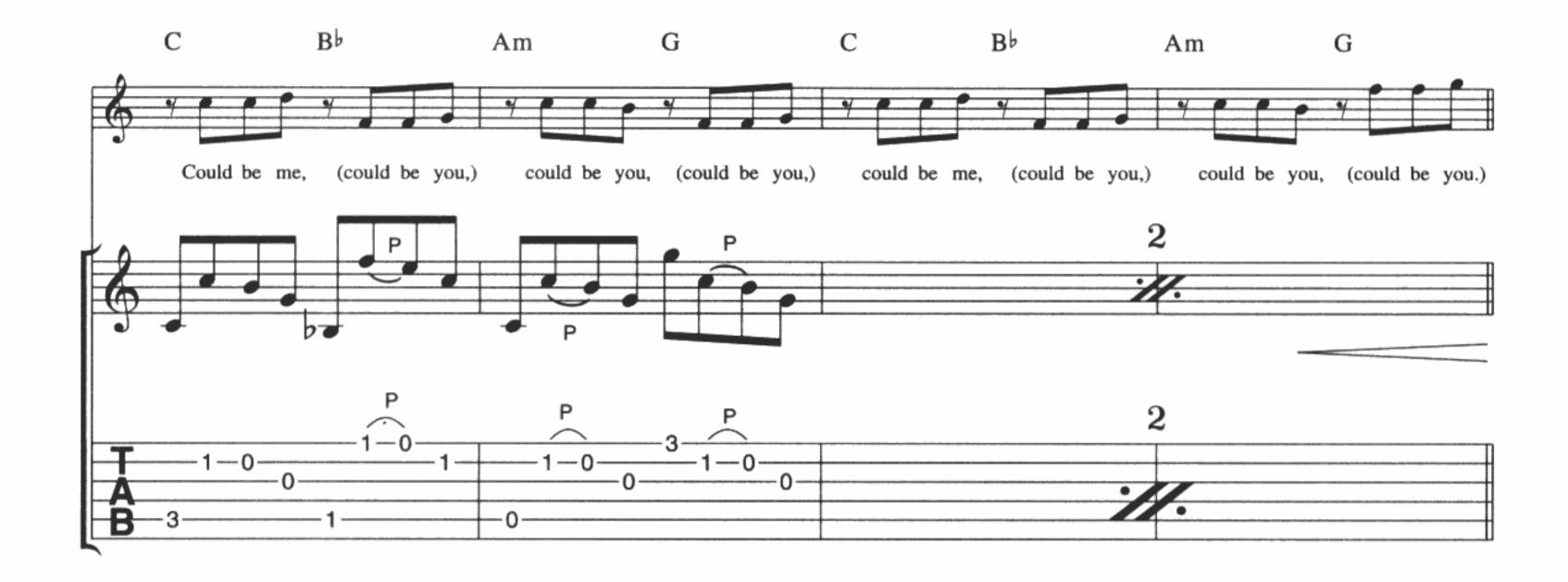


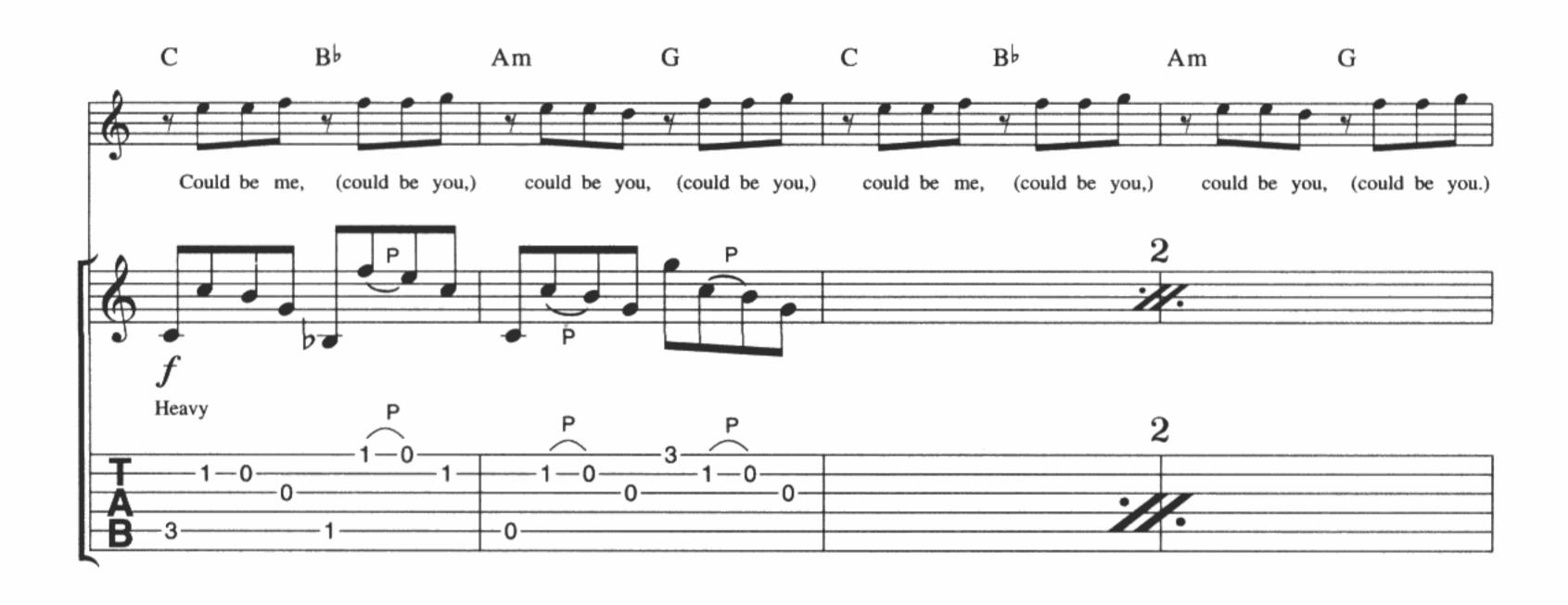


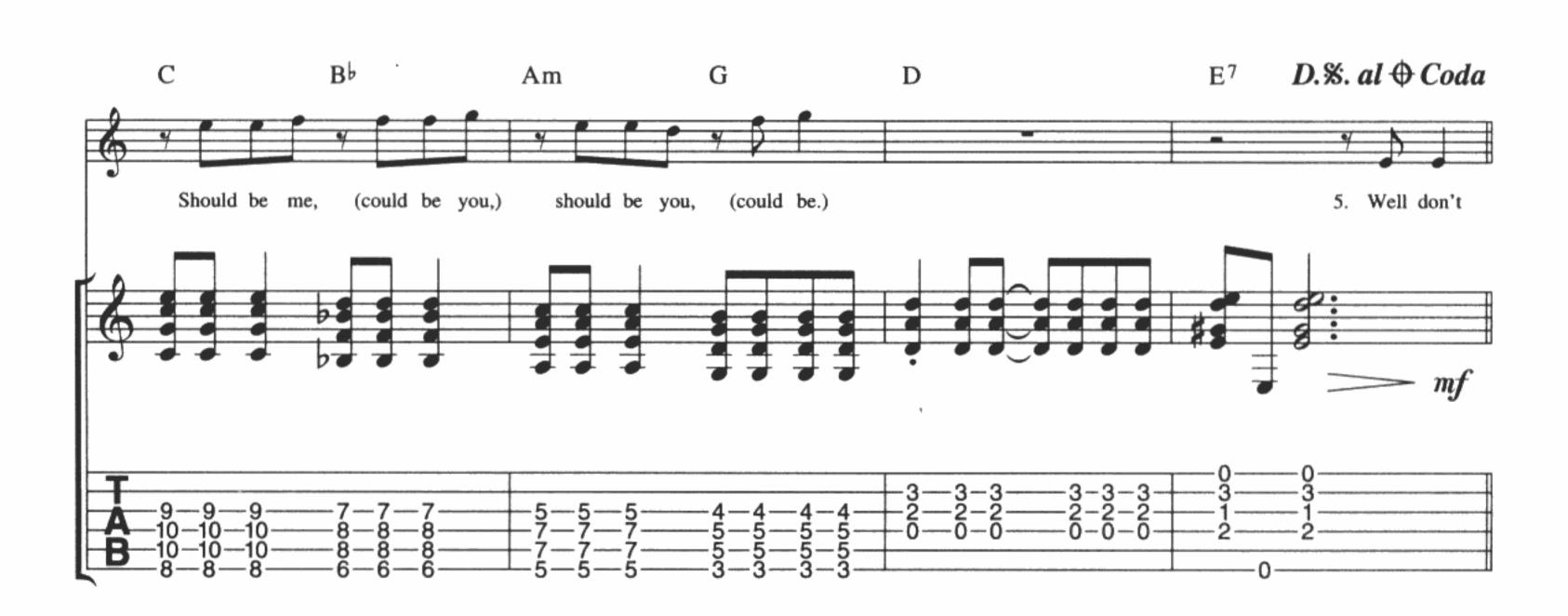


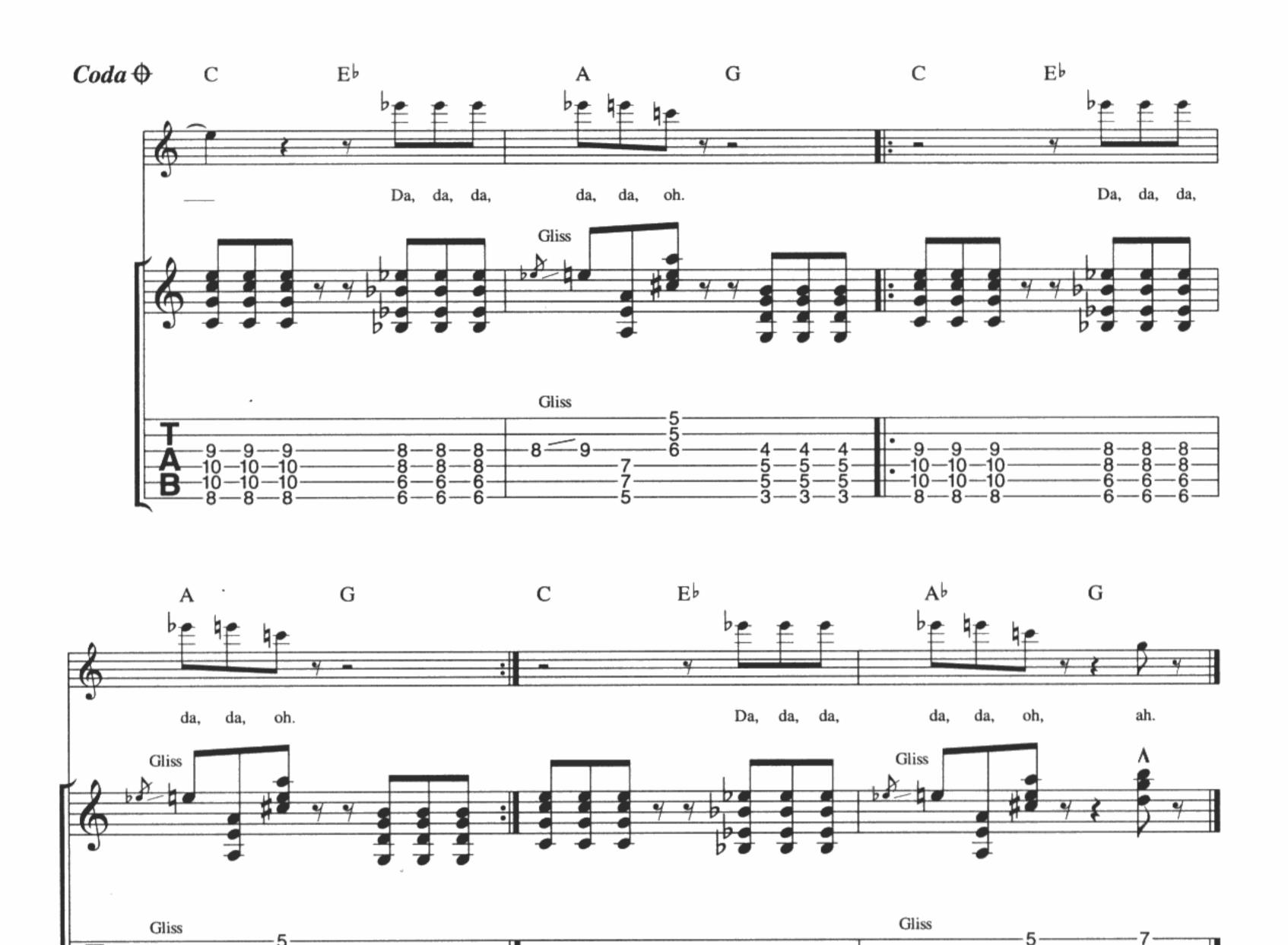












Verse 3: The likely lads Are picking up the uglies Yesterday they were just puppies Beery sluts, now life's a blur.

8-9-

Verse 4:
Telly addicts
You should see them at it
Getting in a panic
Will we be there, Trafalgar Square?

Verse 5(%):
Well don't worry
If it's not your lucky number
Because tomorrow there's another
Could be you, could be me.

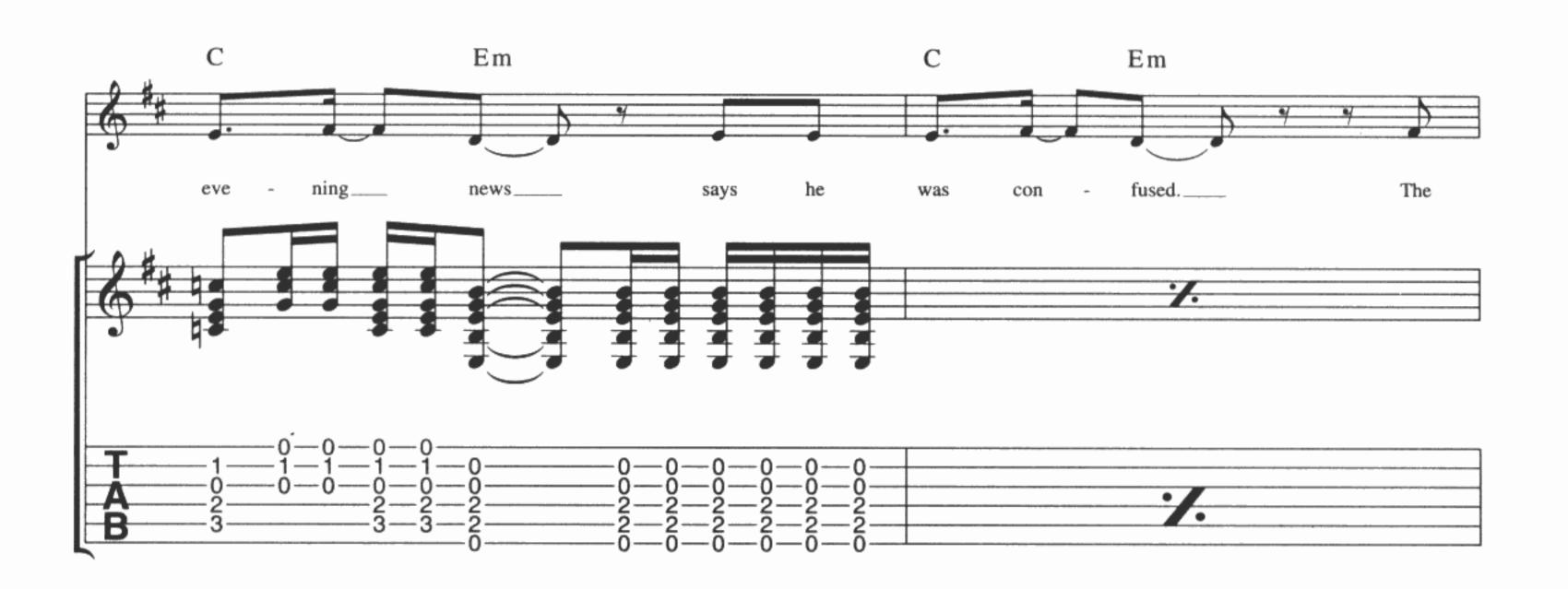
He Thought Of Cars

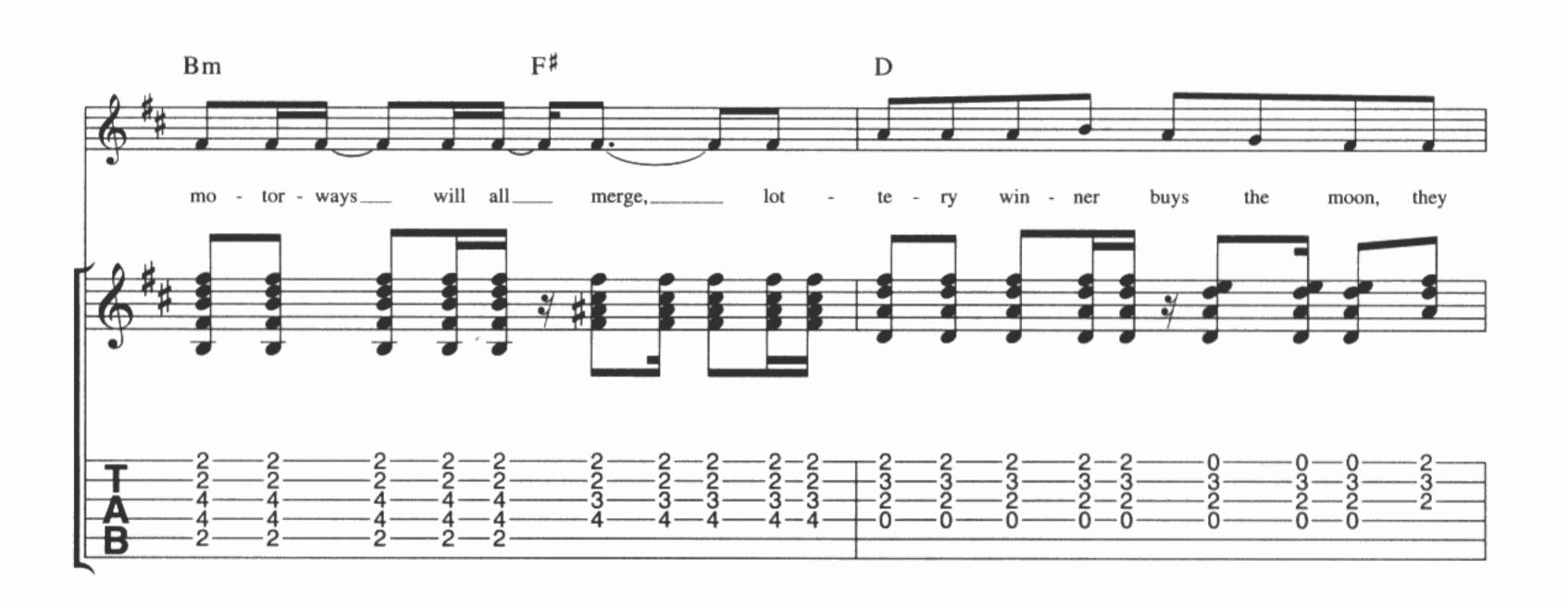
Words & Music by Damon Albarn, Graham Coxon, Alex James & David Rowntree

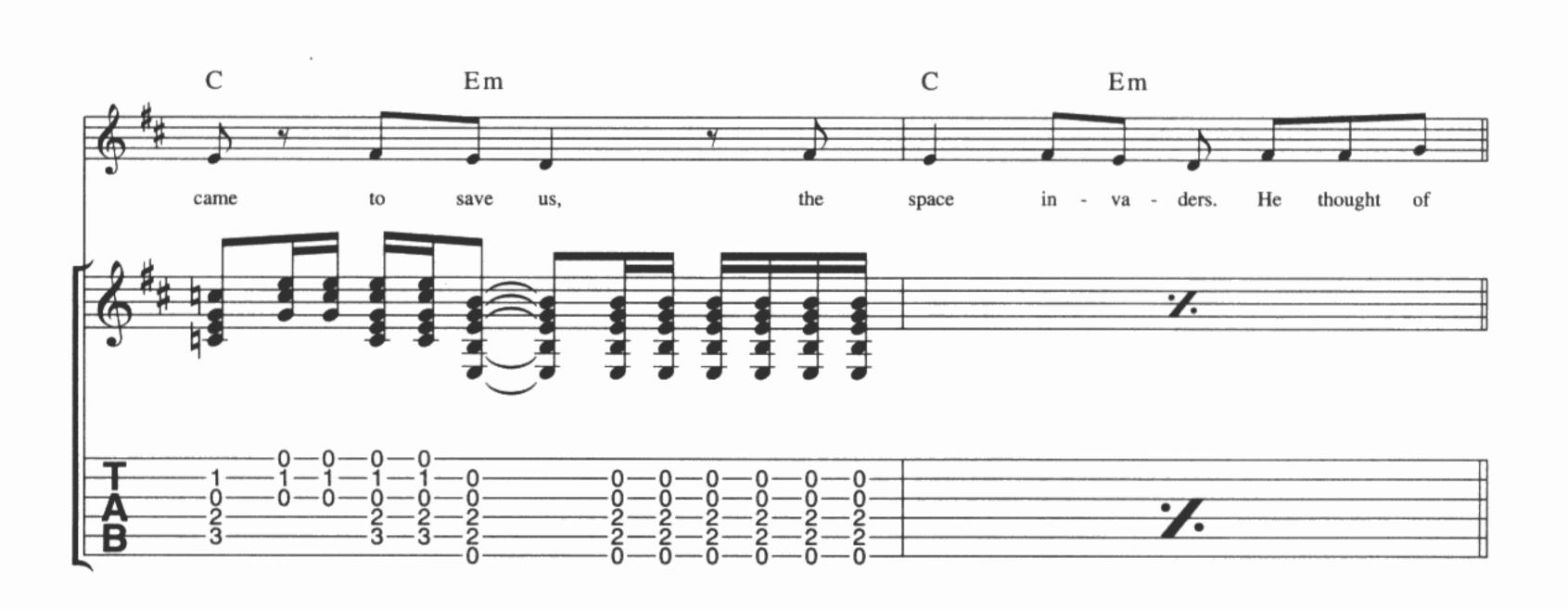
N.C.

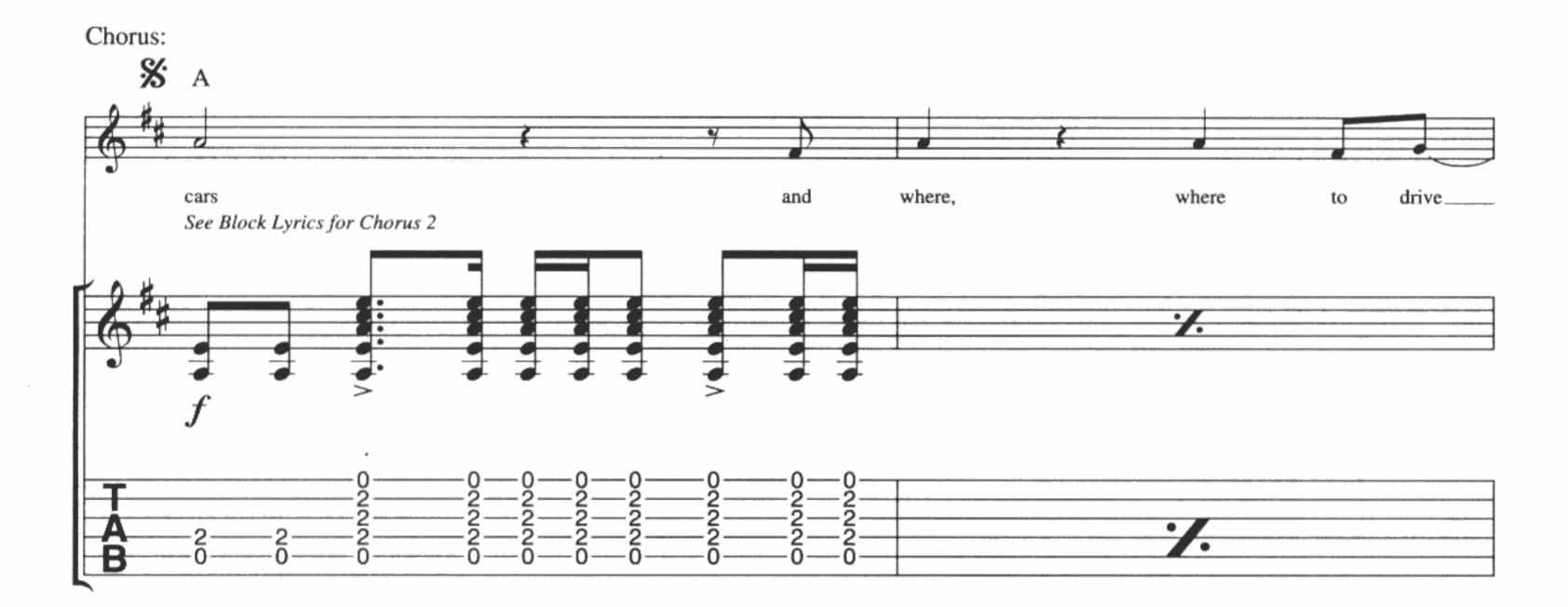
J≈82

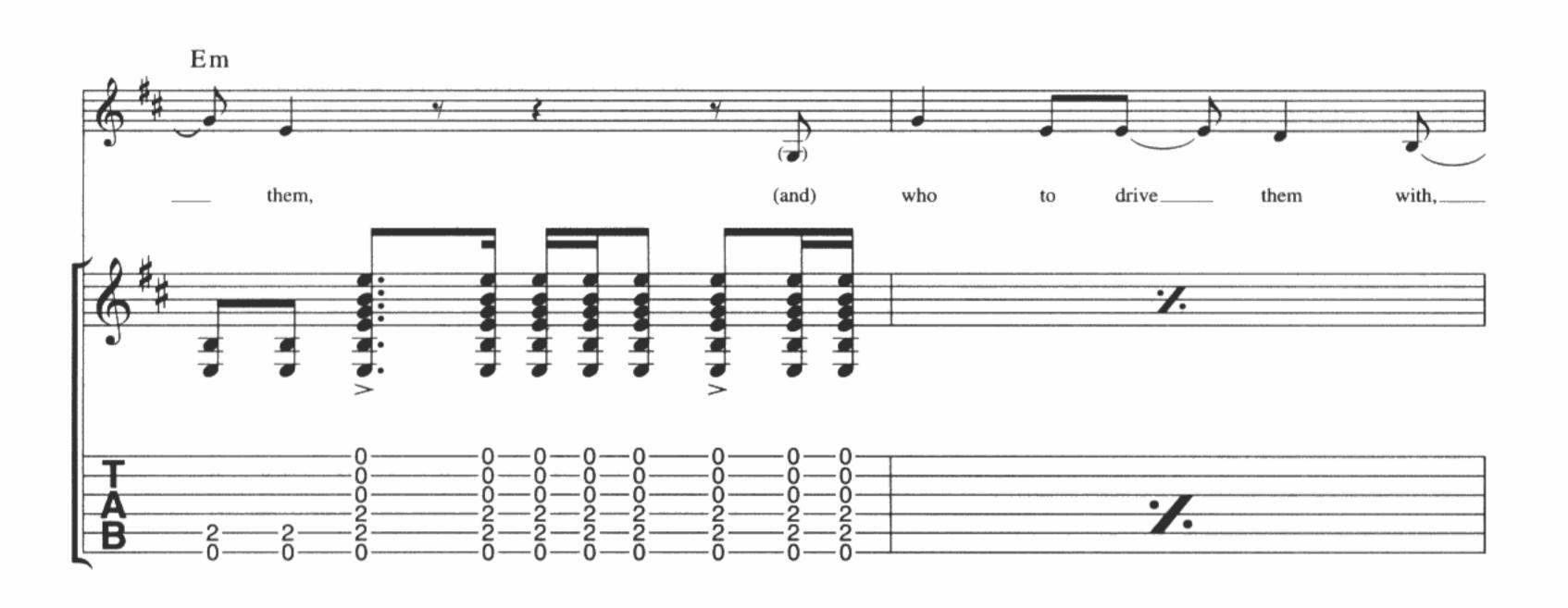


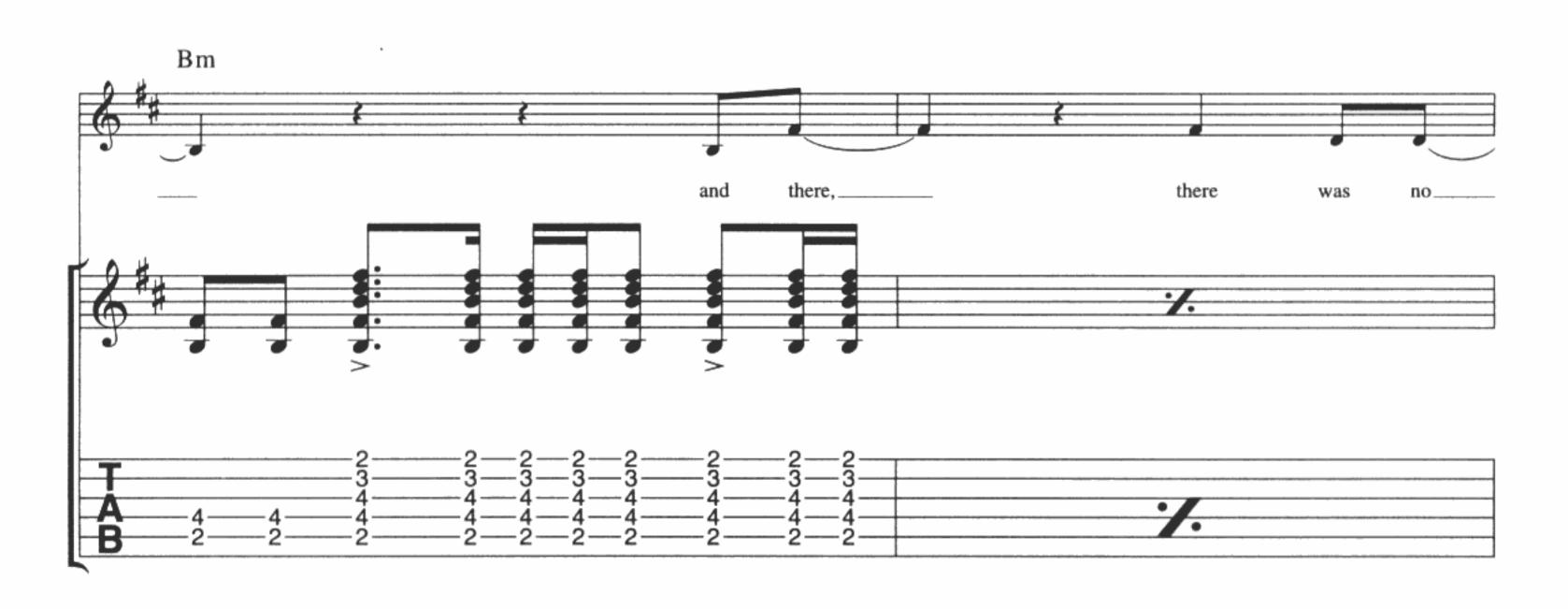


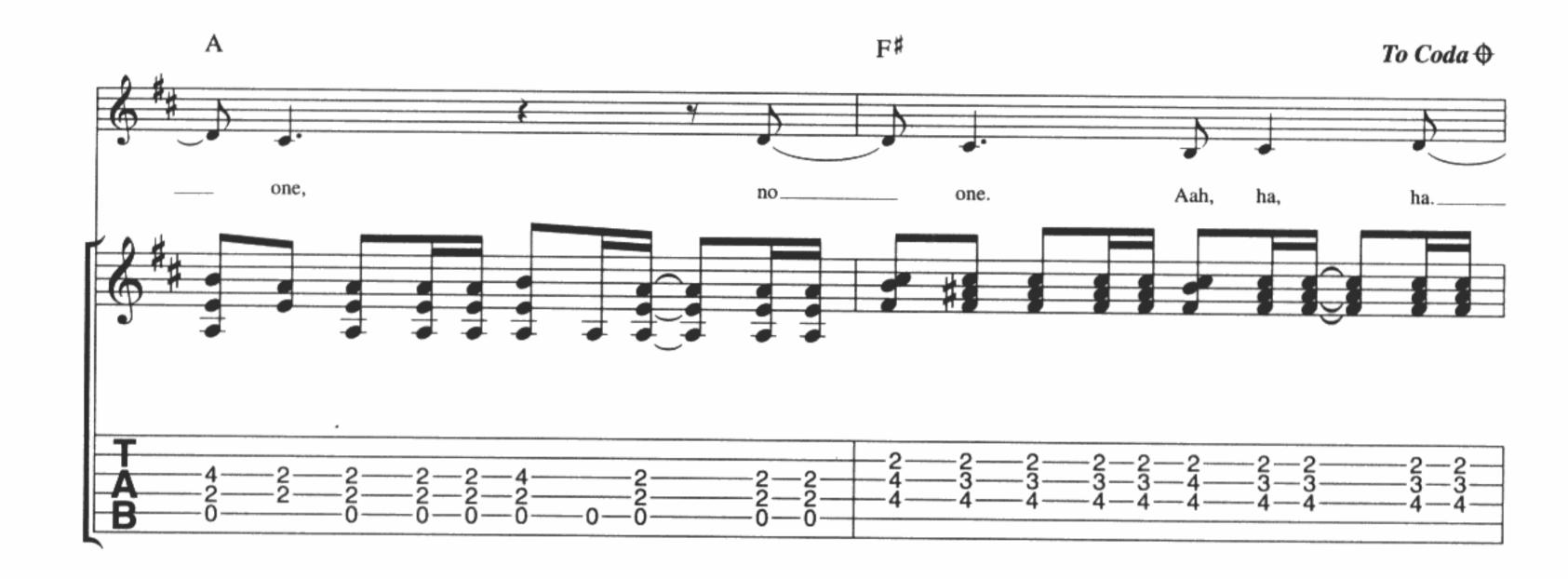






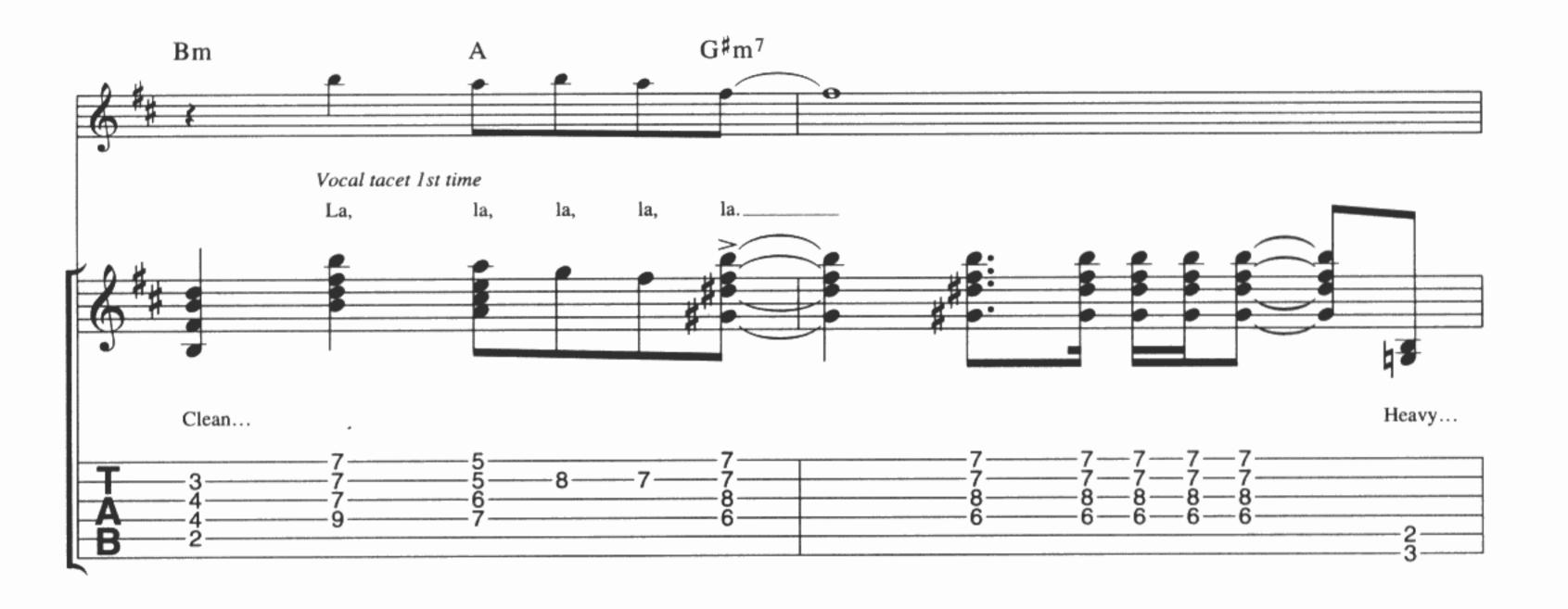


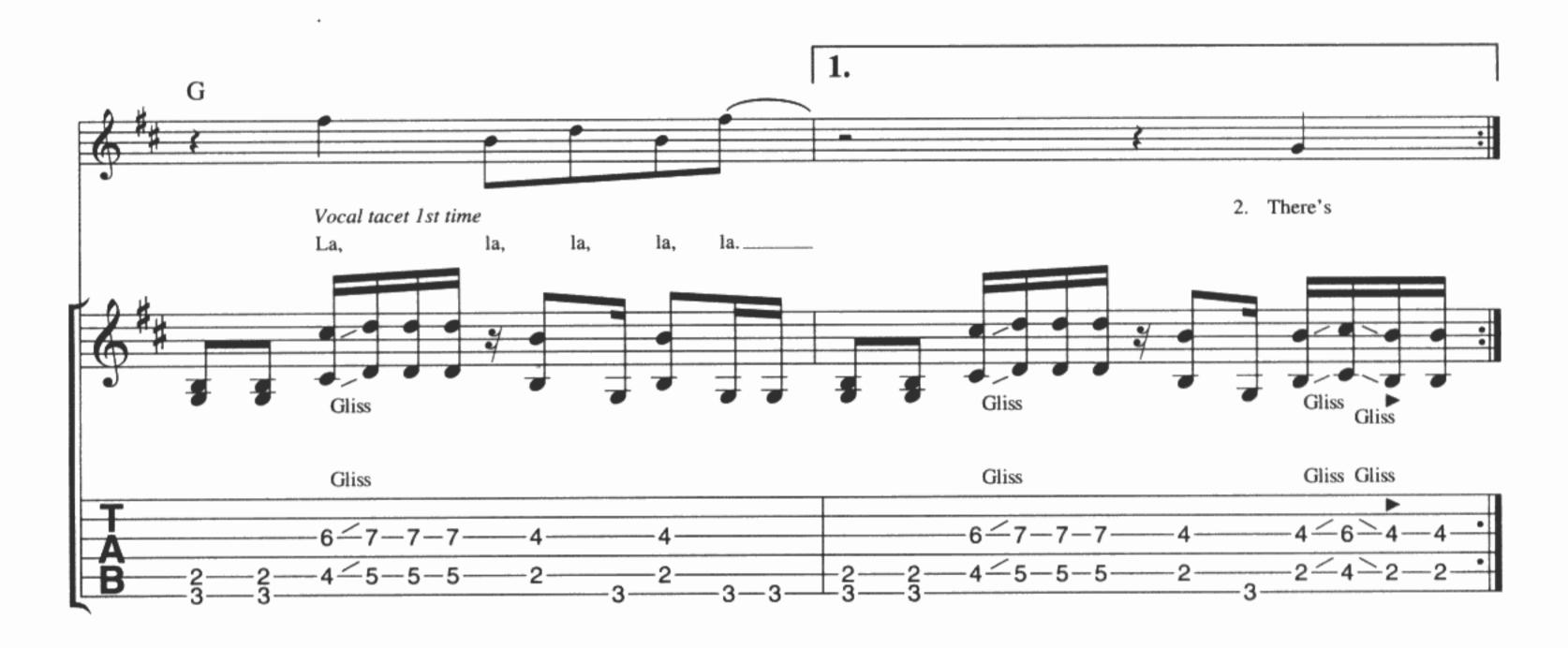


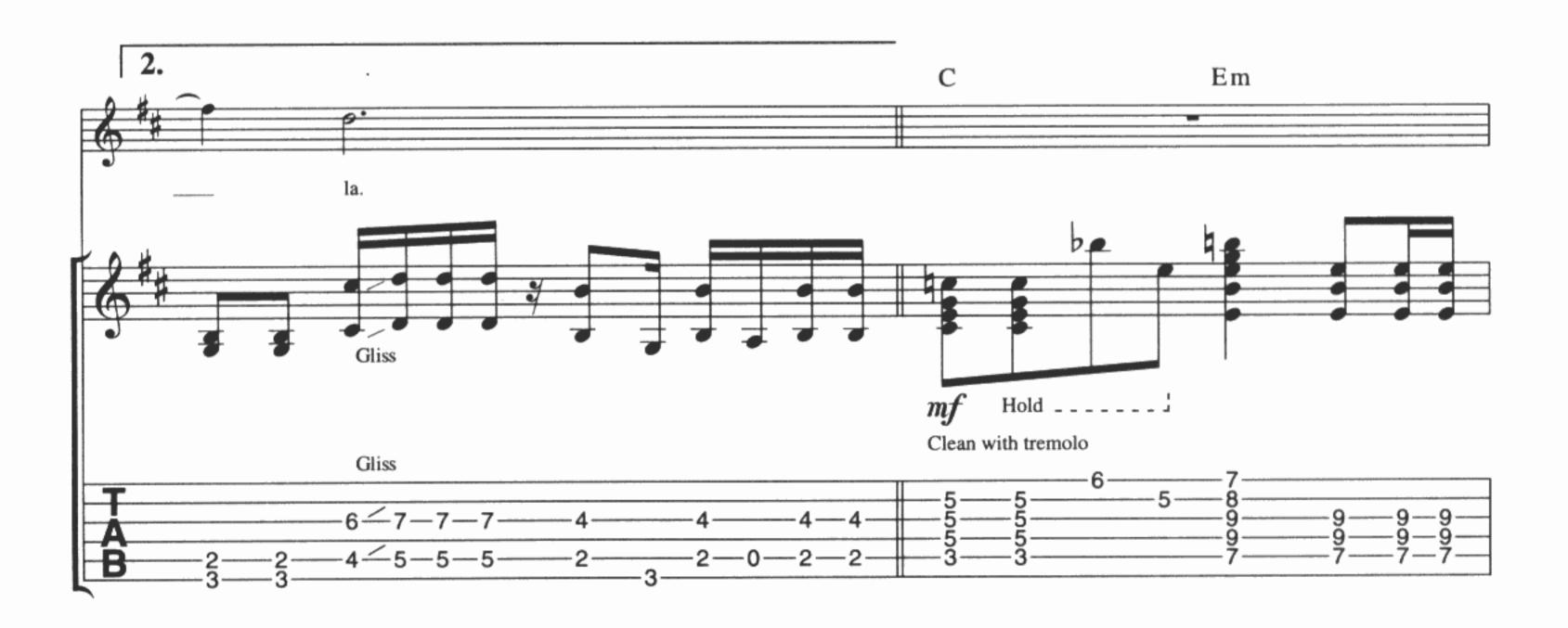


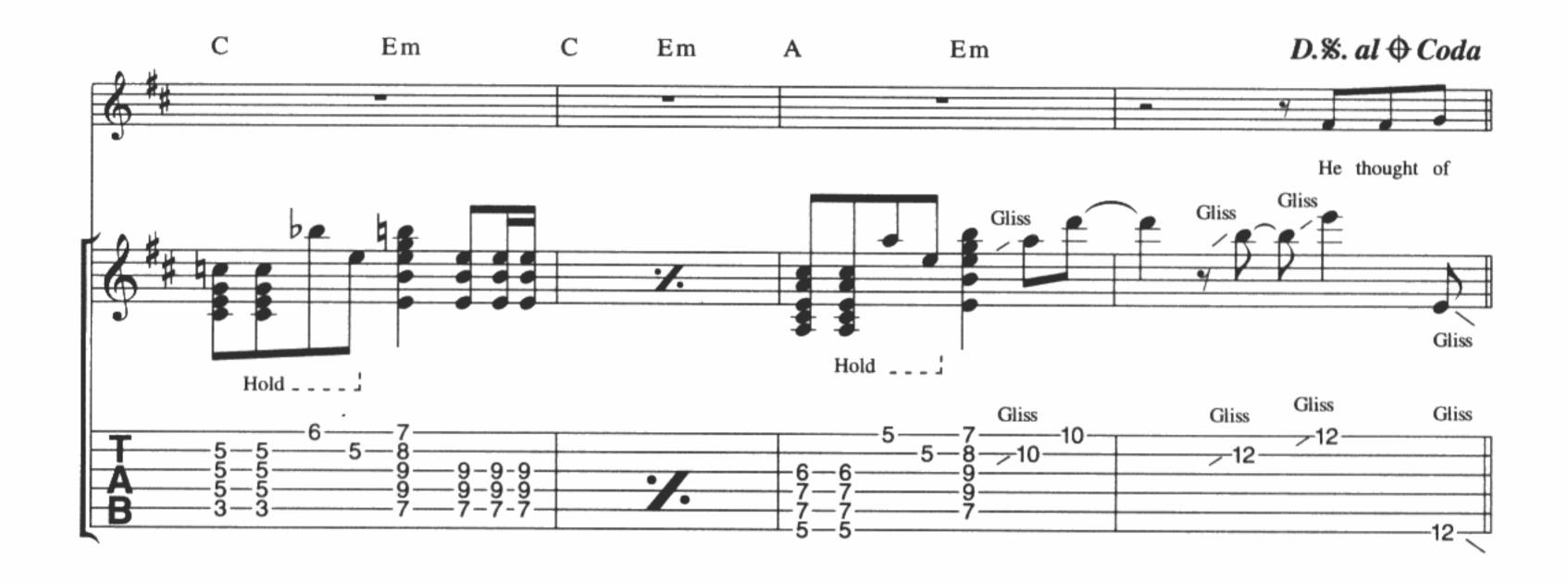


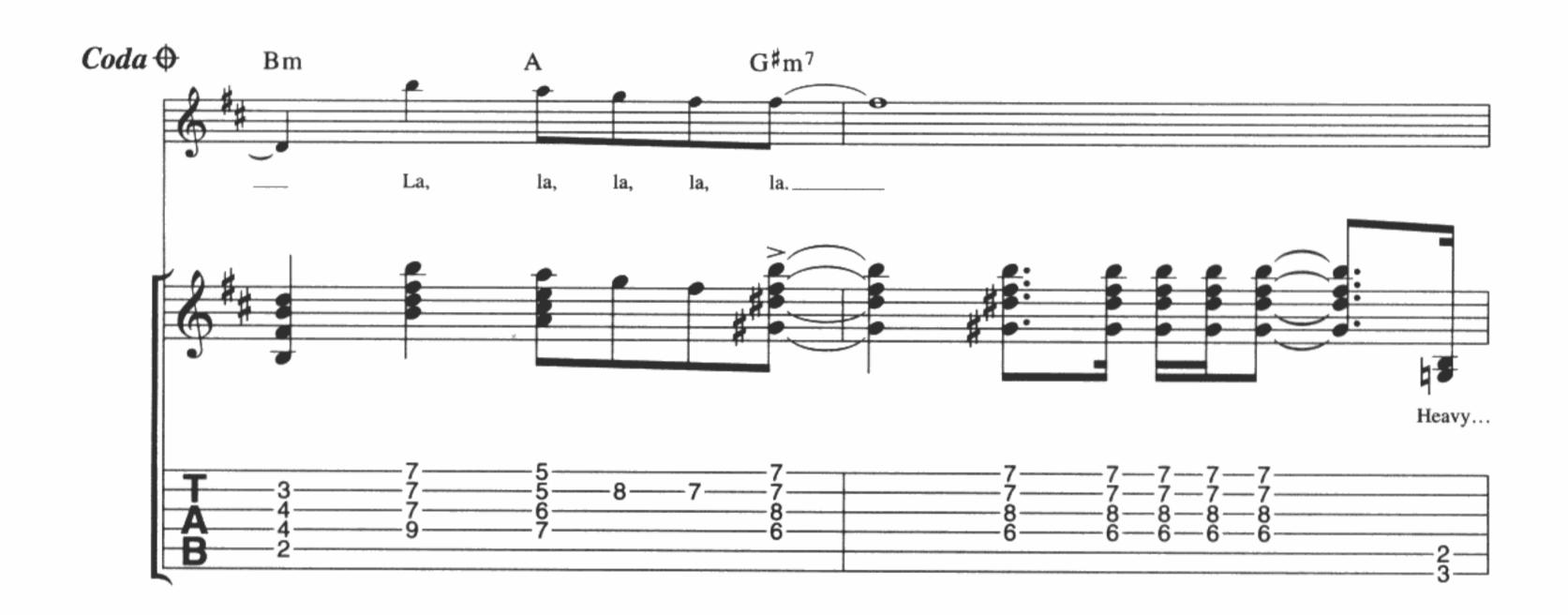




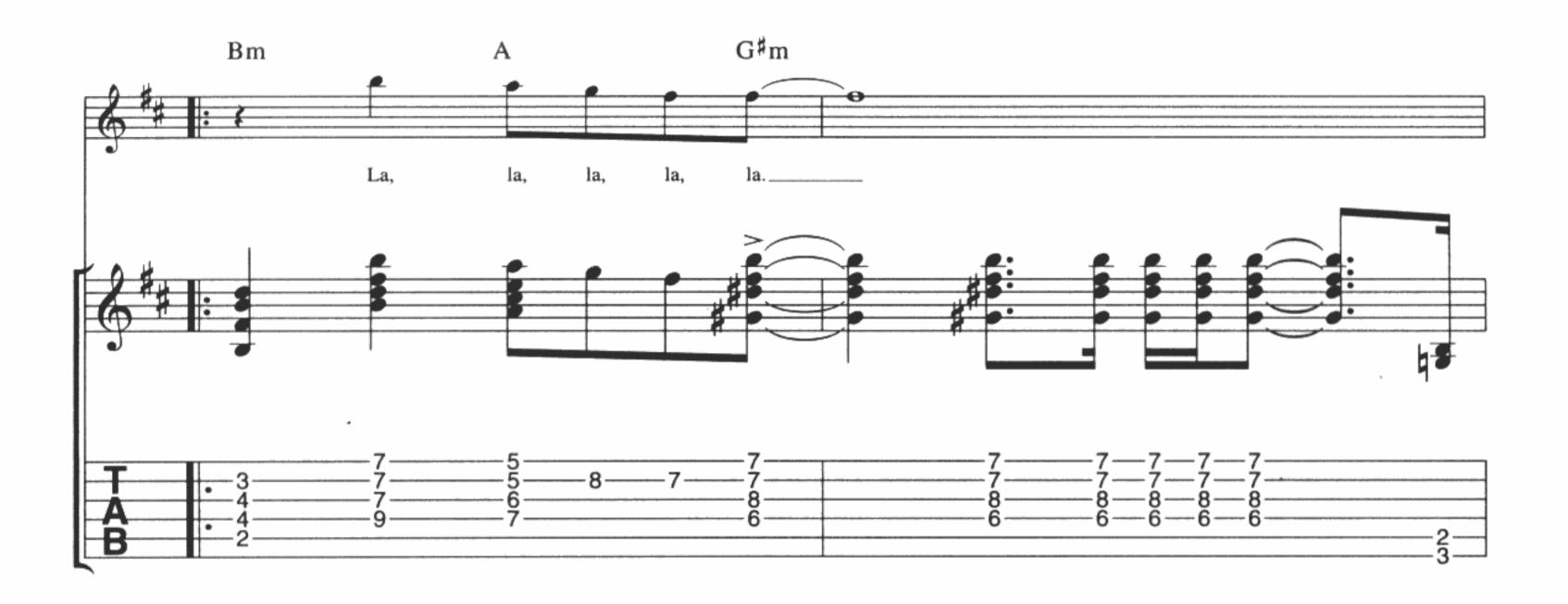


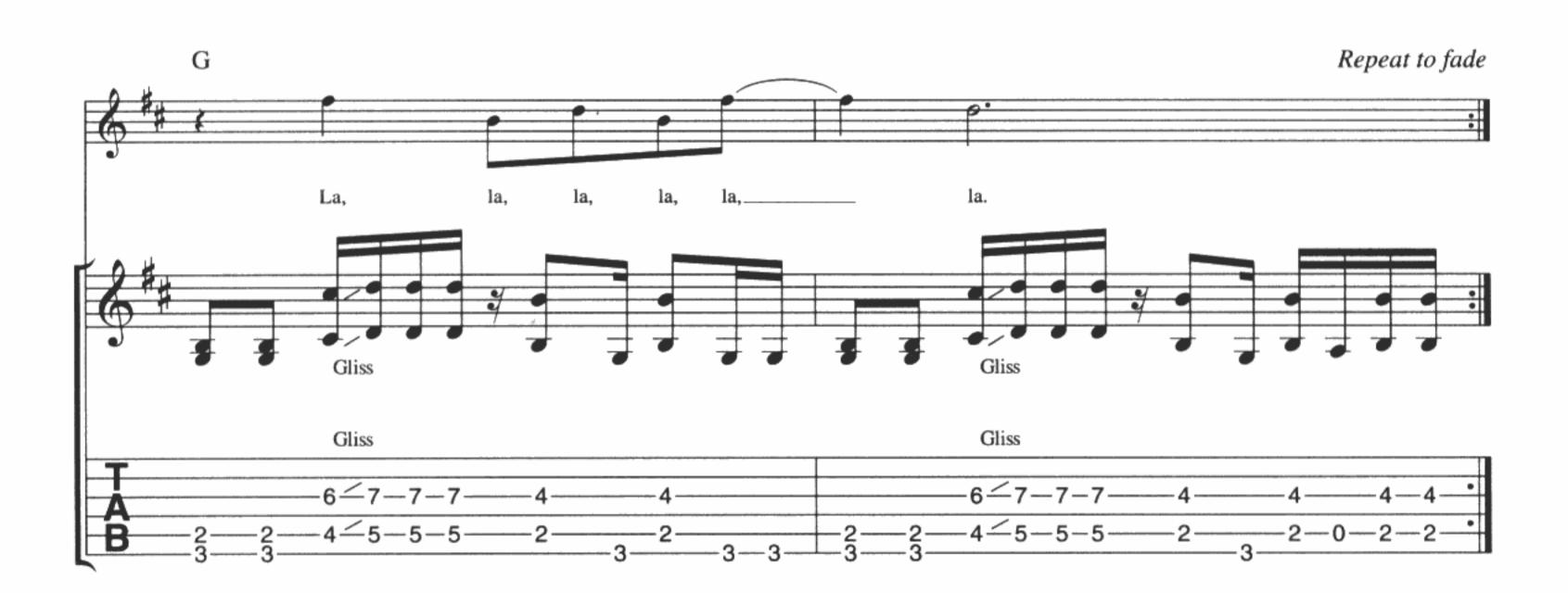










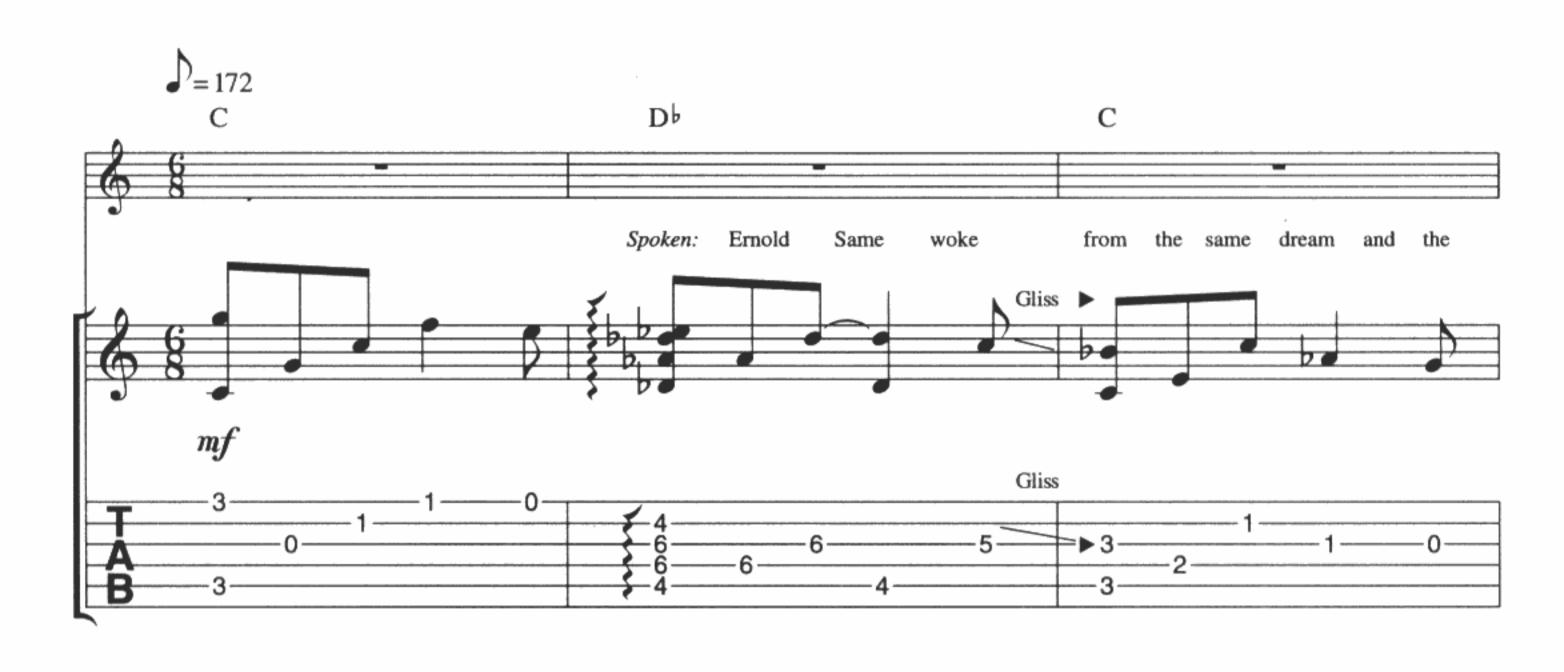


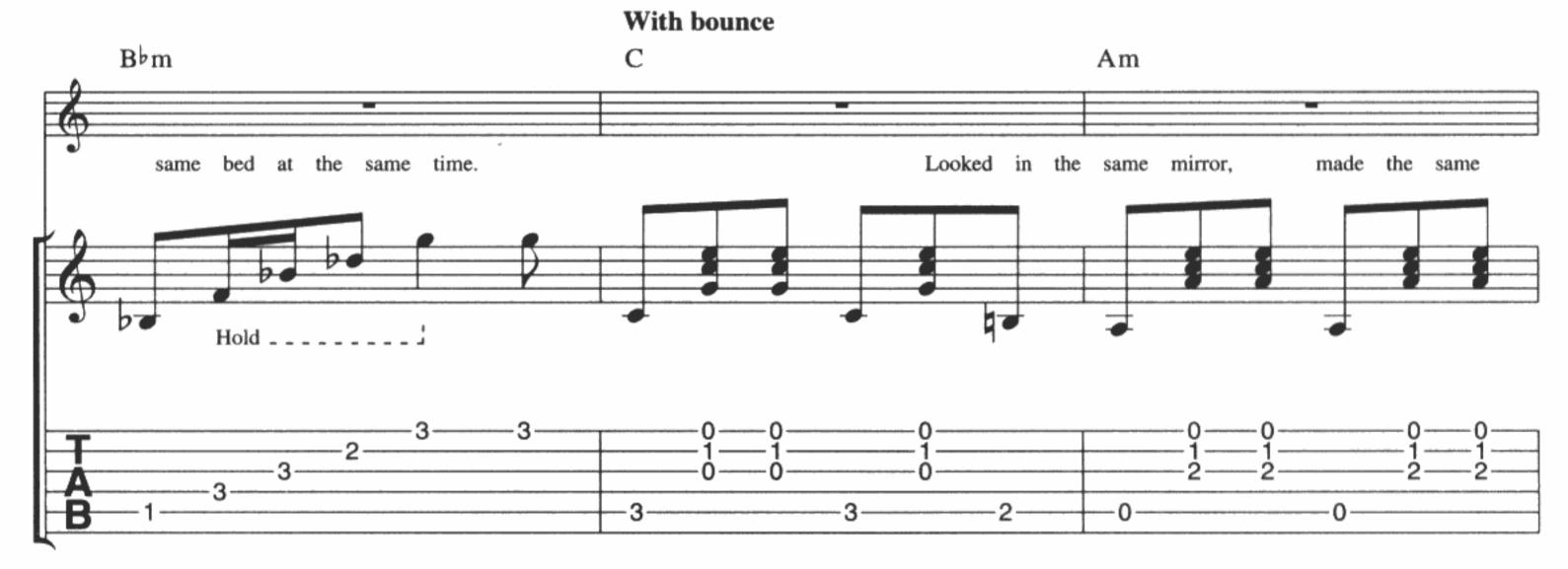
Verse 2:
There's panic at London Heathrow
Everybody wants to go up into the blue
But there's a ten year queue
Colombia is in top gear
It shouldn't snow this time of year
Now America's shot
She's gone and done the lot.

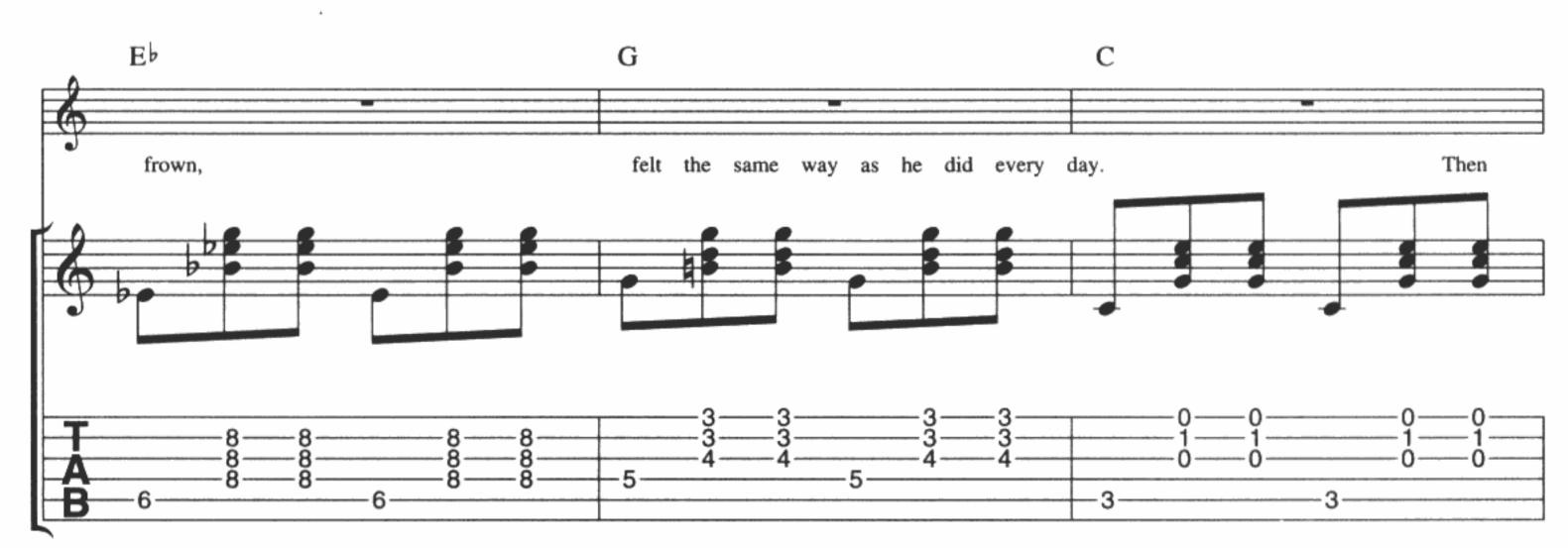
Chorus 2:

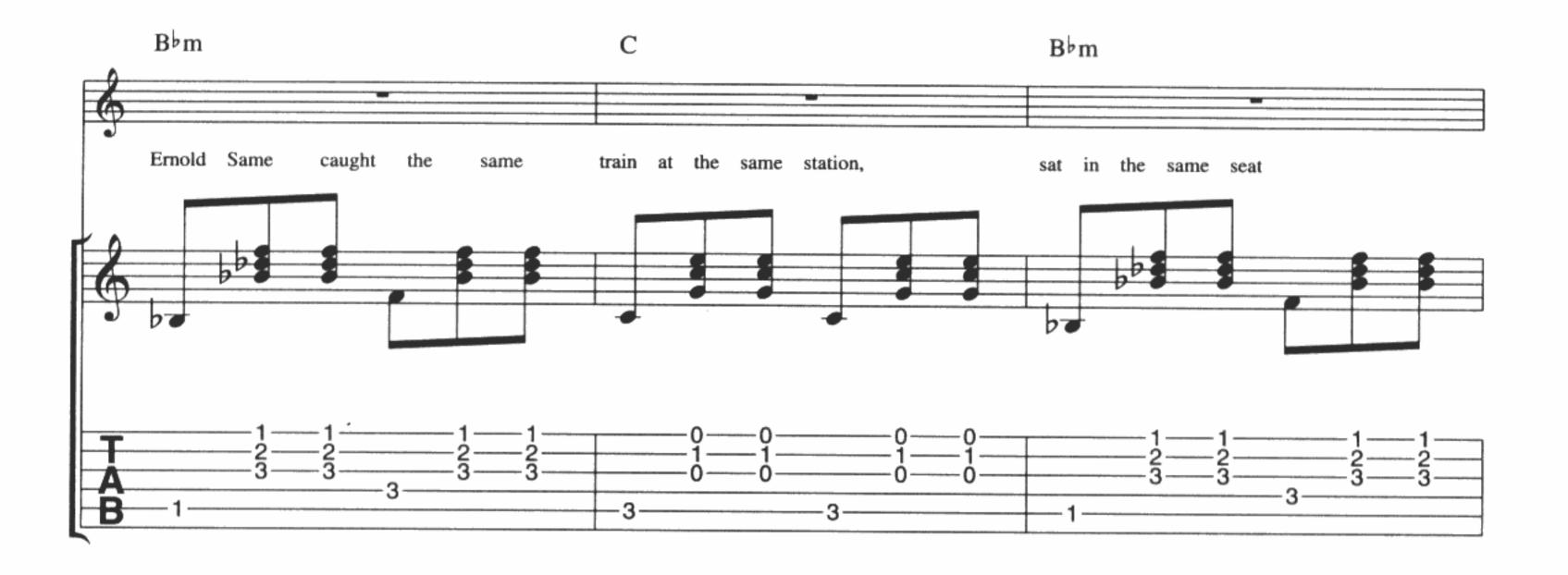
He thought of planes
And where, where to fly
And who to fly there with
And there, there was no one, no one.

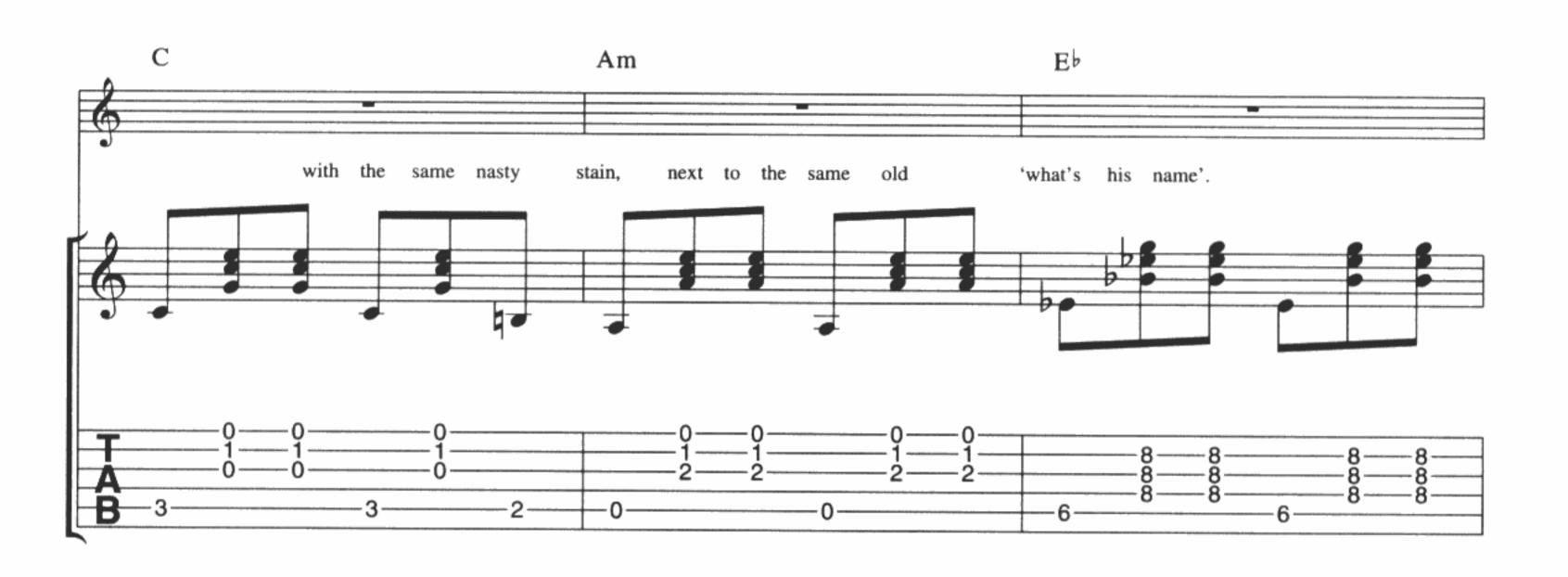
Ernold Same

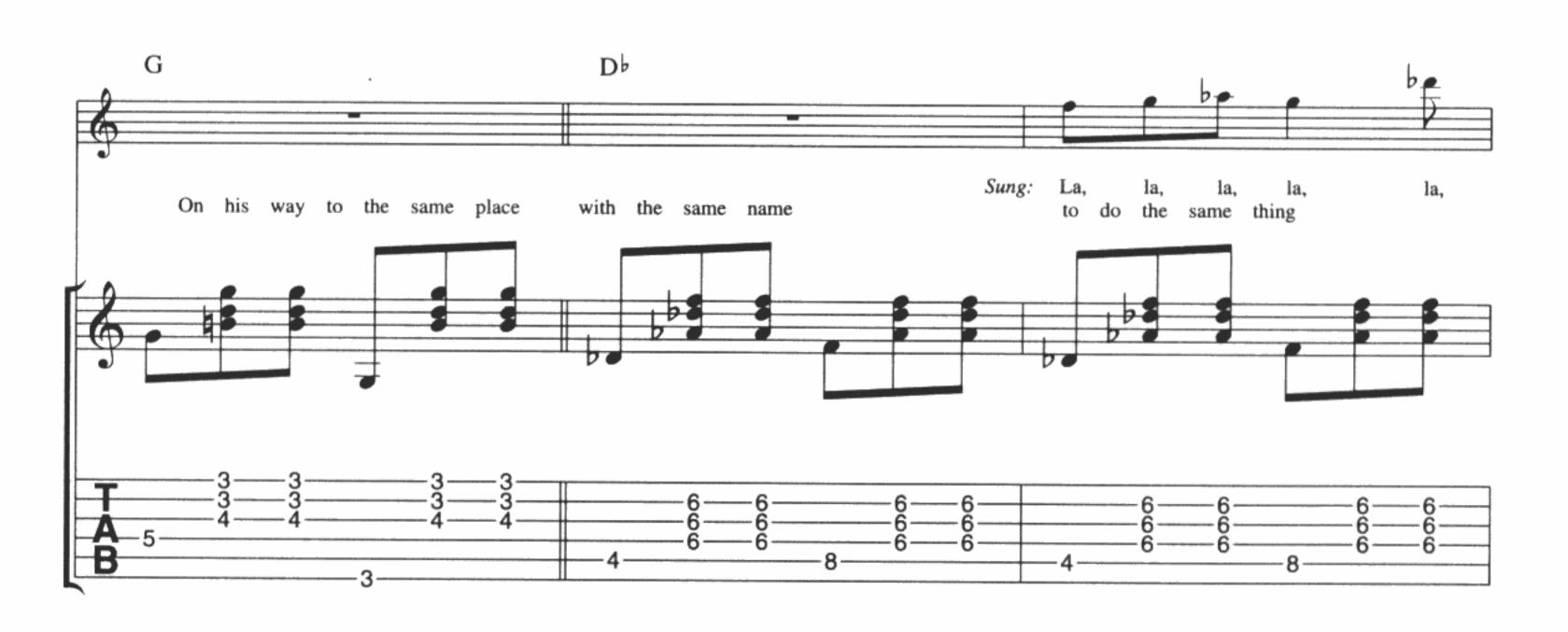


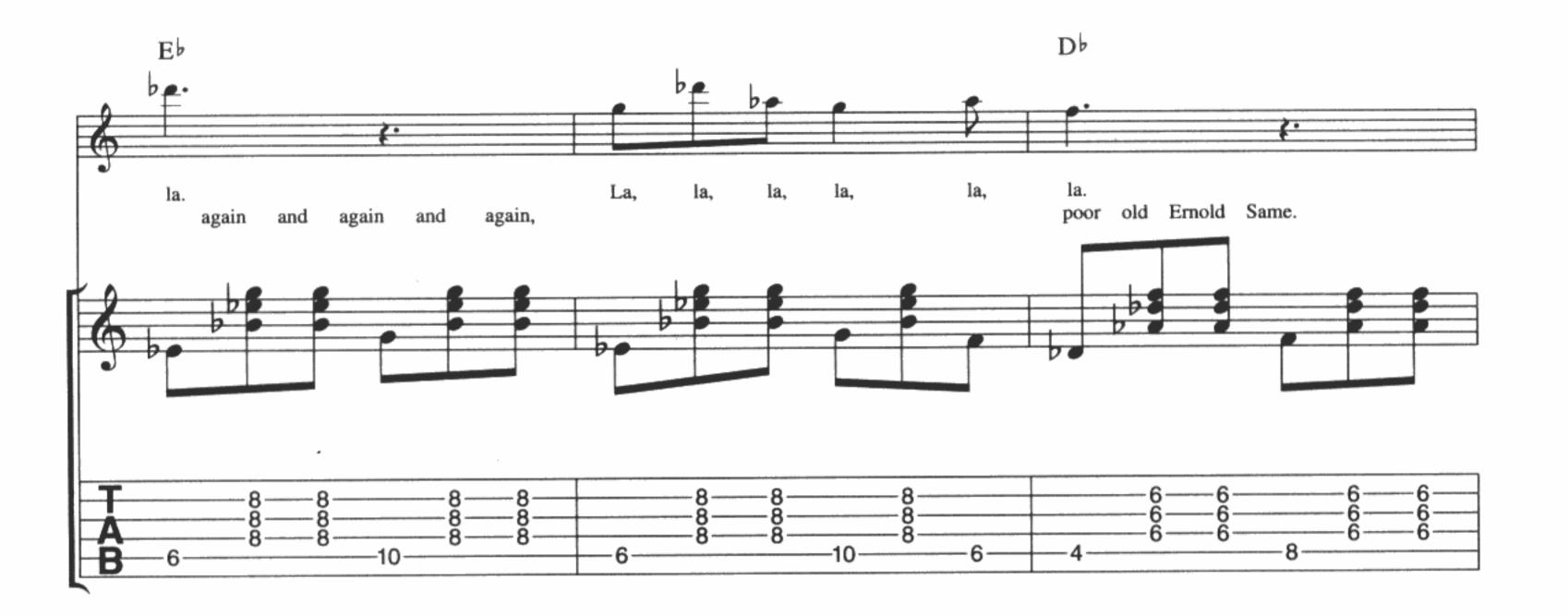


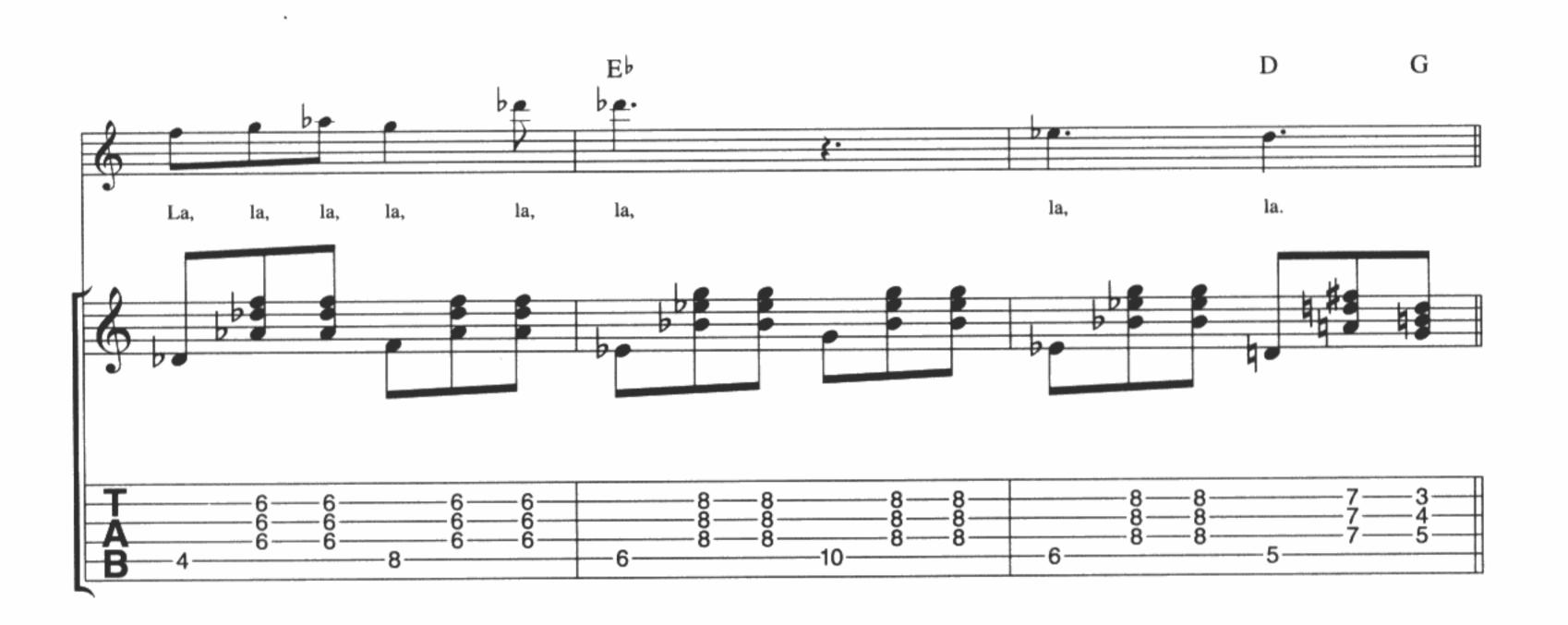


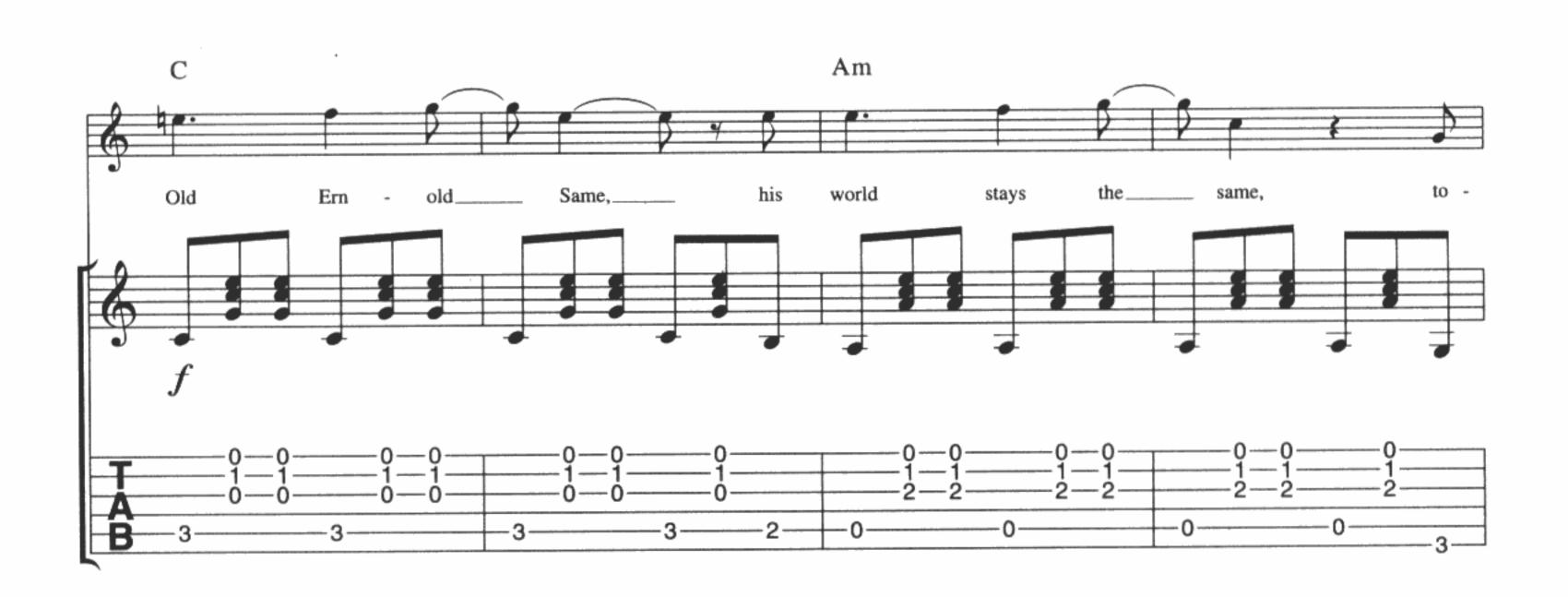


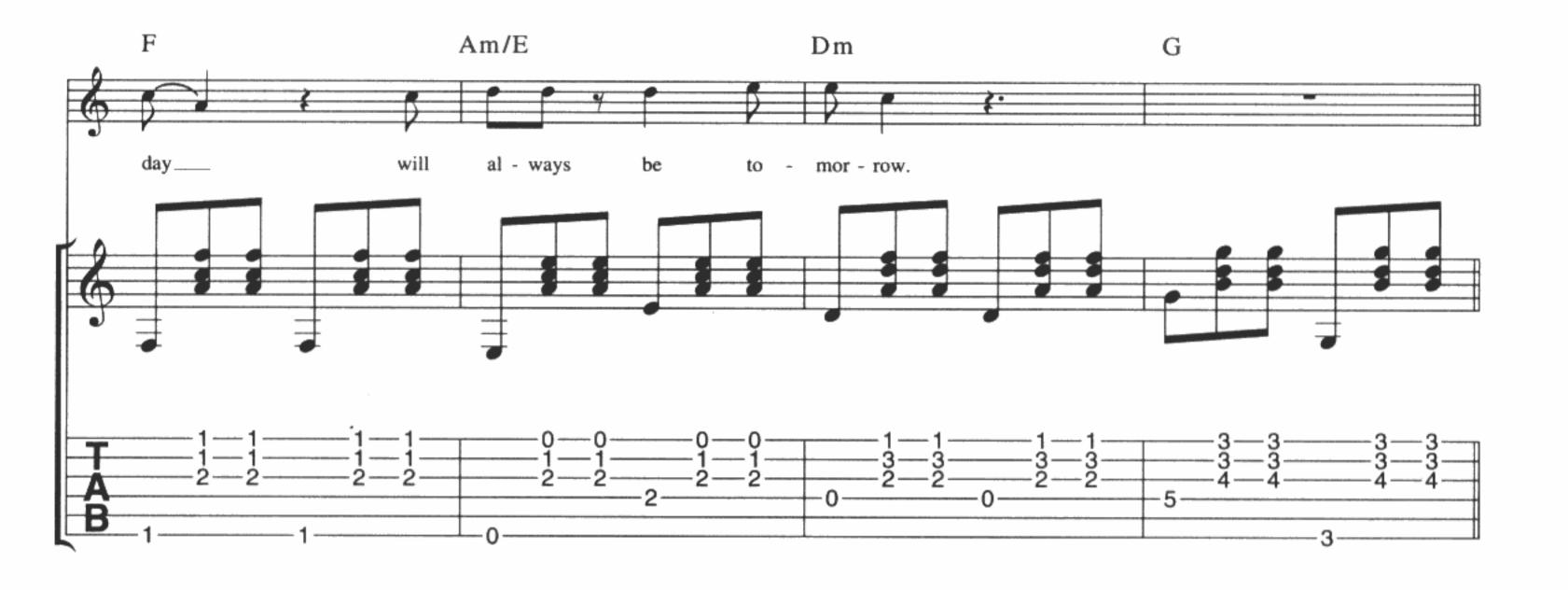


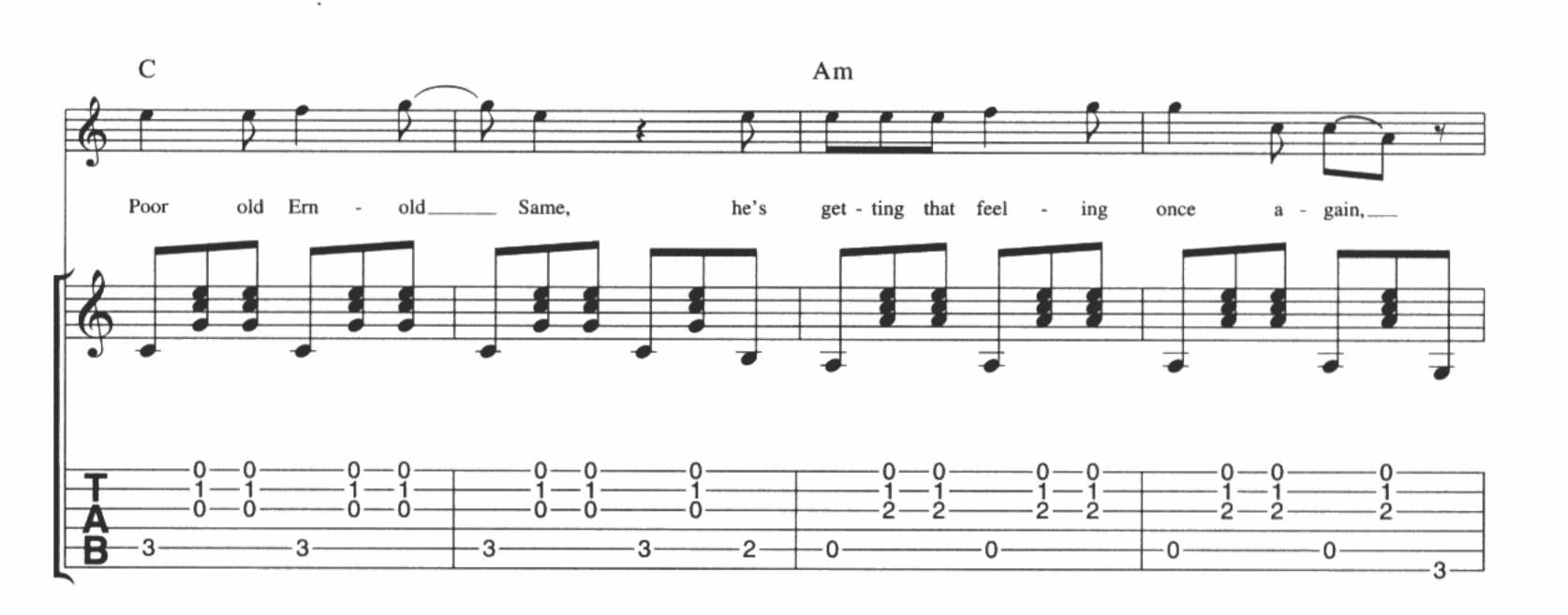


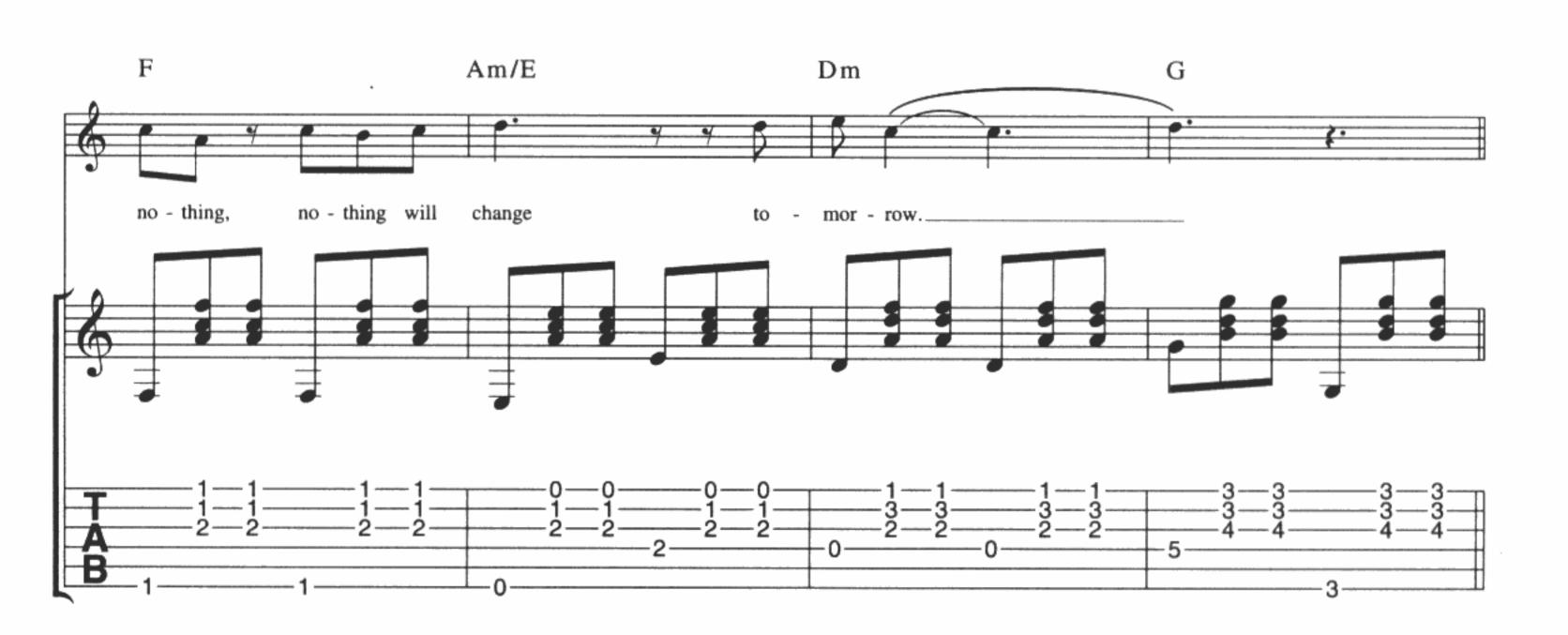


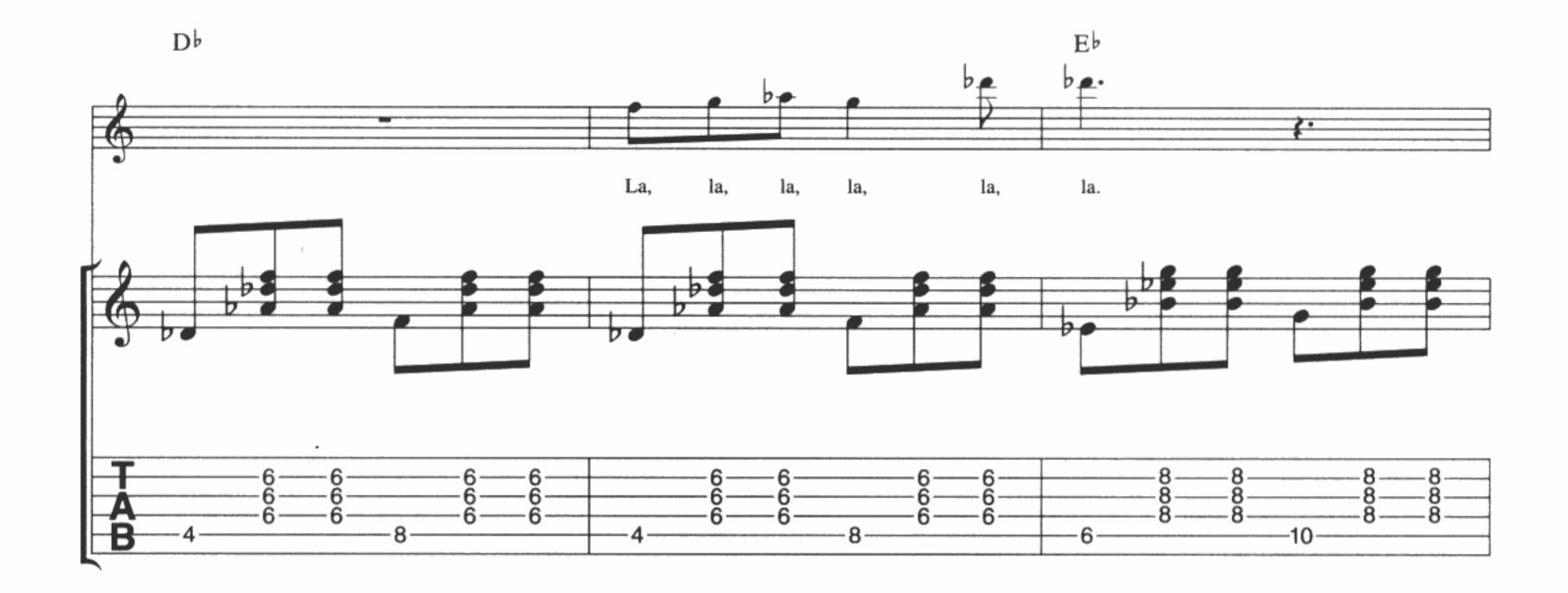


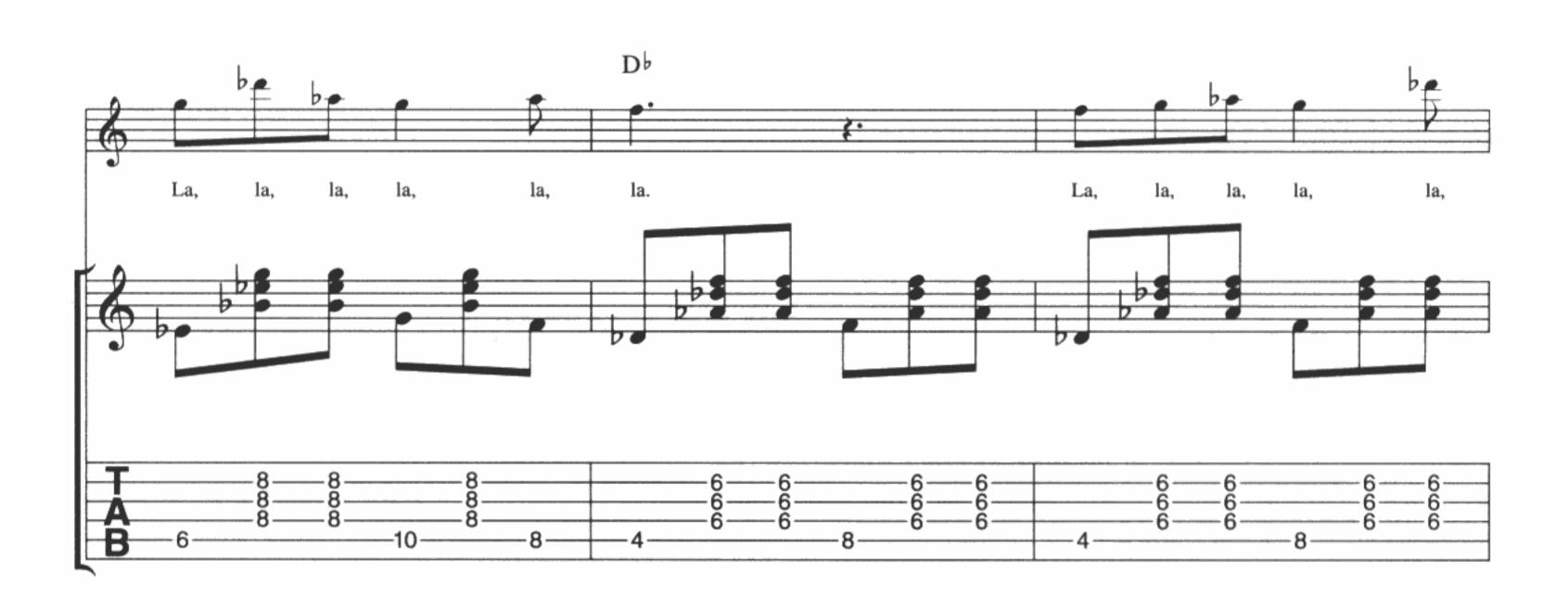


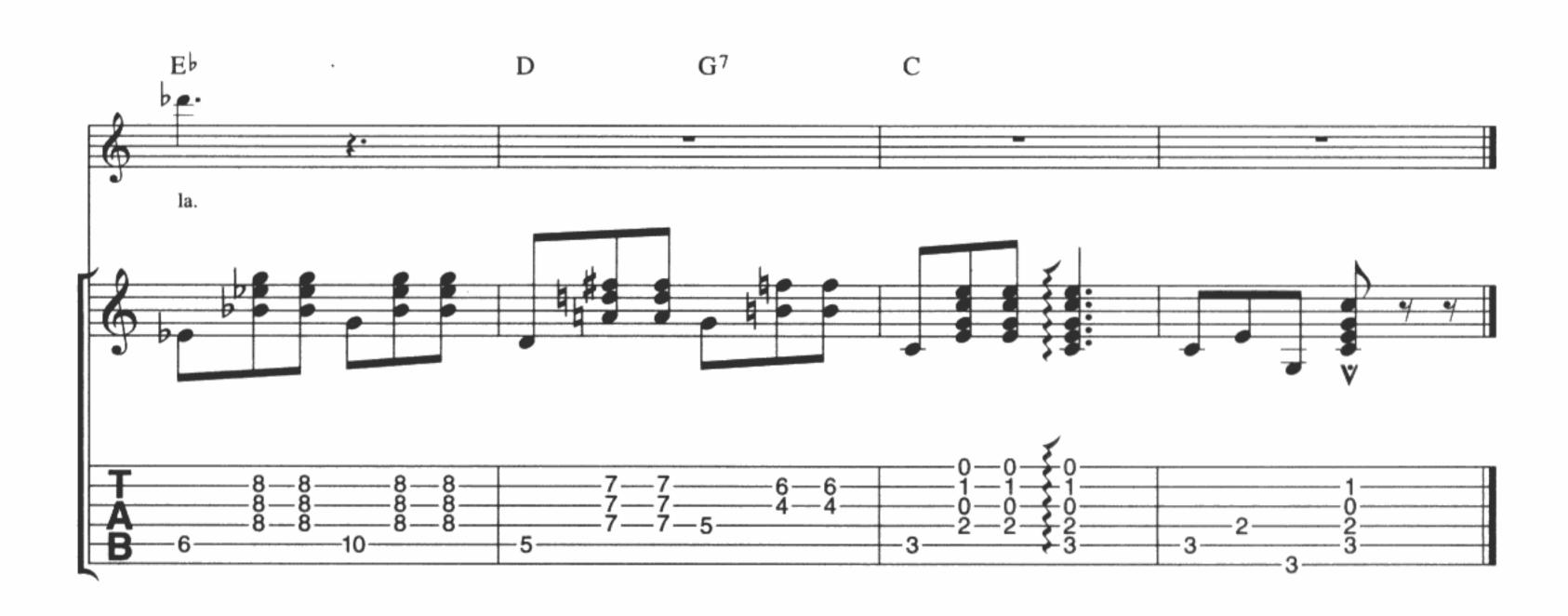






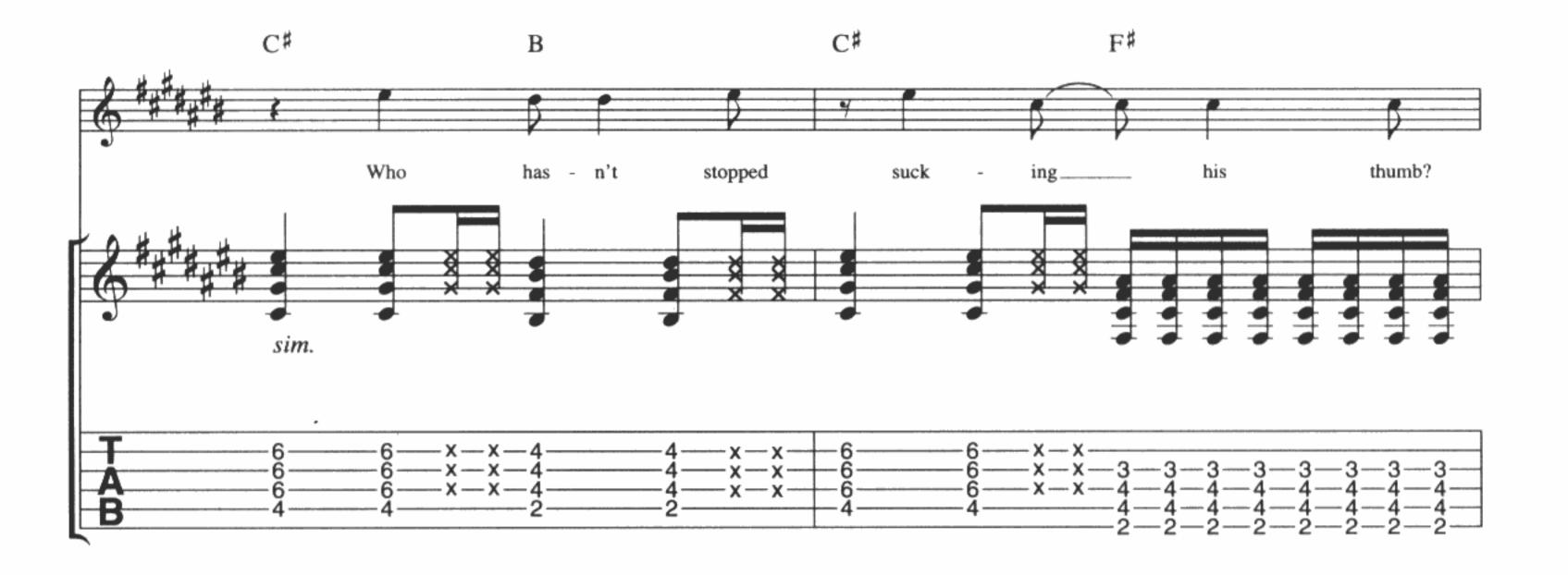


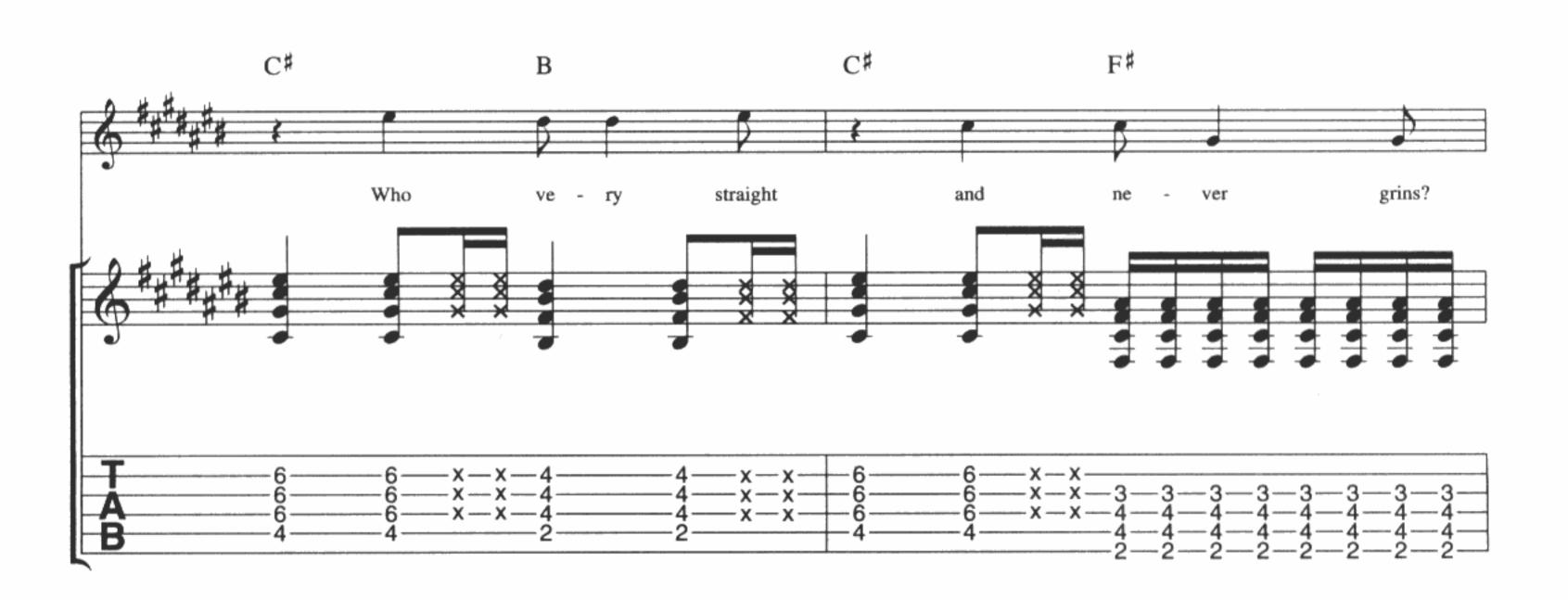


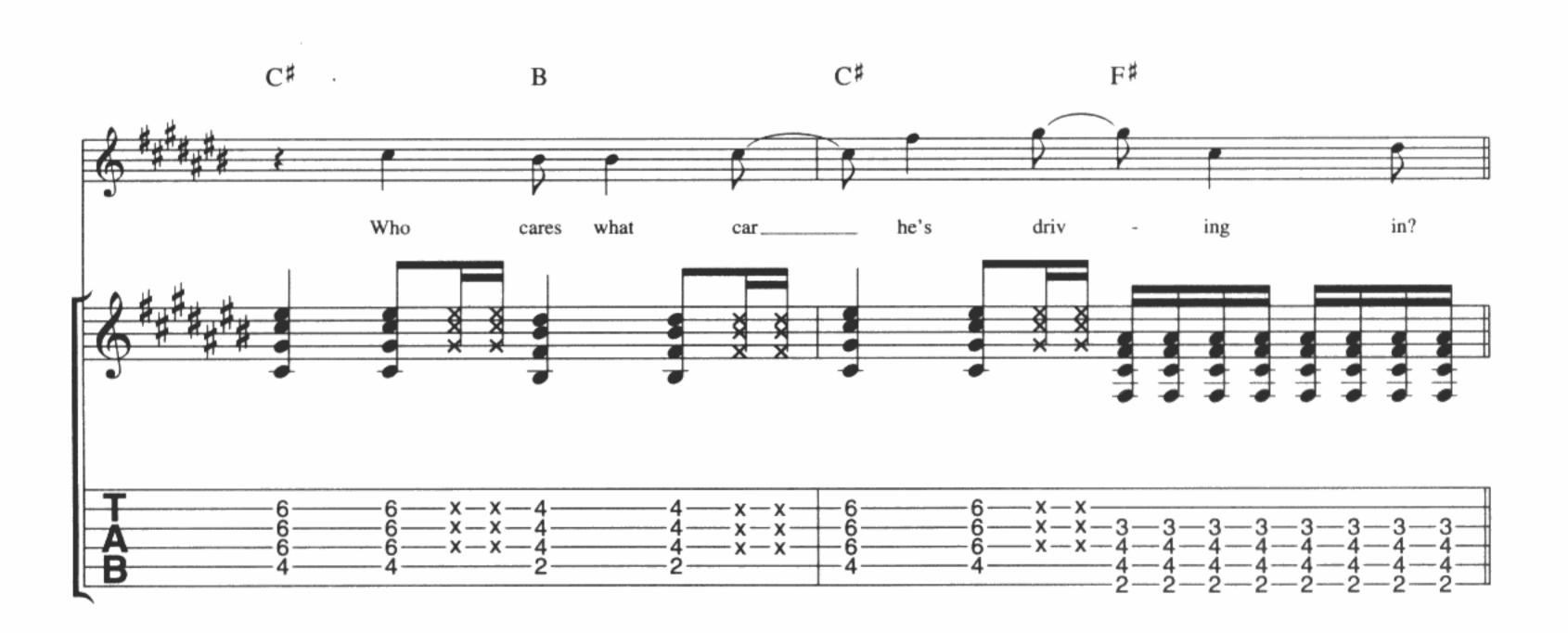


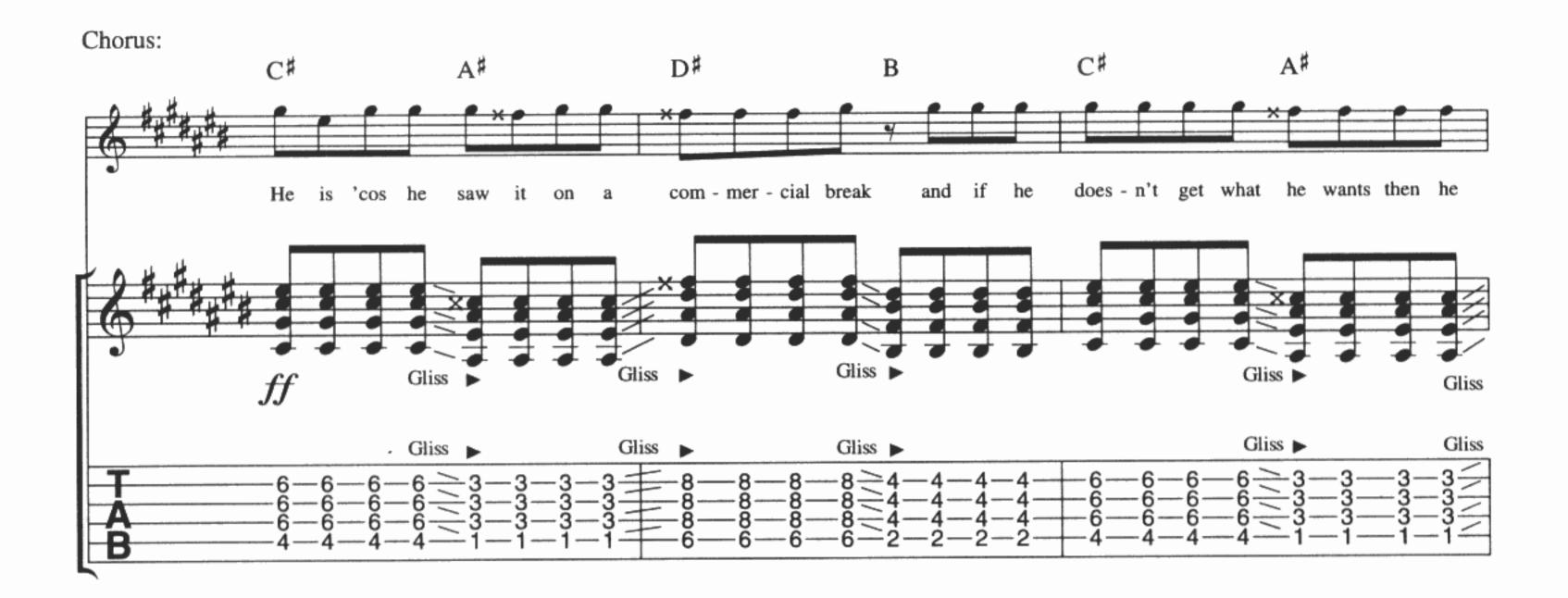
Globe Alone

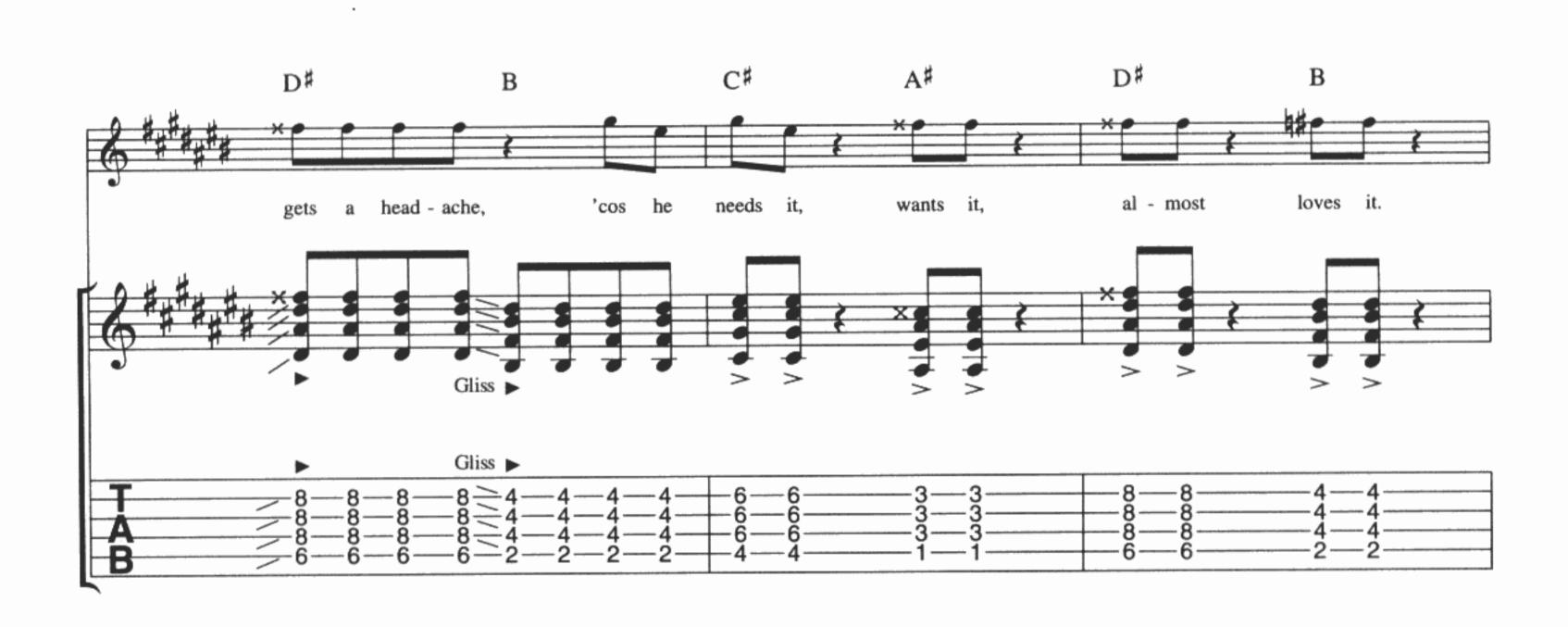


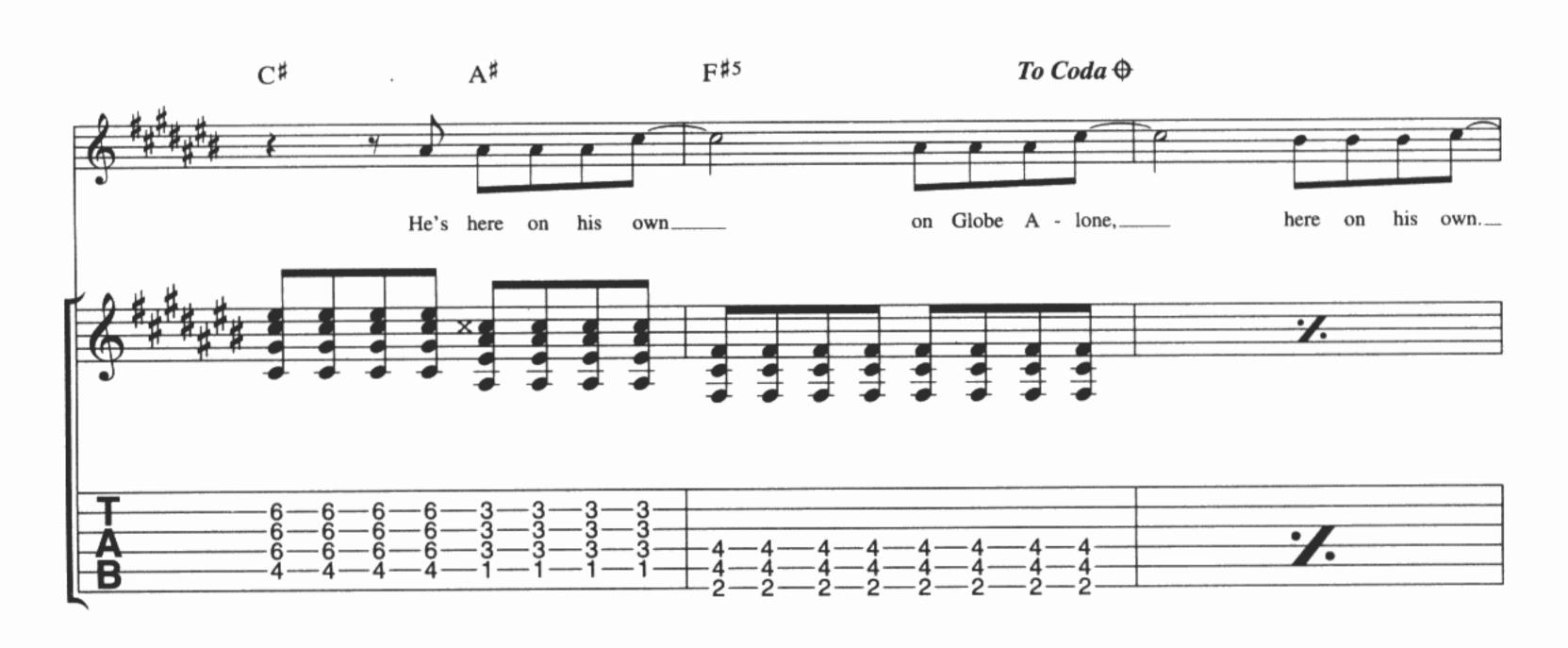


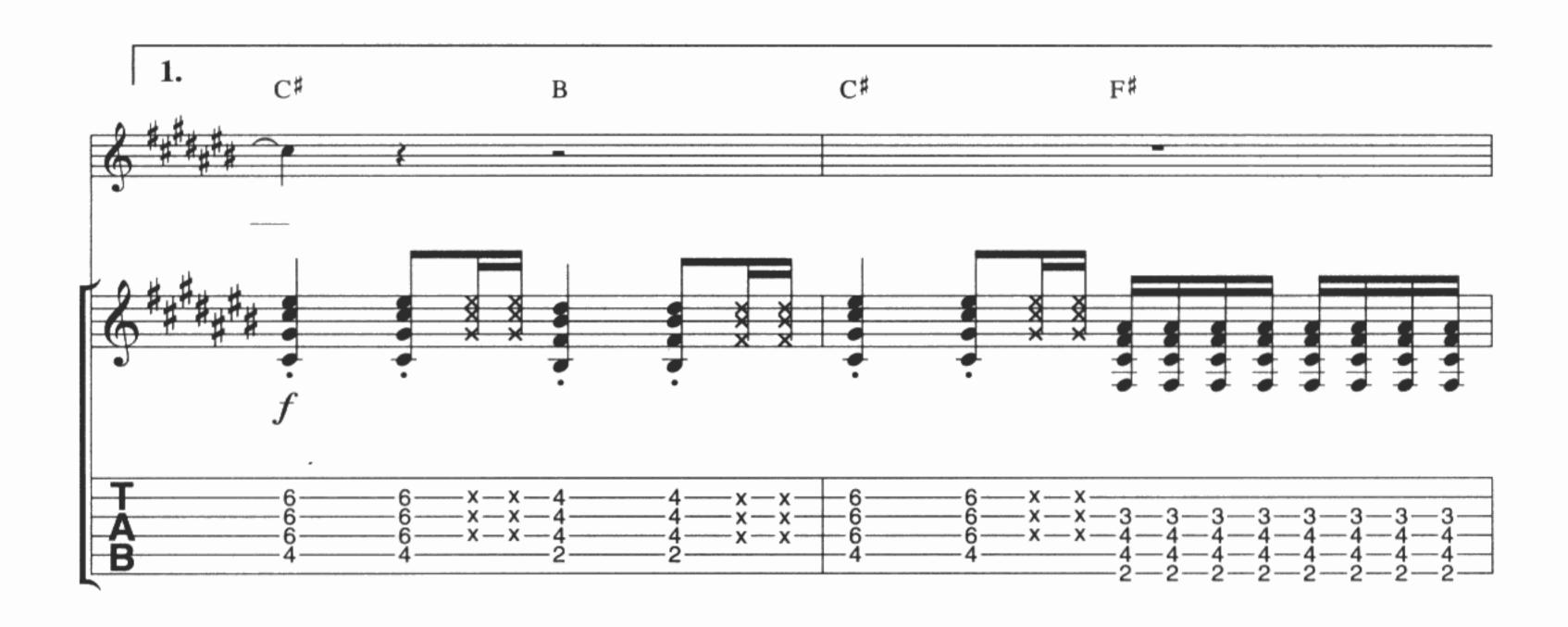


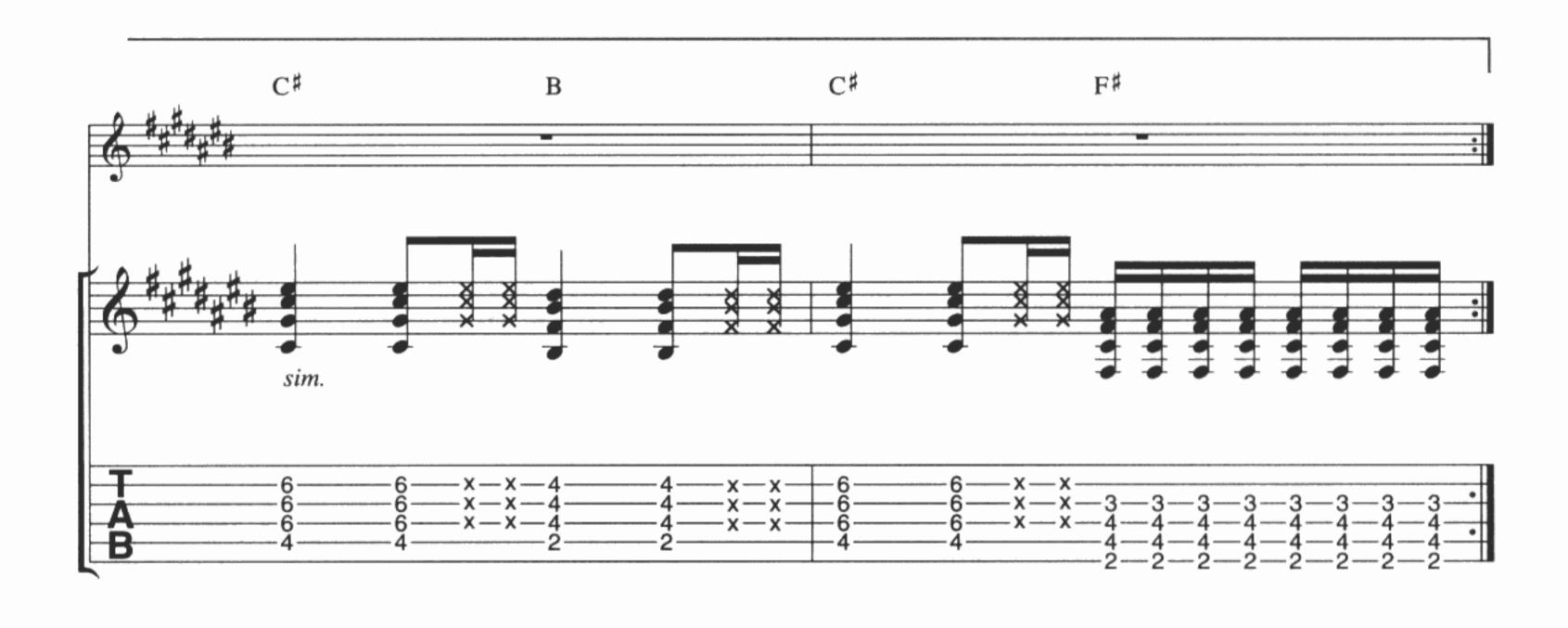


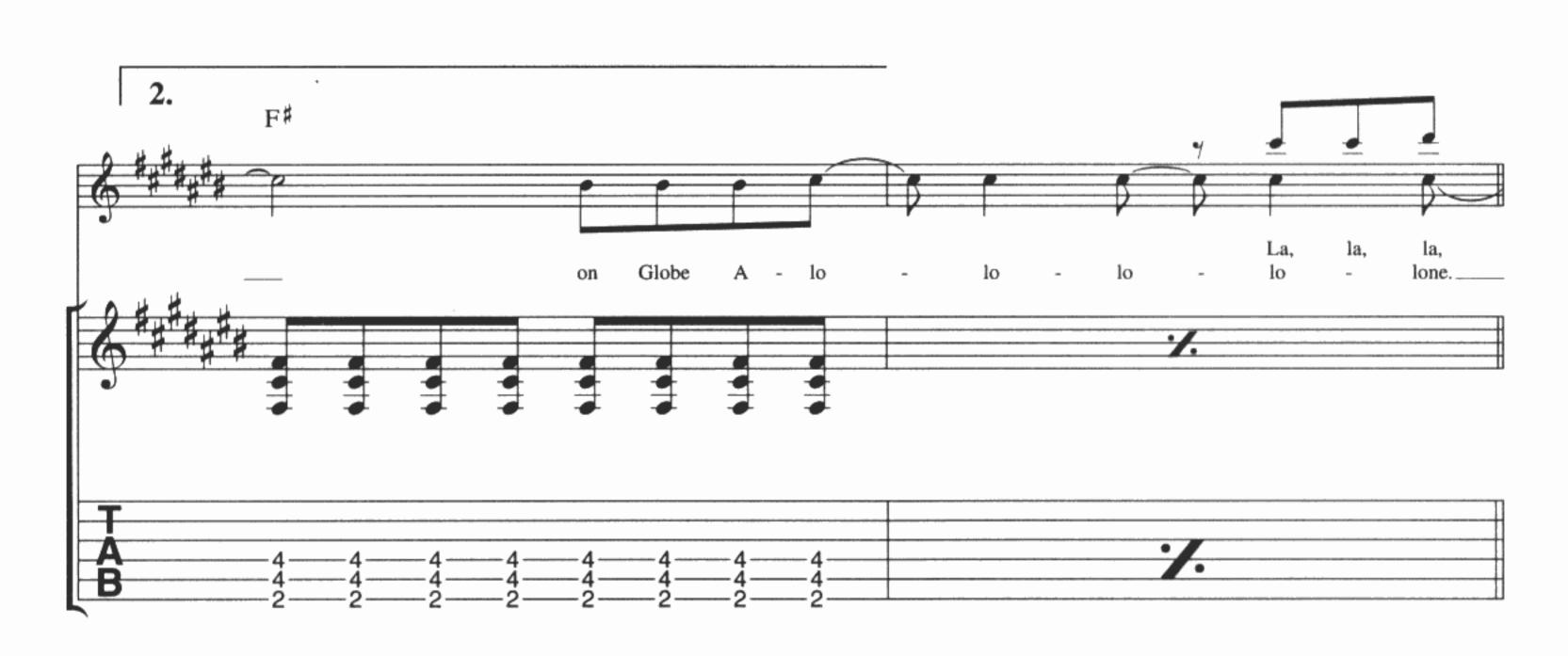


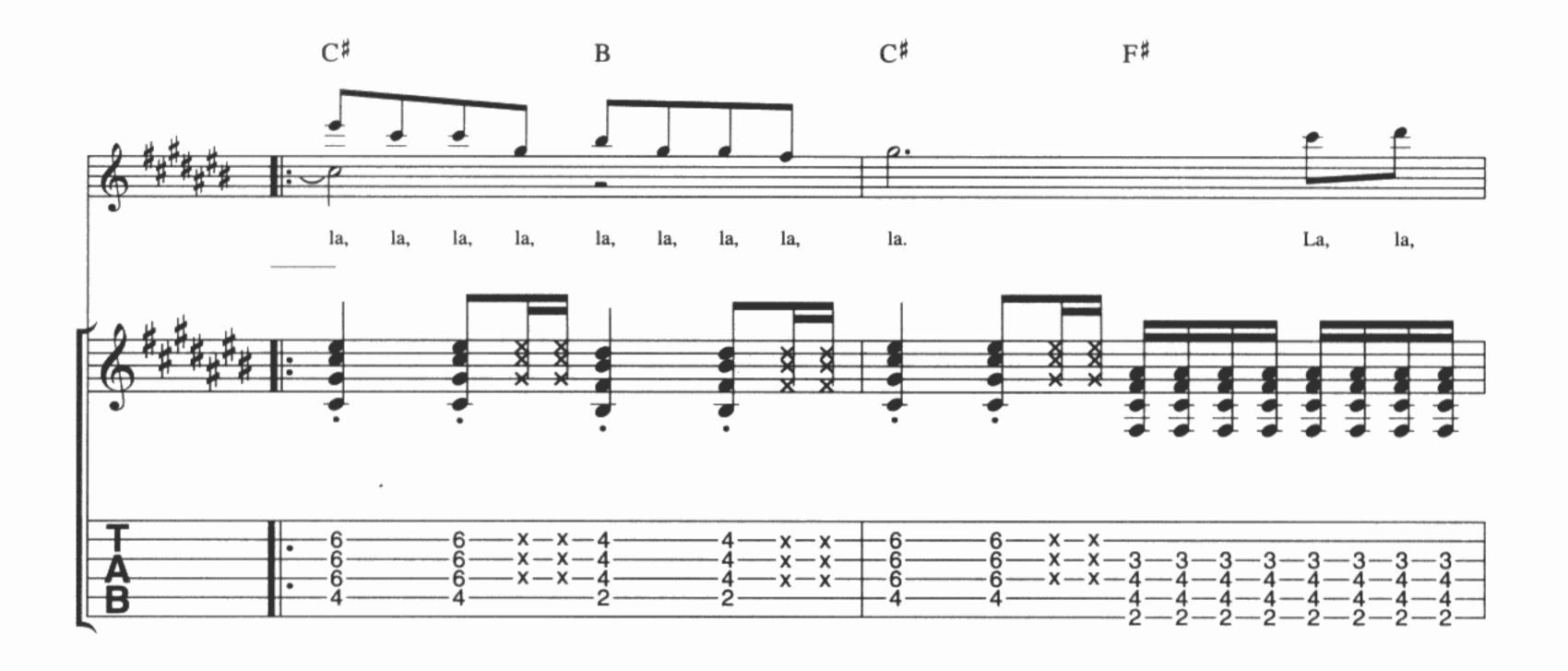


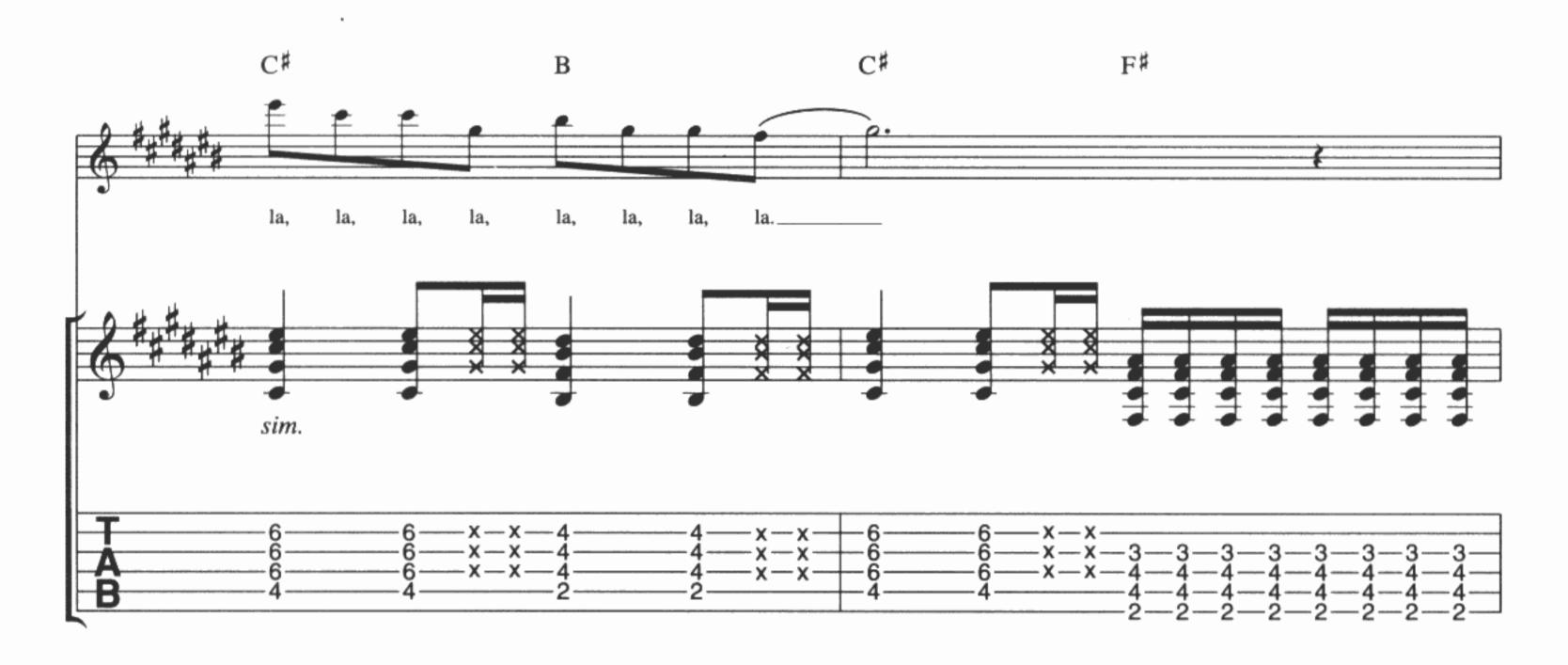


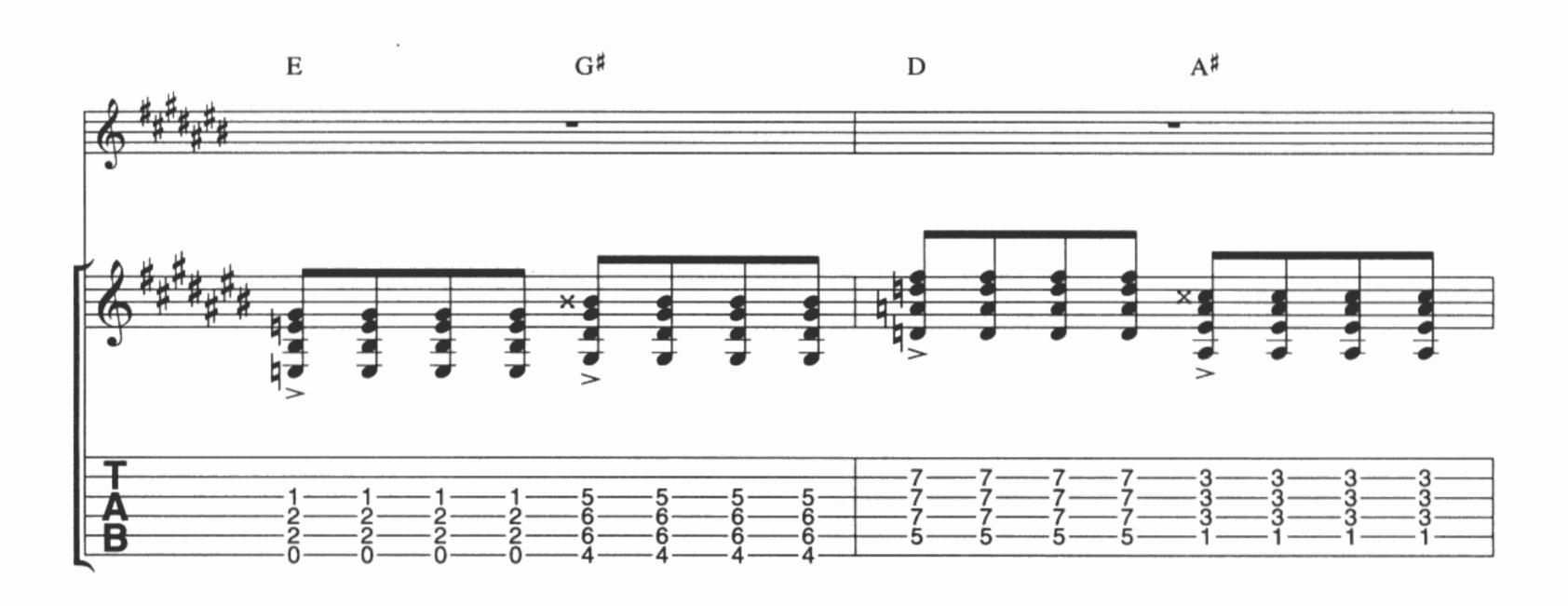


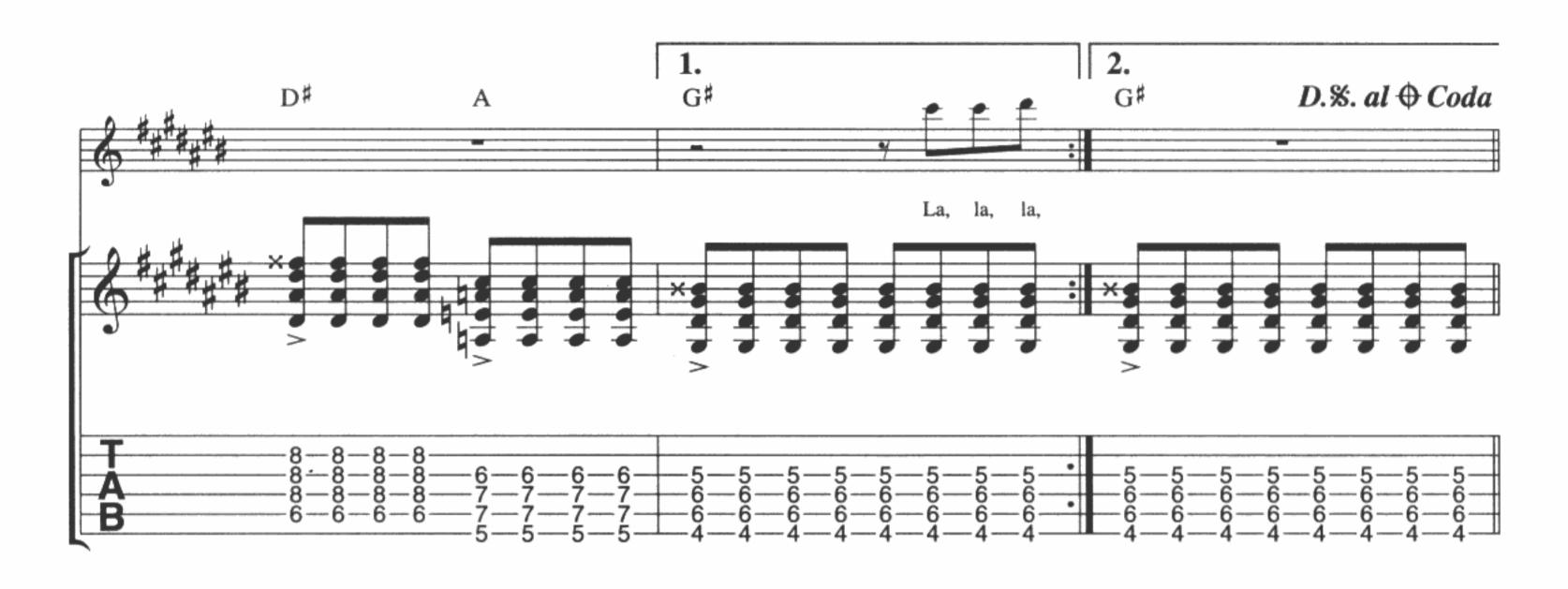


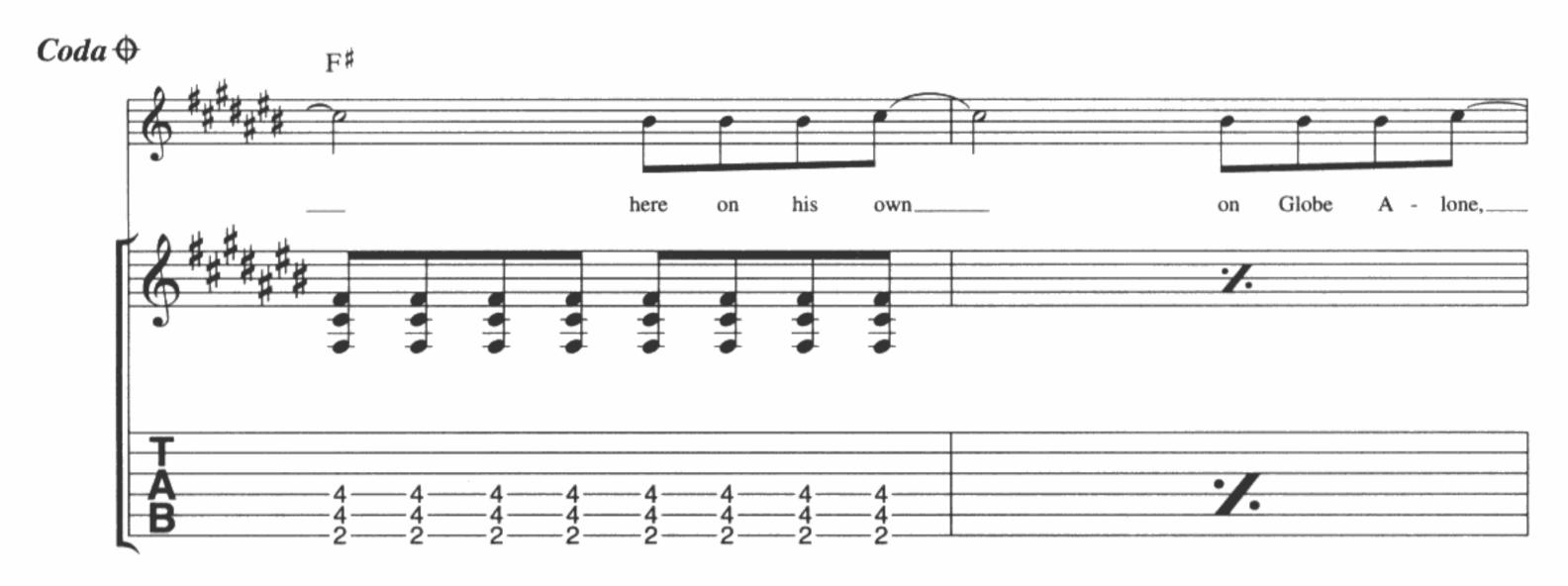


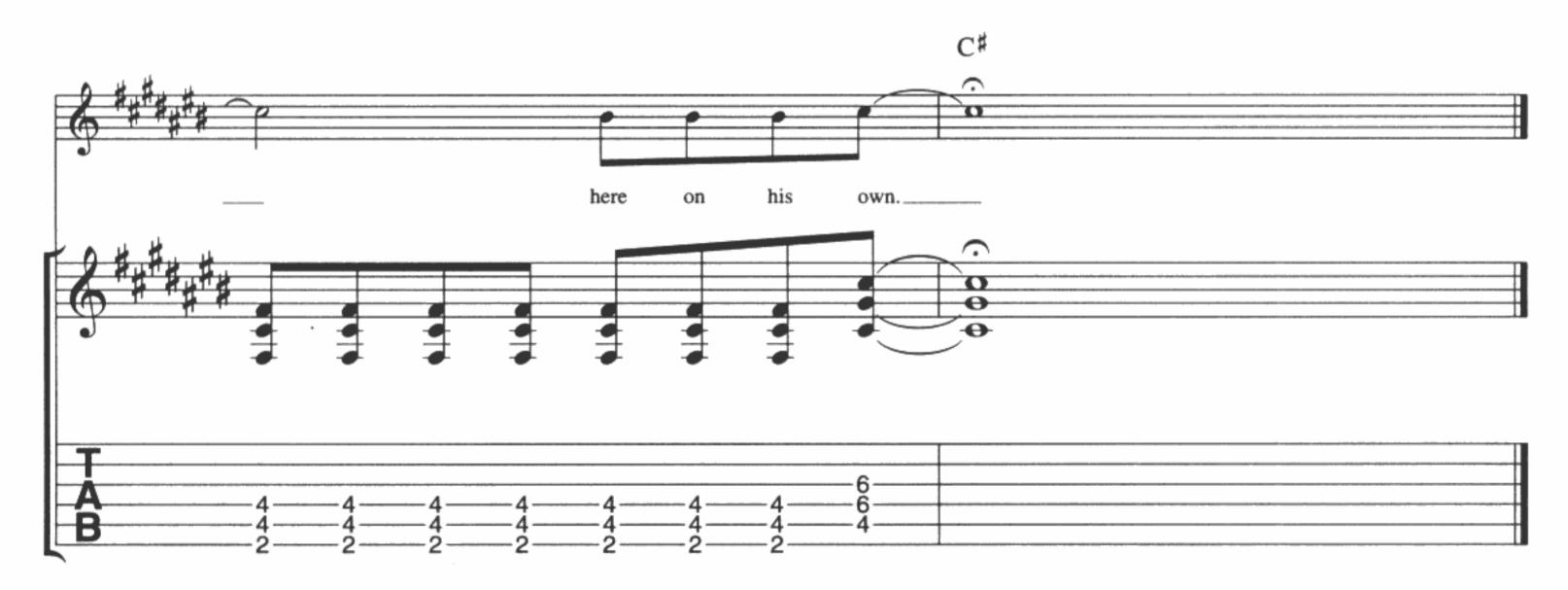












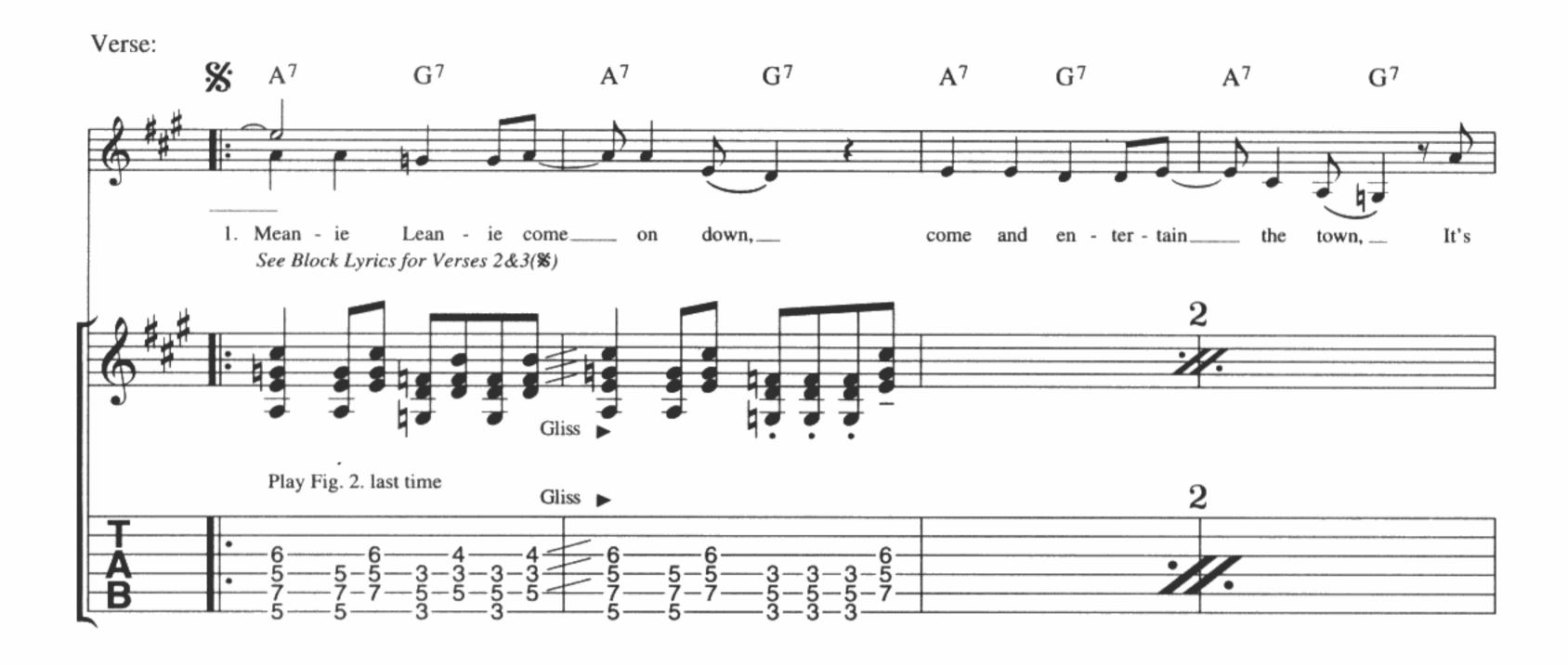
Verse 2: Who joined health club to glisten? Into hi-fi precision? Who mobile phone gives him the bone? Who very keen on Sharon Stone?

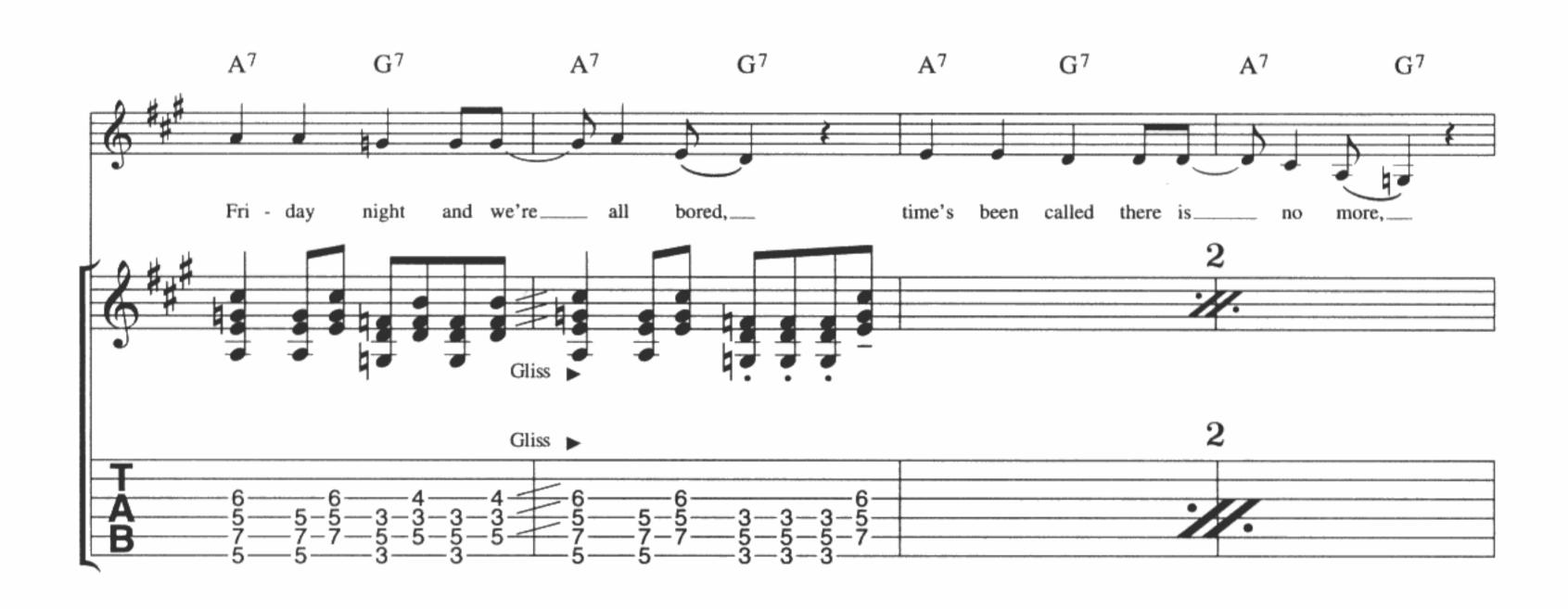
Verse 3(%):
Who only eats at the new brasserie?
Who only ever gets merry?
Who wouldn't be seen at bed time
Without putting Calvin Kleins on?

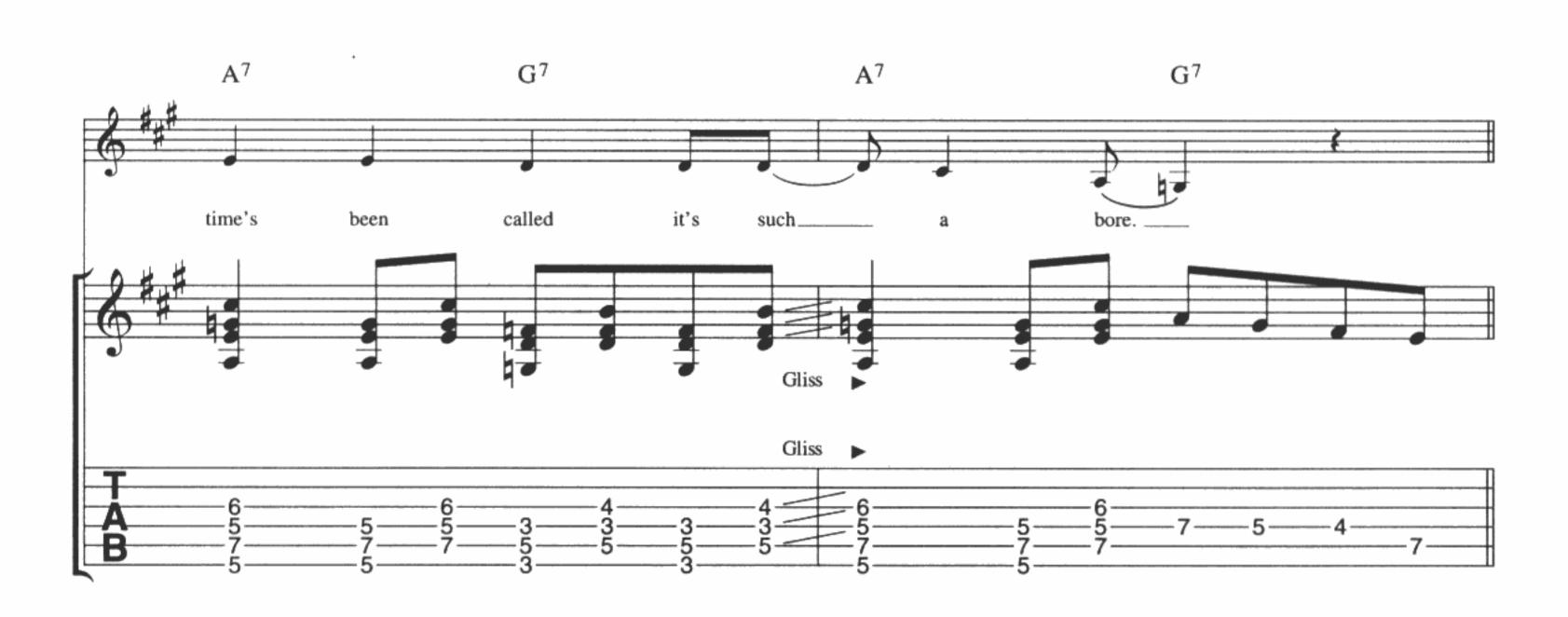
Dan Abnormal

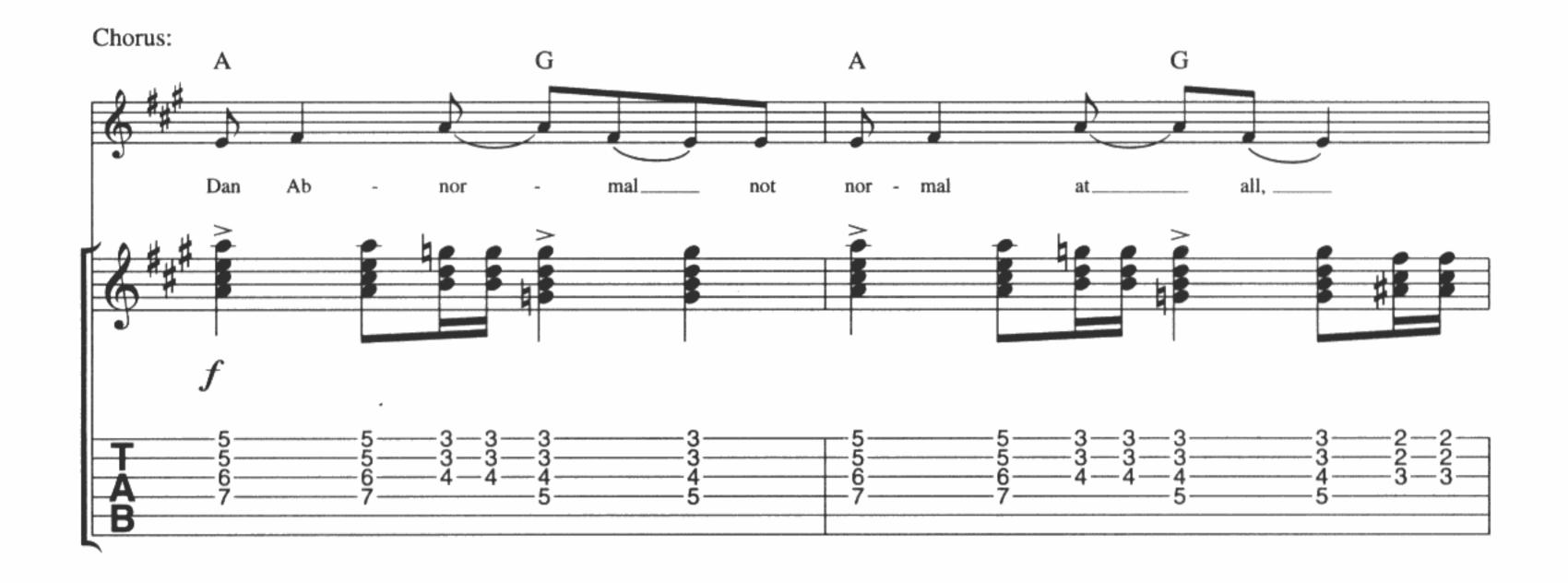


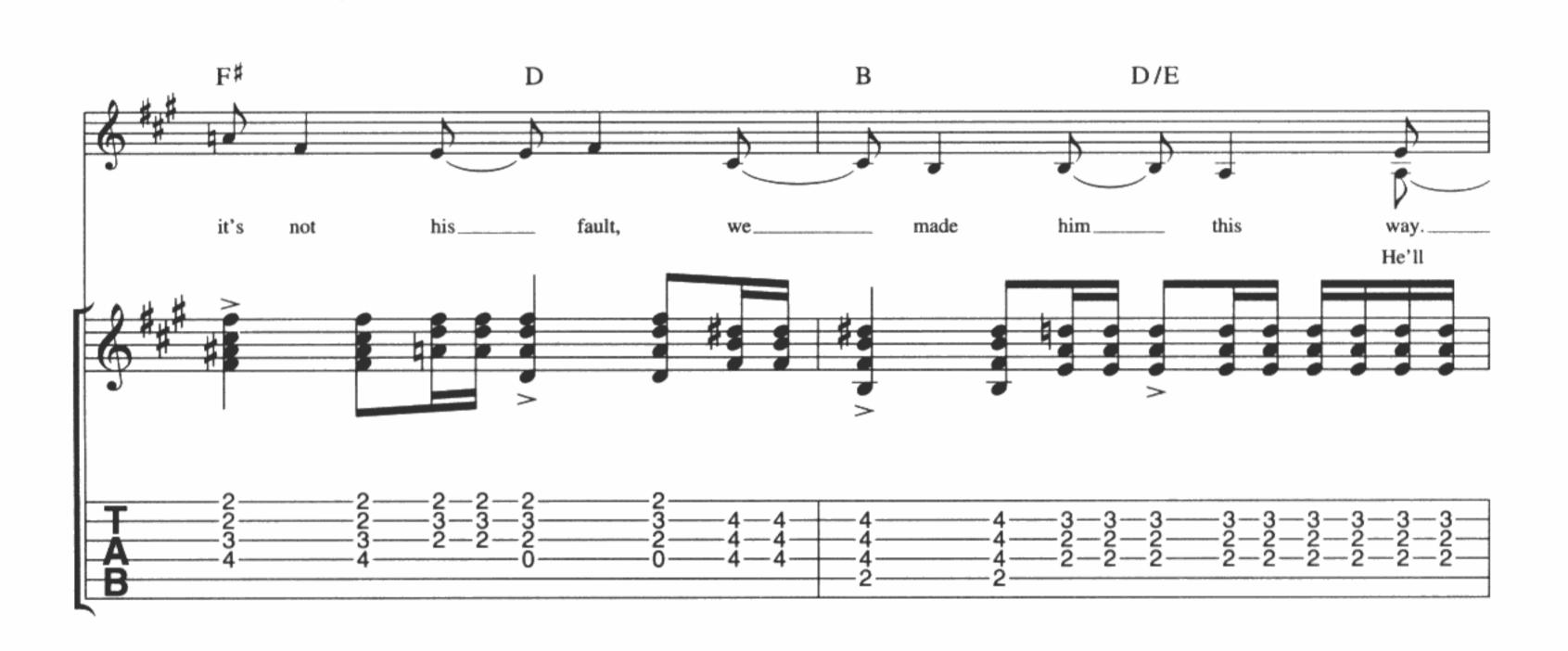
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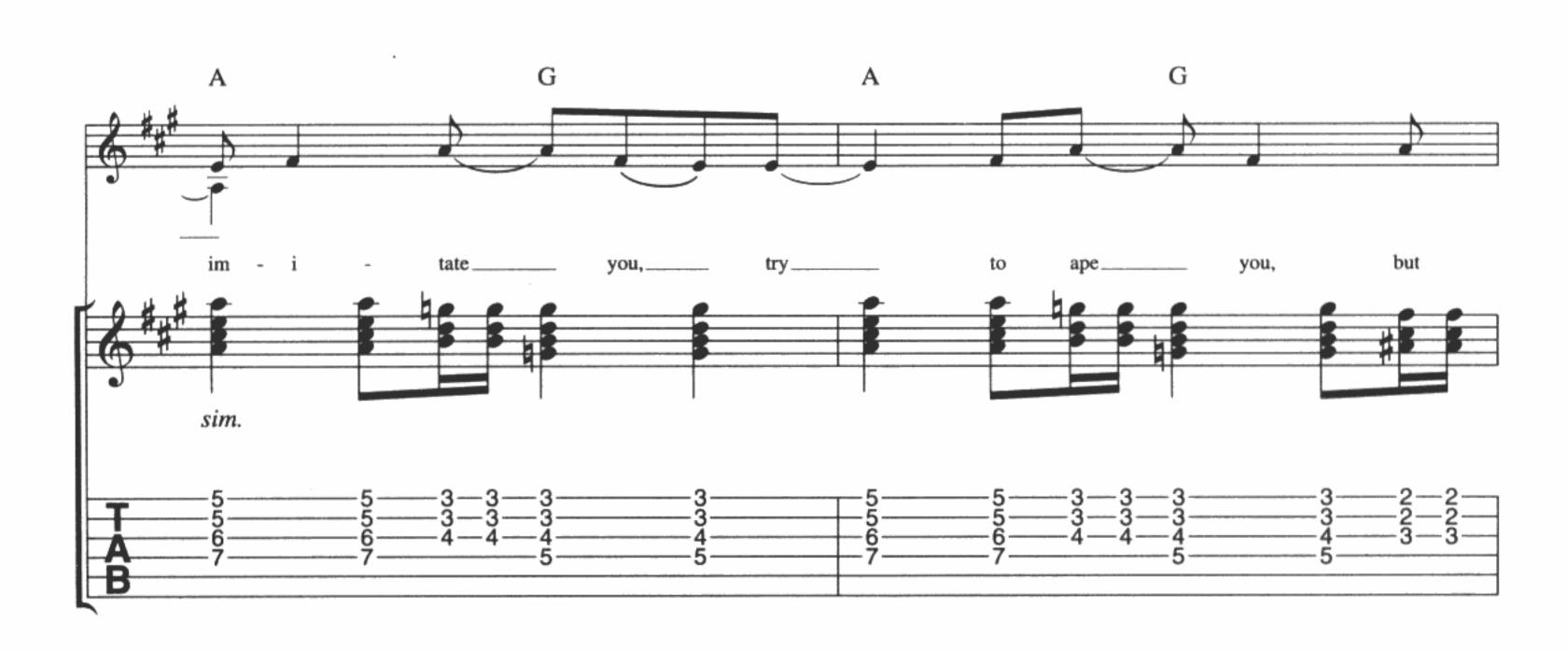


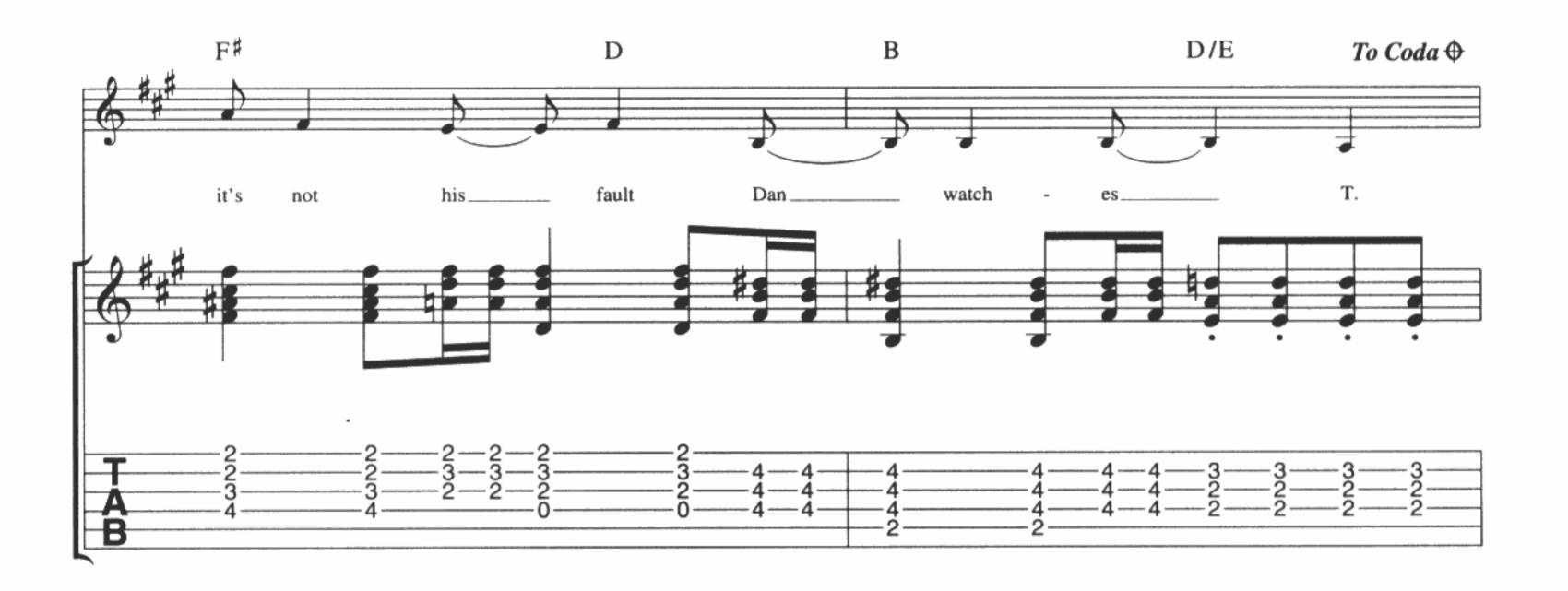


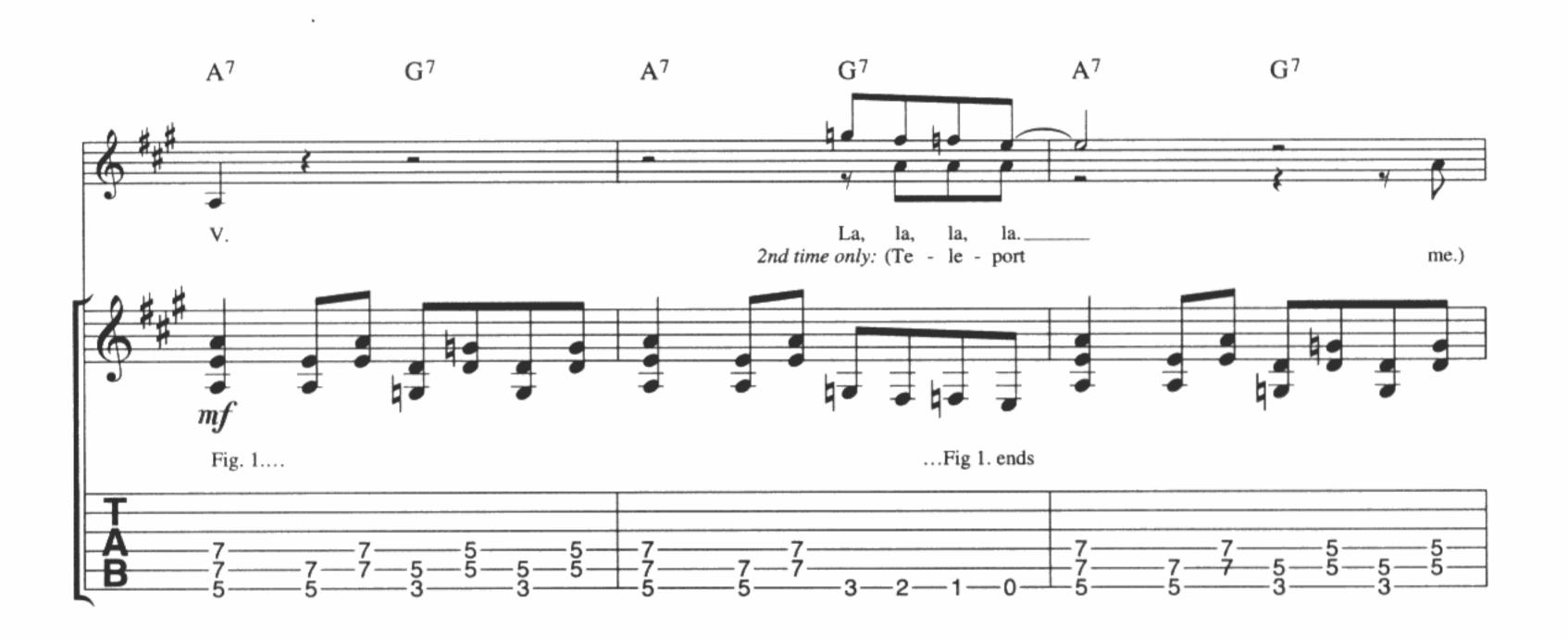


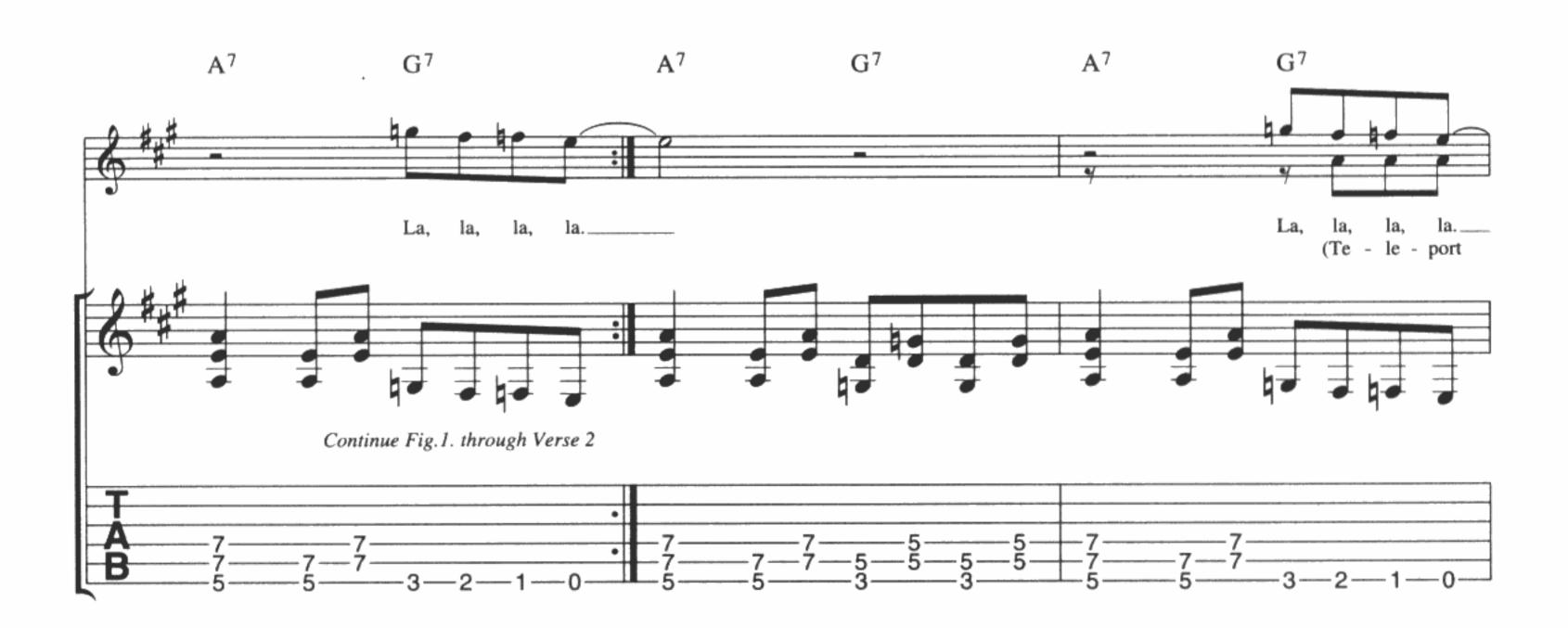


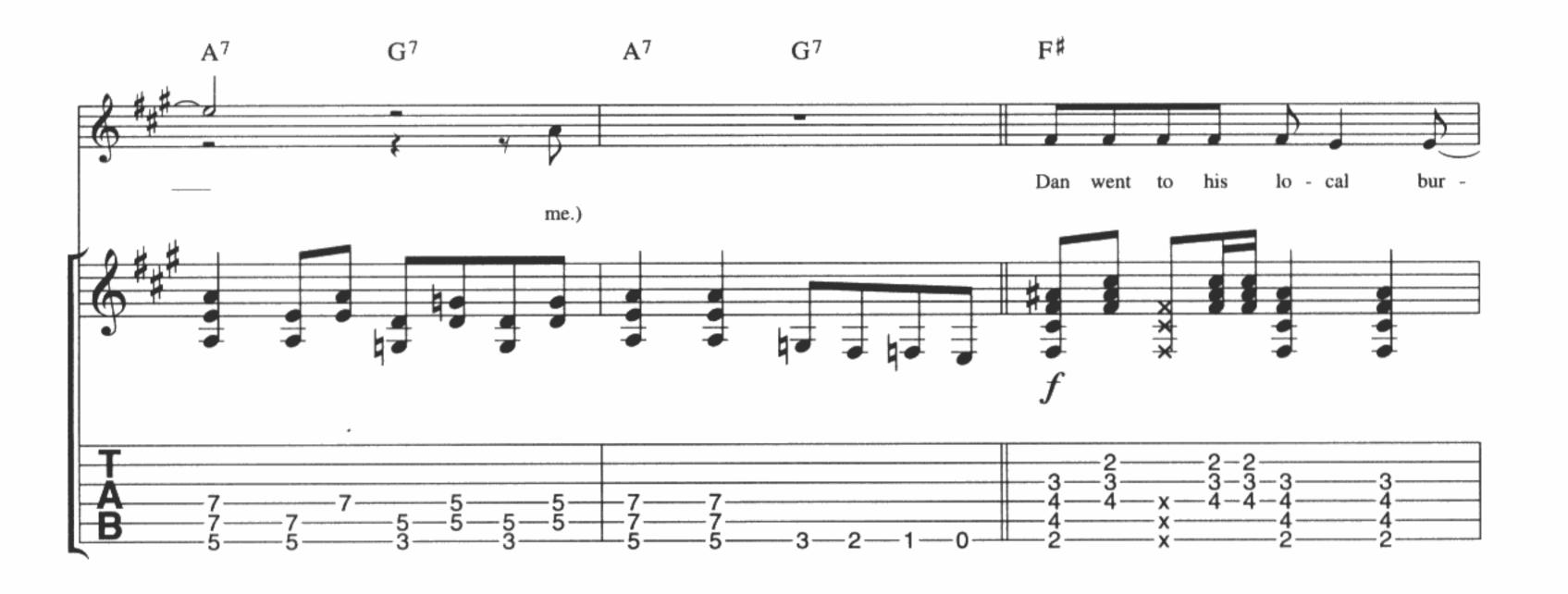


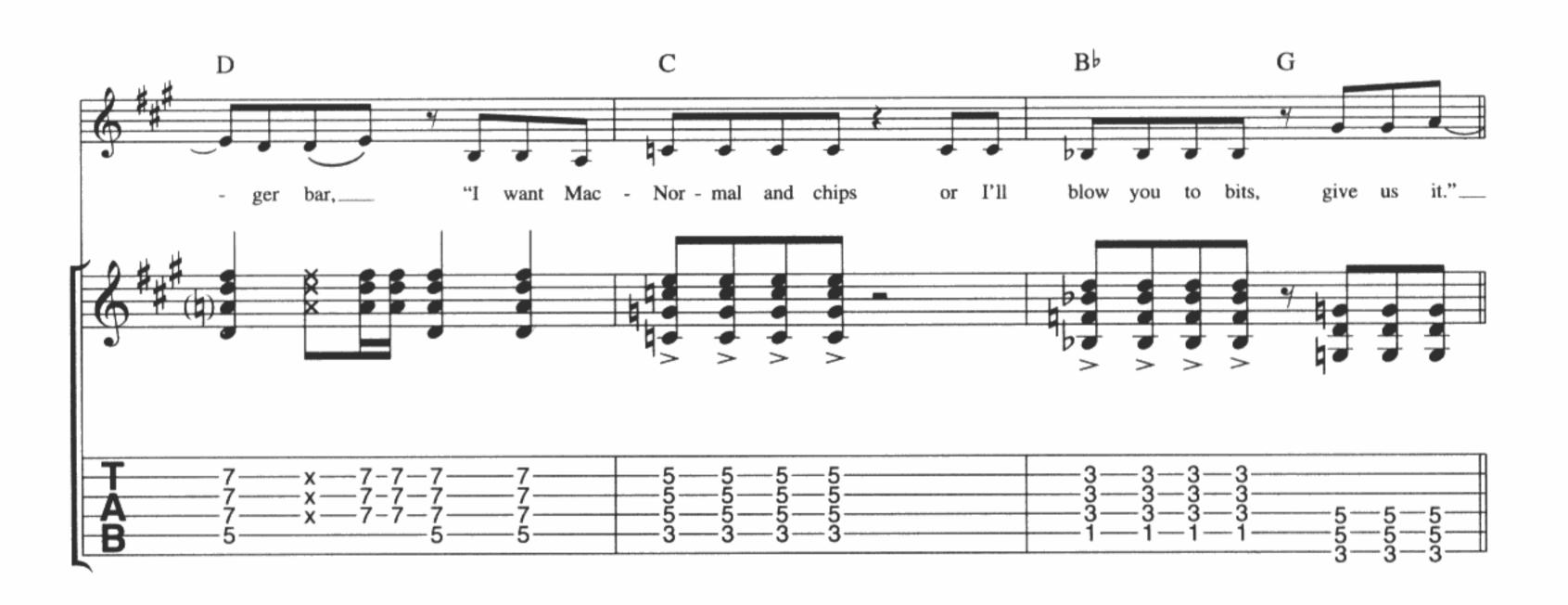


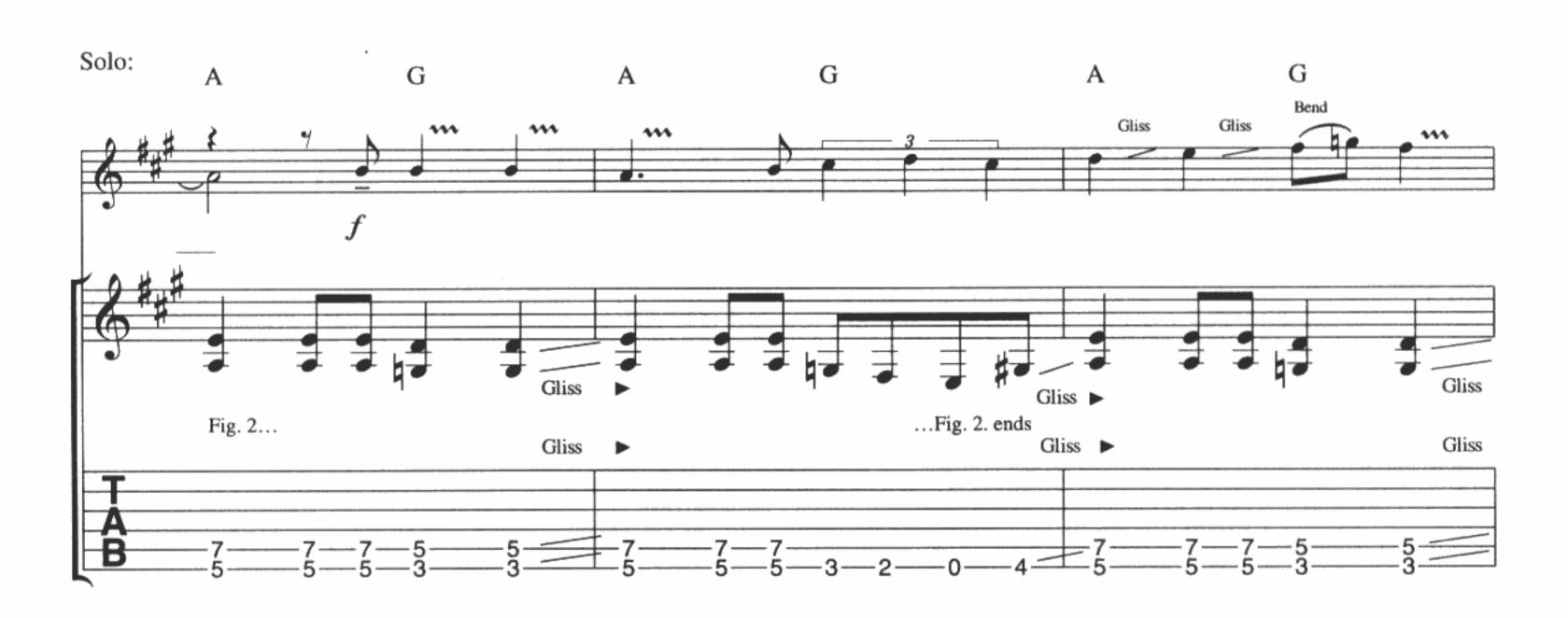


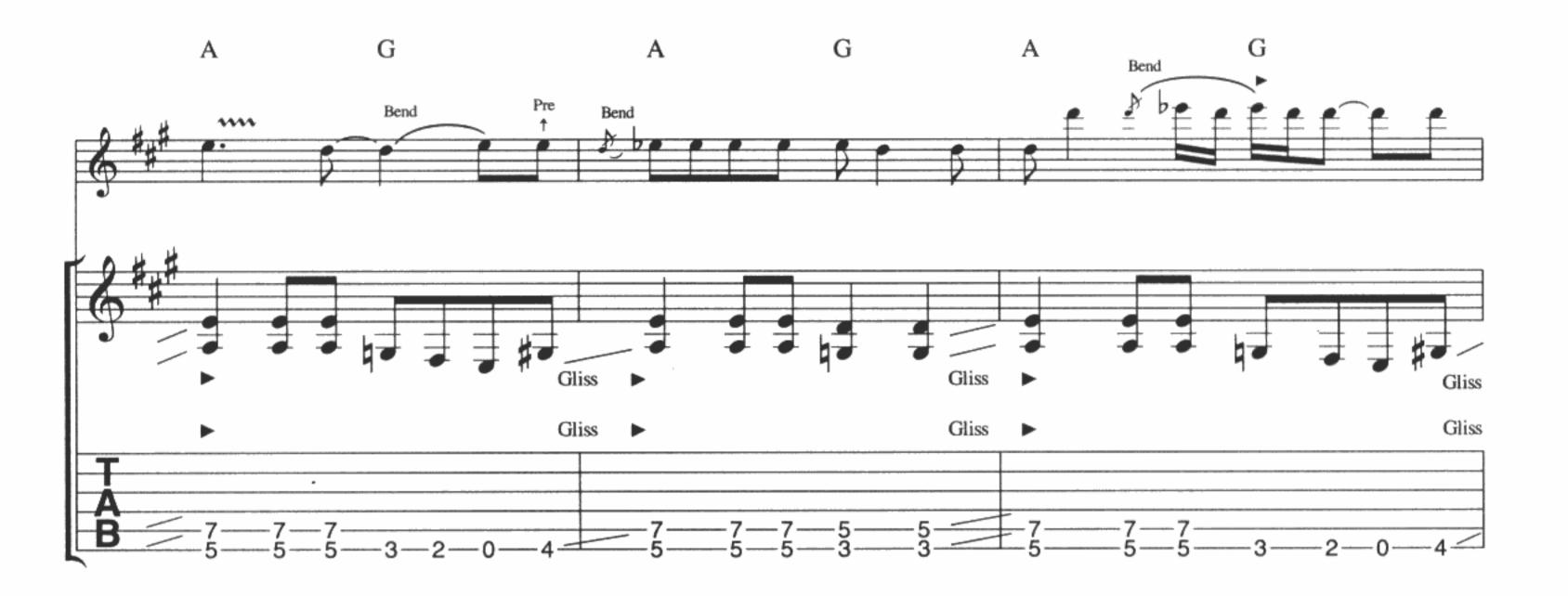


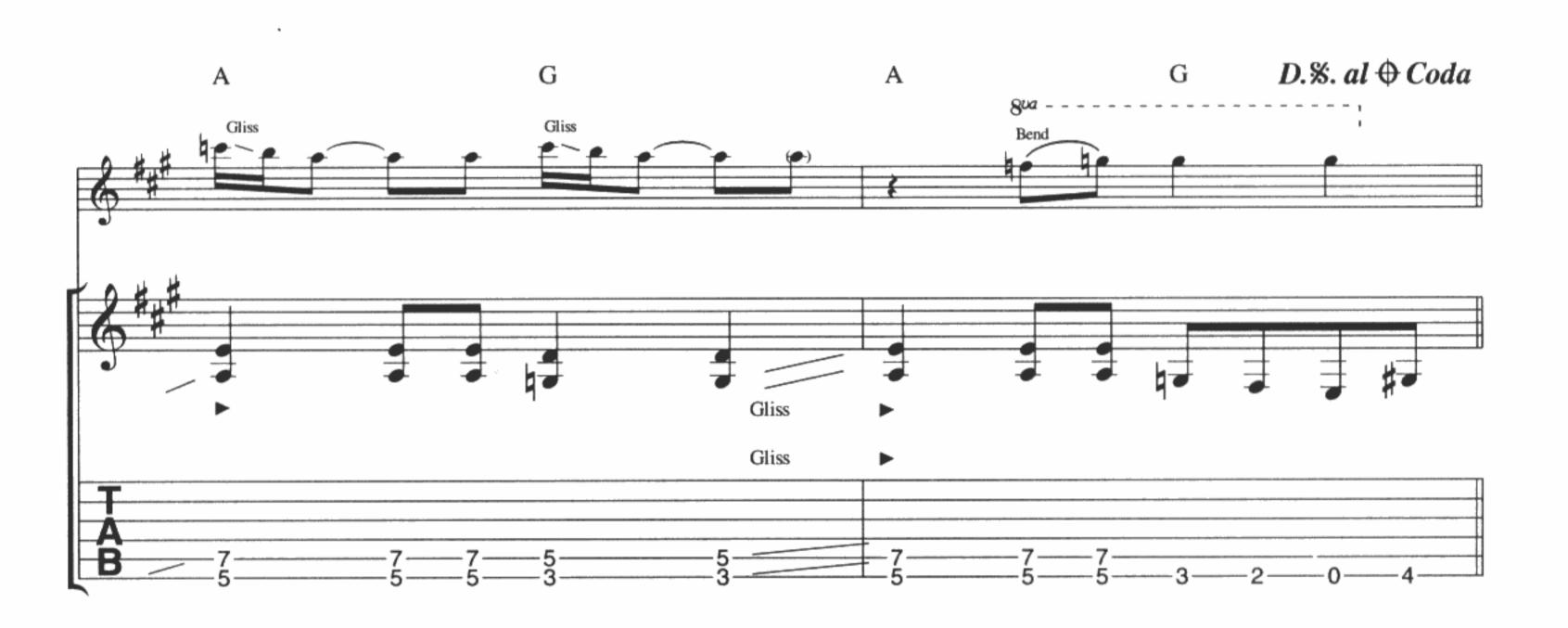


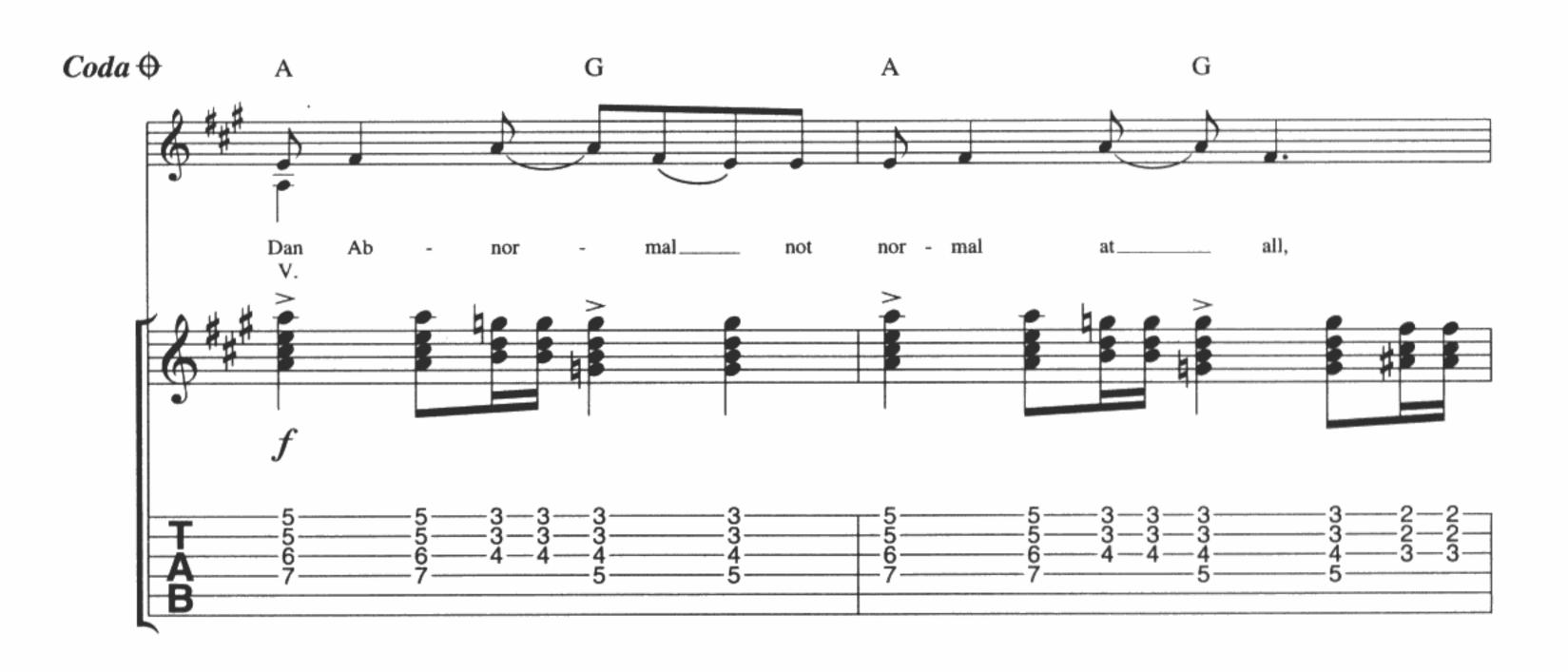


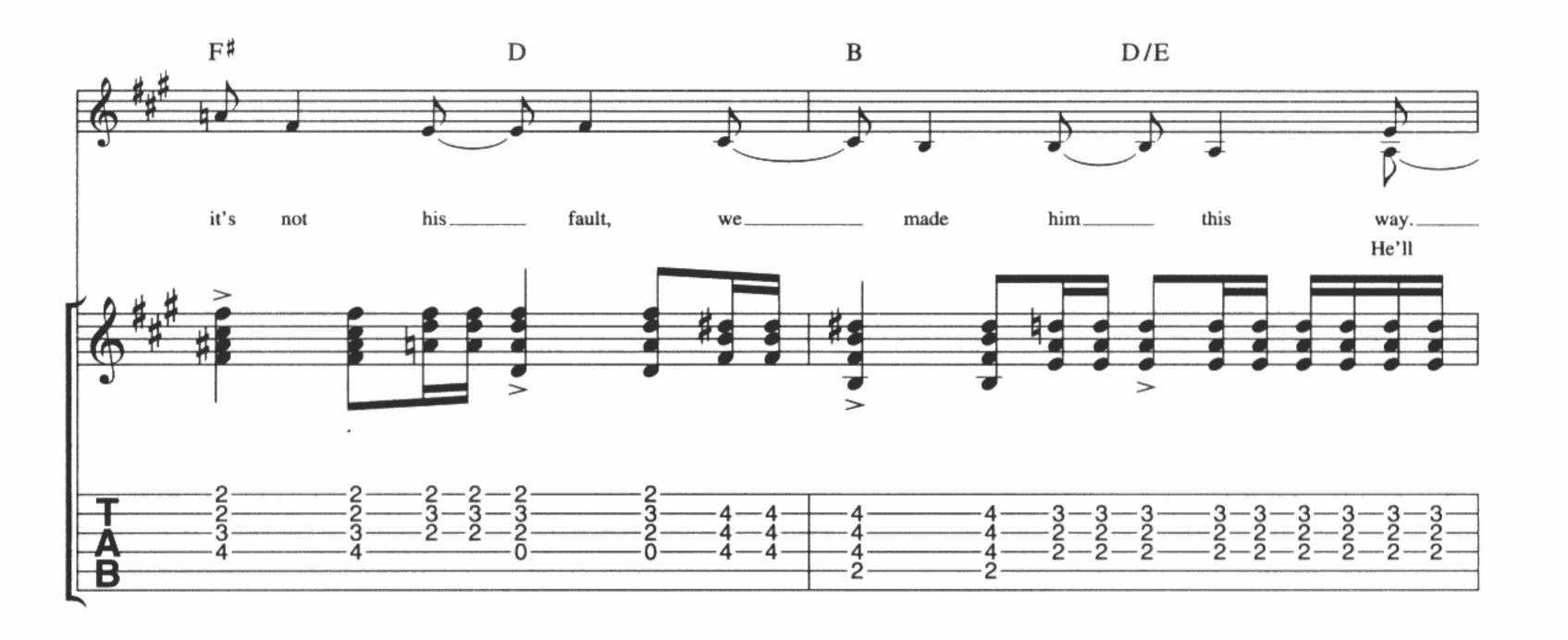


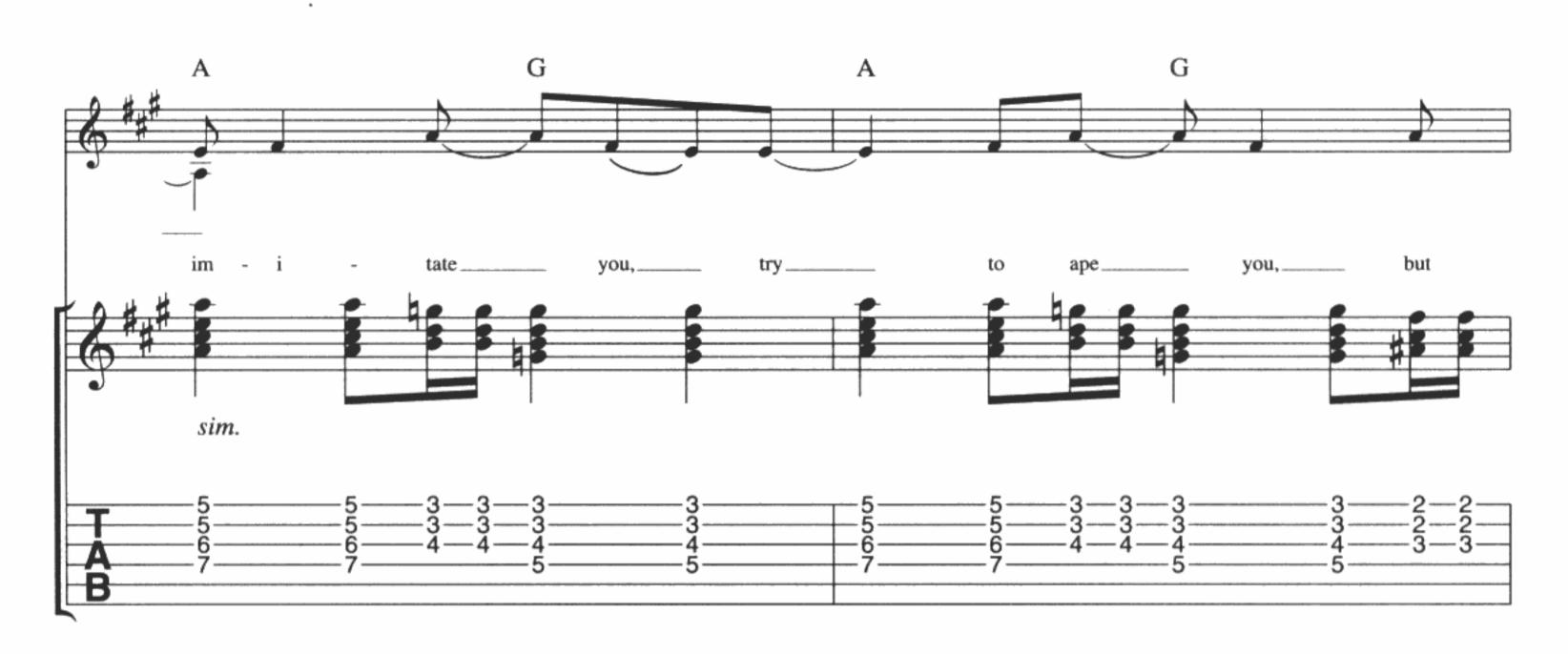


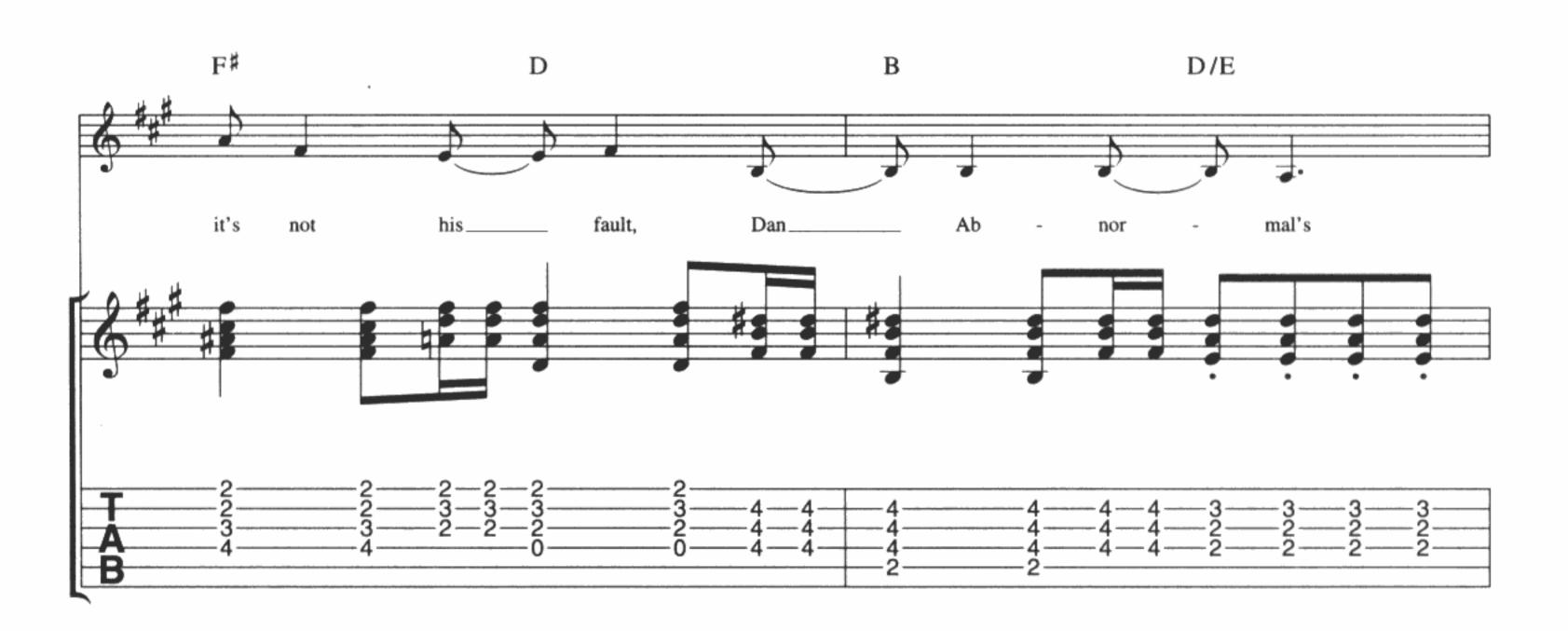


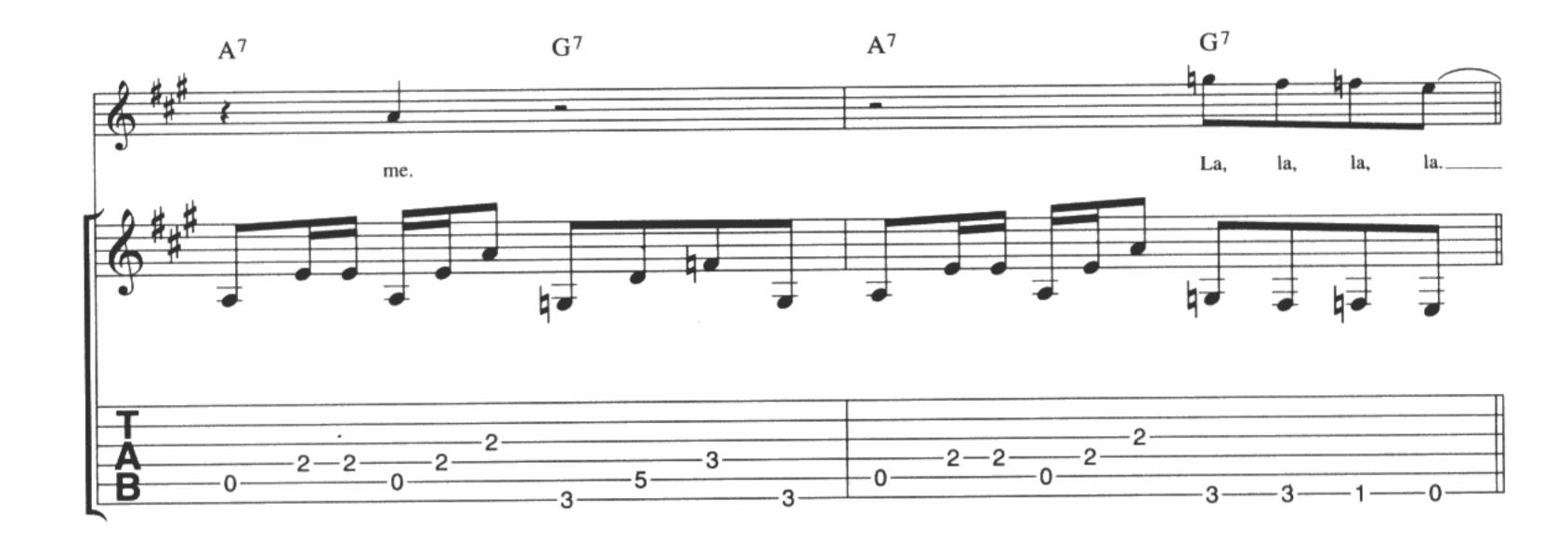


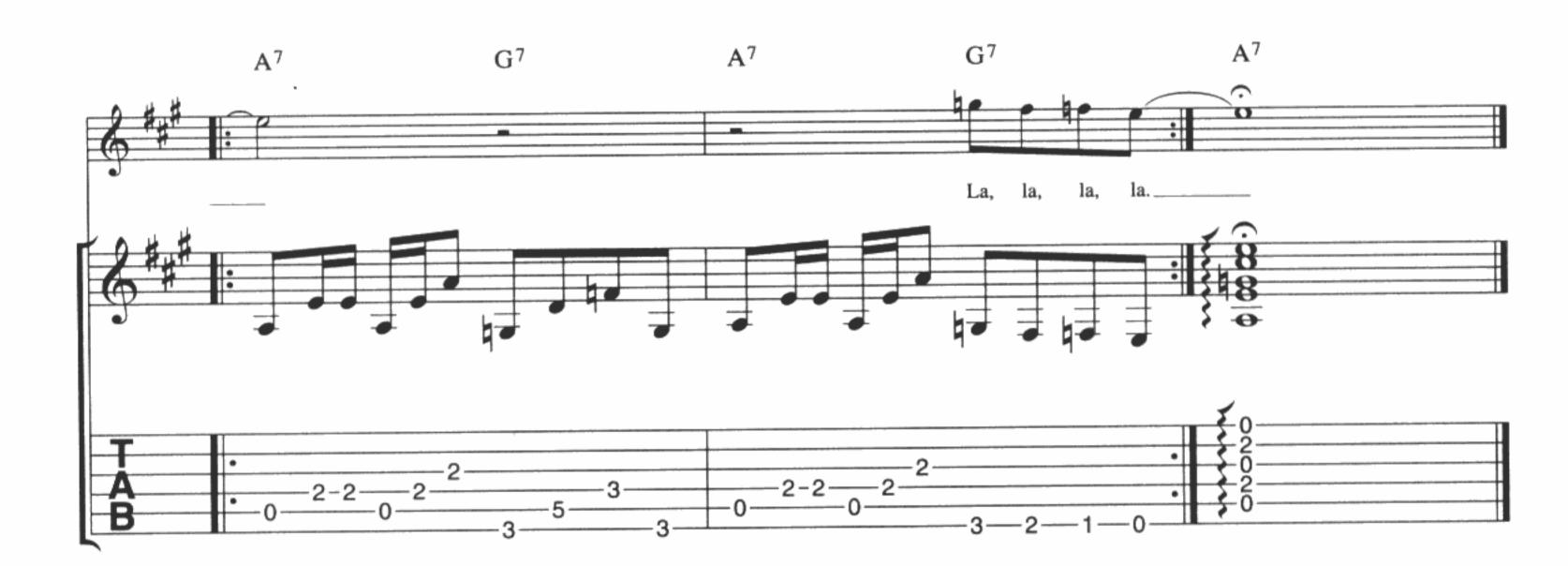












Verse 2:

The Meanie Leanie stays up late
Mopes around, gets in a state
He's the killer in your Arcade
Shooting gangsters ready made
'Cause that is where the future's made.

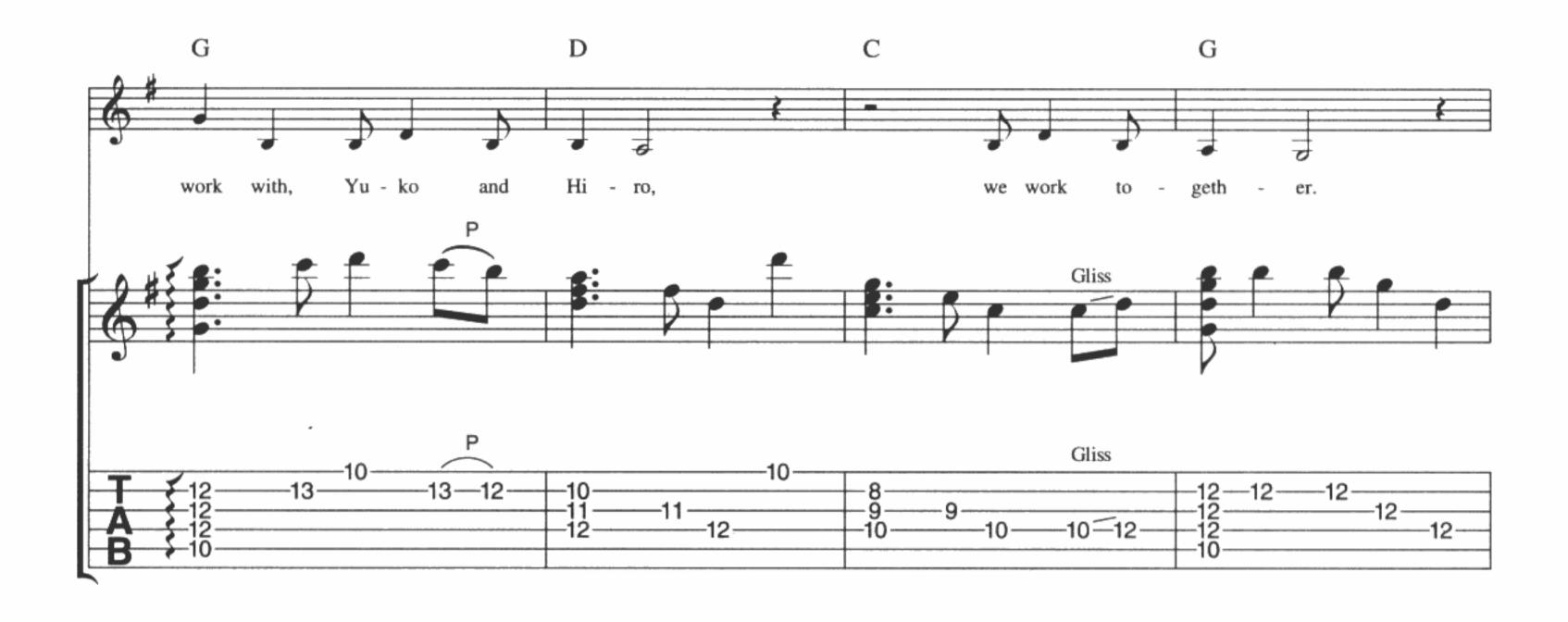
Verse 3(s):

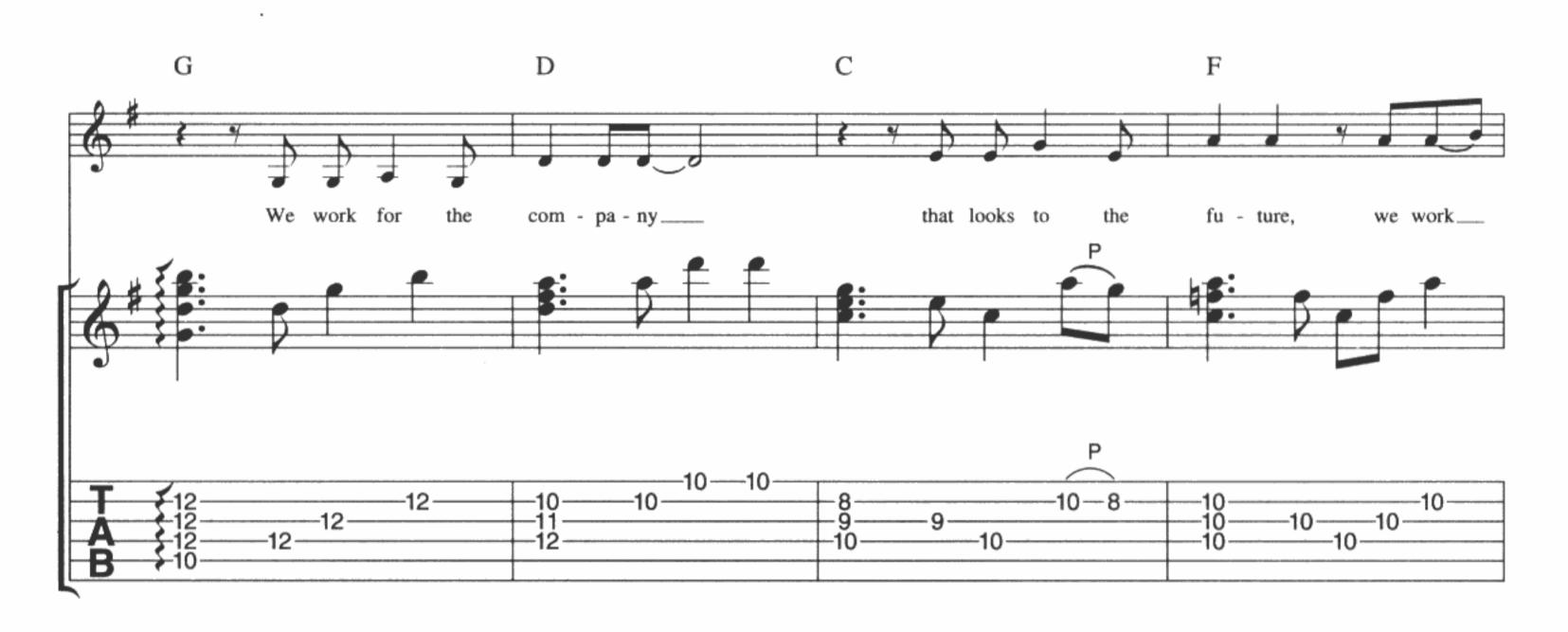
It's the miseries at half past three Watching video nasties
Has dirty dreams when he's asleep
'Cos Dan's just like you and me
He's the Meanie Leanie.

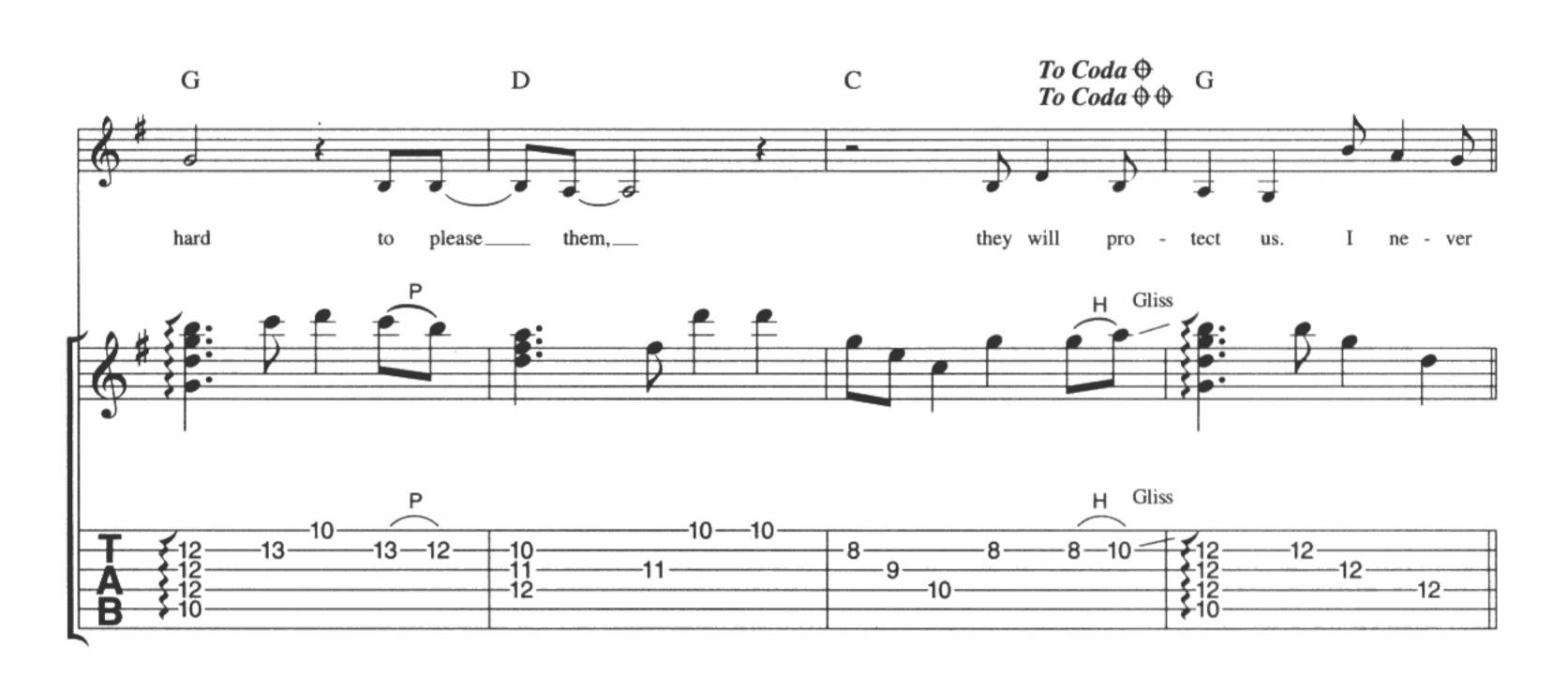
Yuko and Hiro

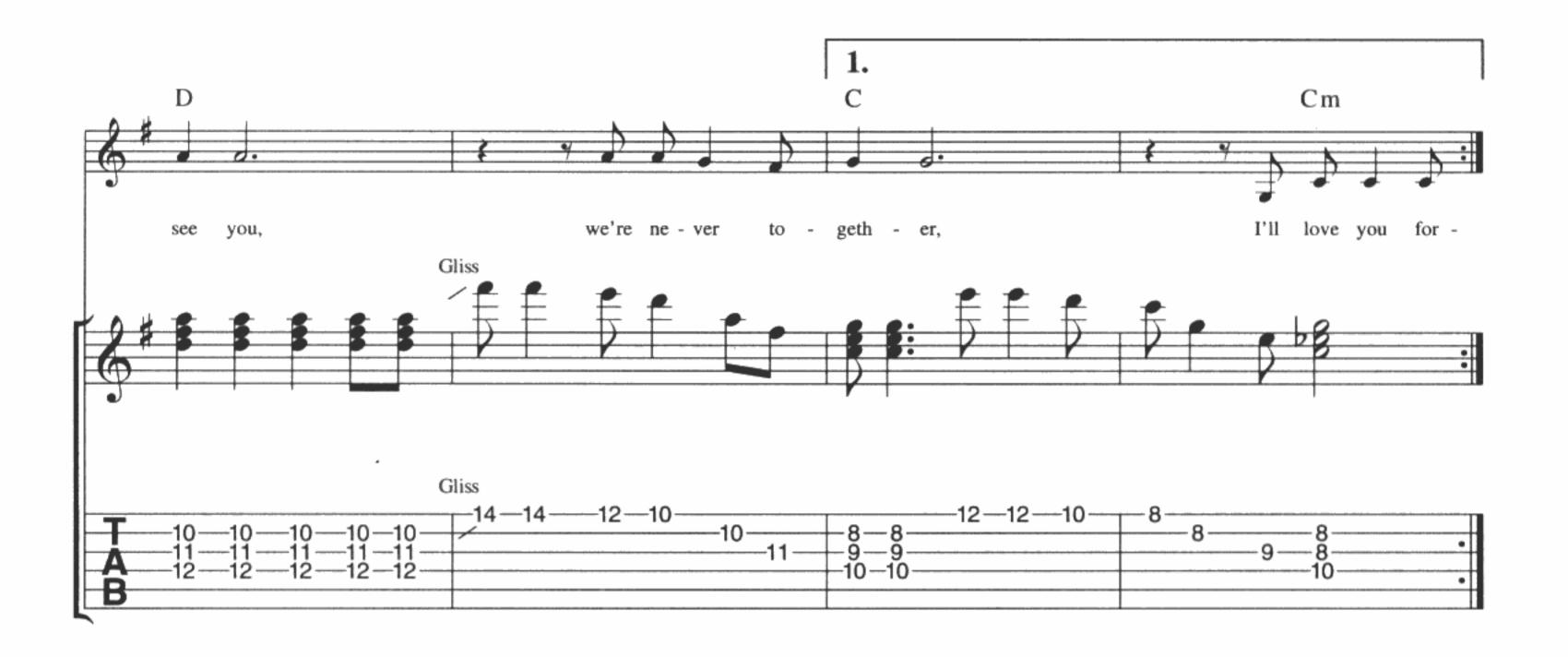


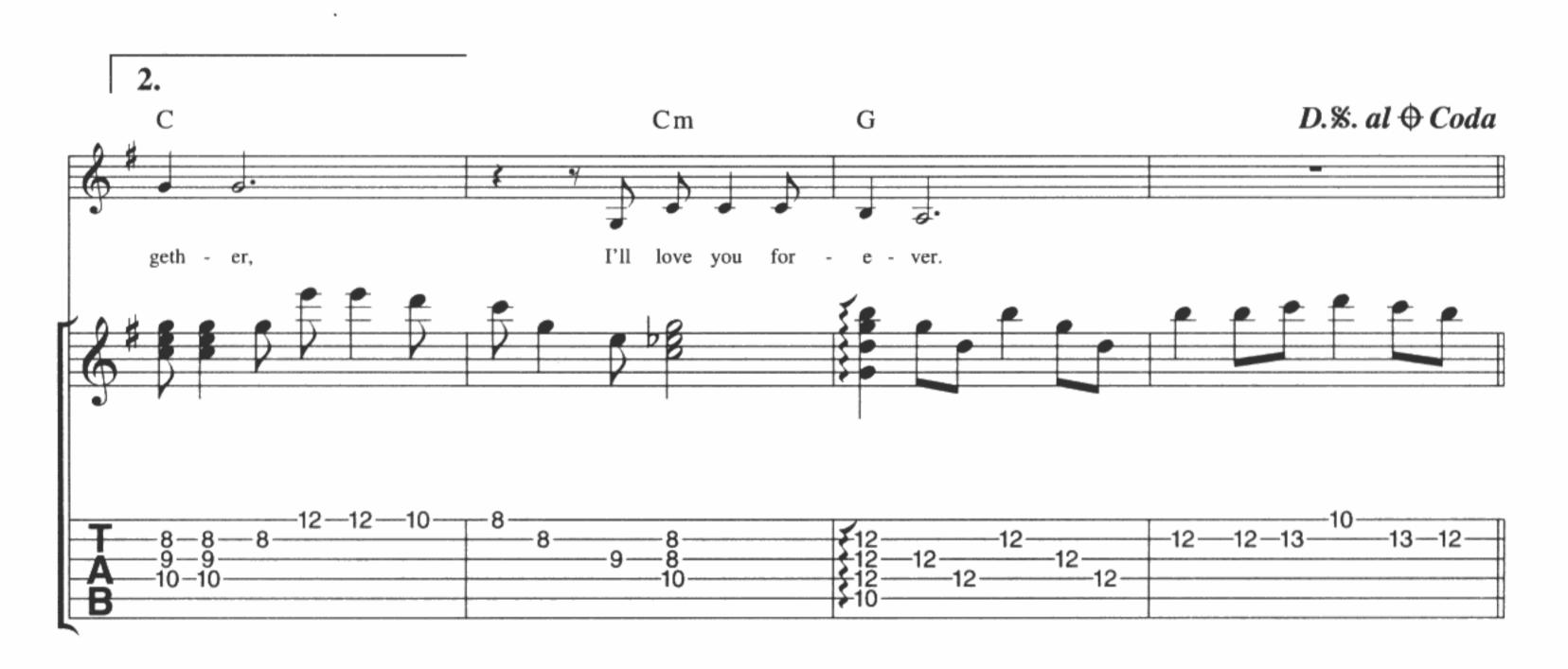
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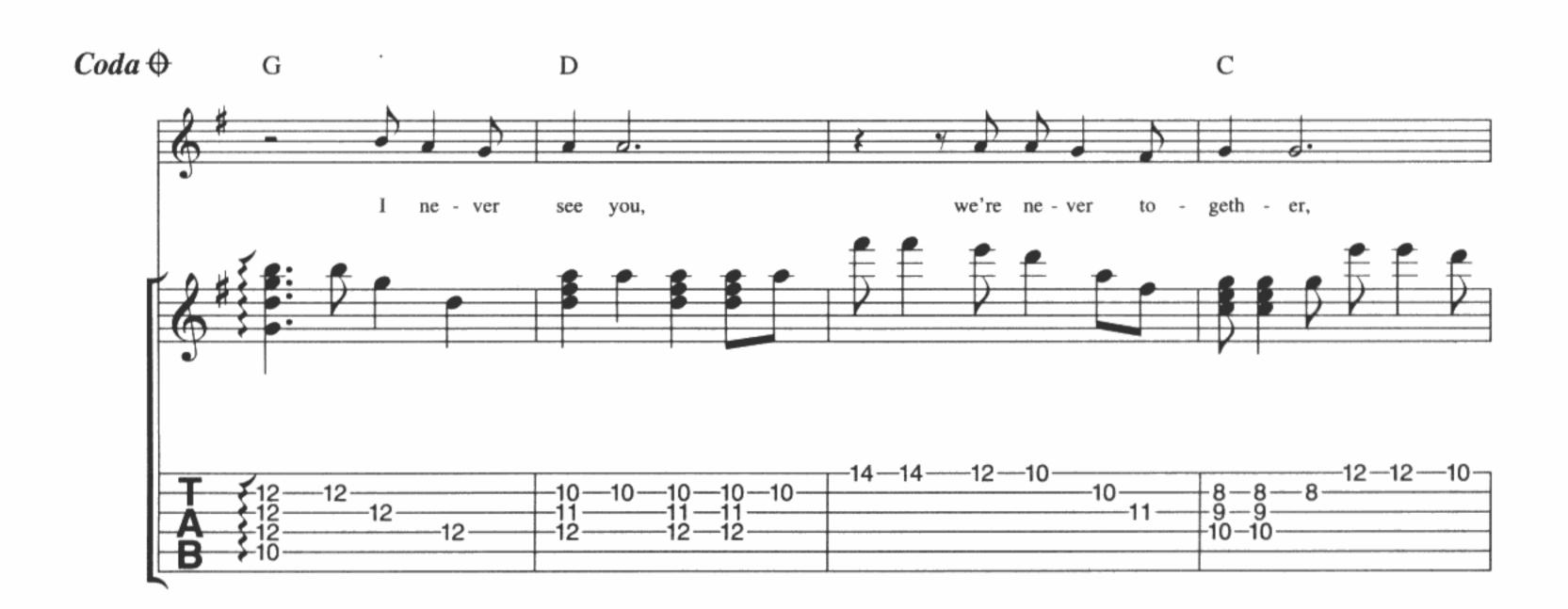


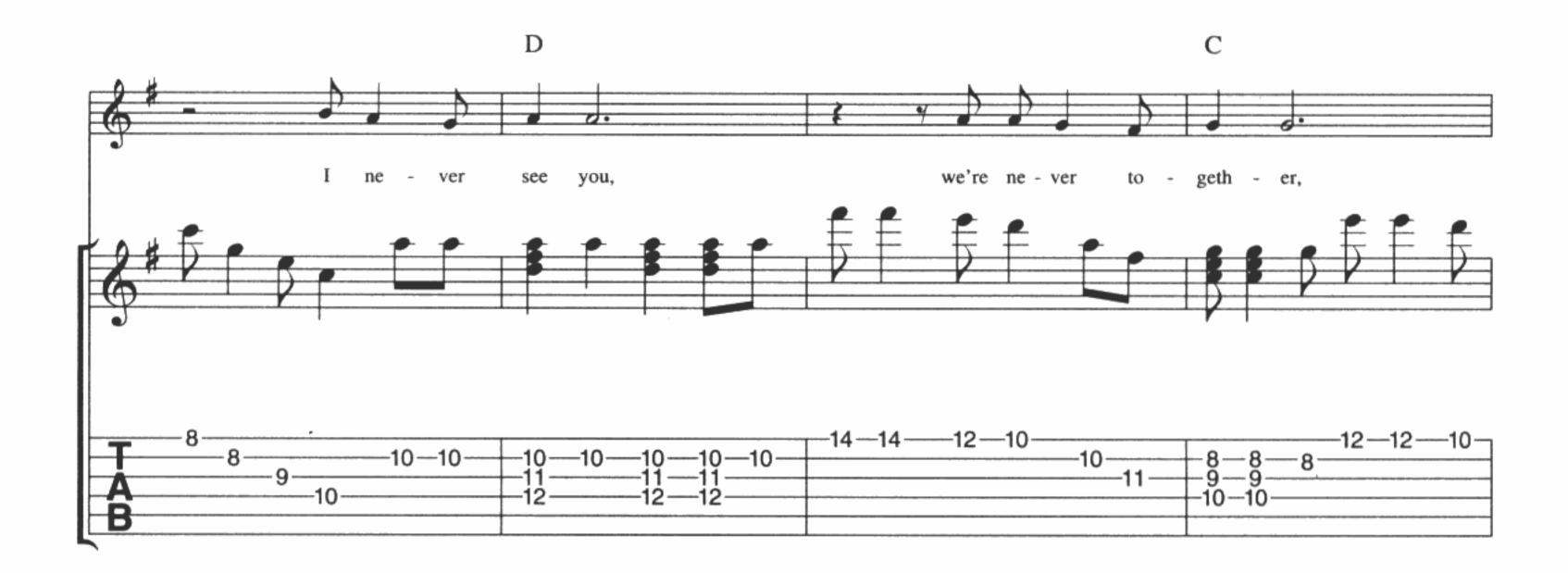




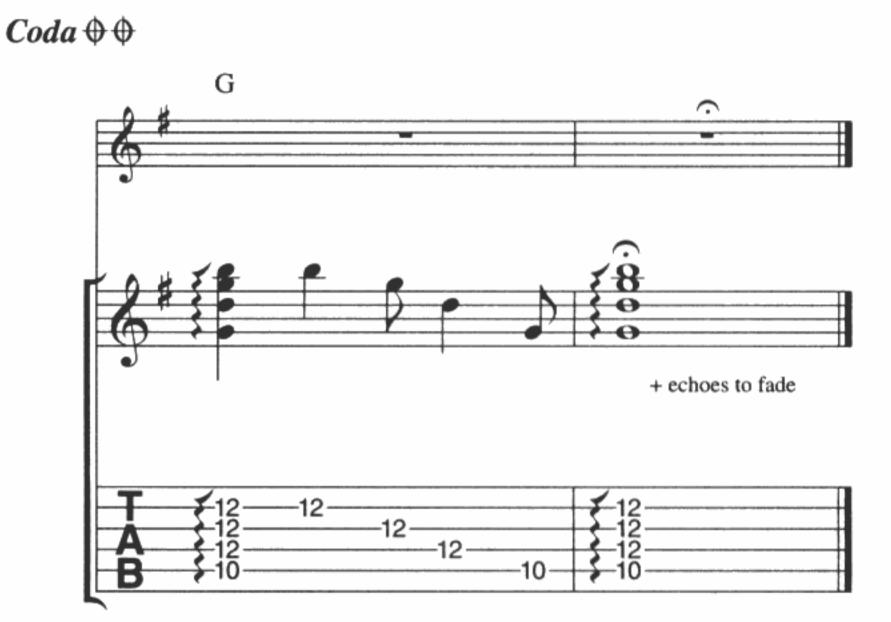












Verse 2: I drink in the evening It helps with relaxing I can't sleep without drinking We drink together.

From Monday to Saturday
I go to my workplace
But on Sunday we're together
Yuko and Hiro
I never see you
We're never together
I'll love you forever.

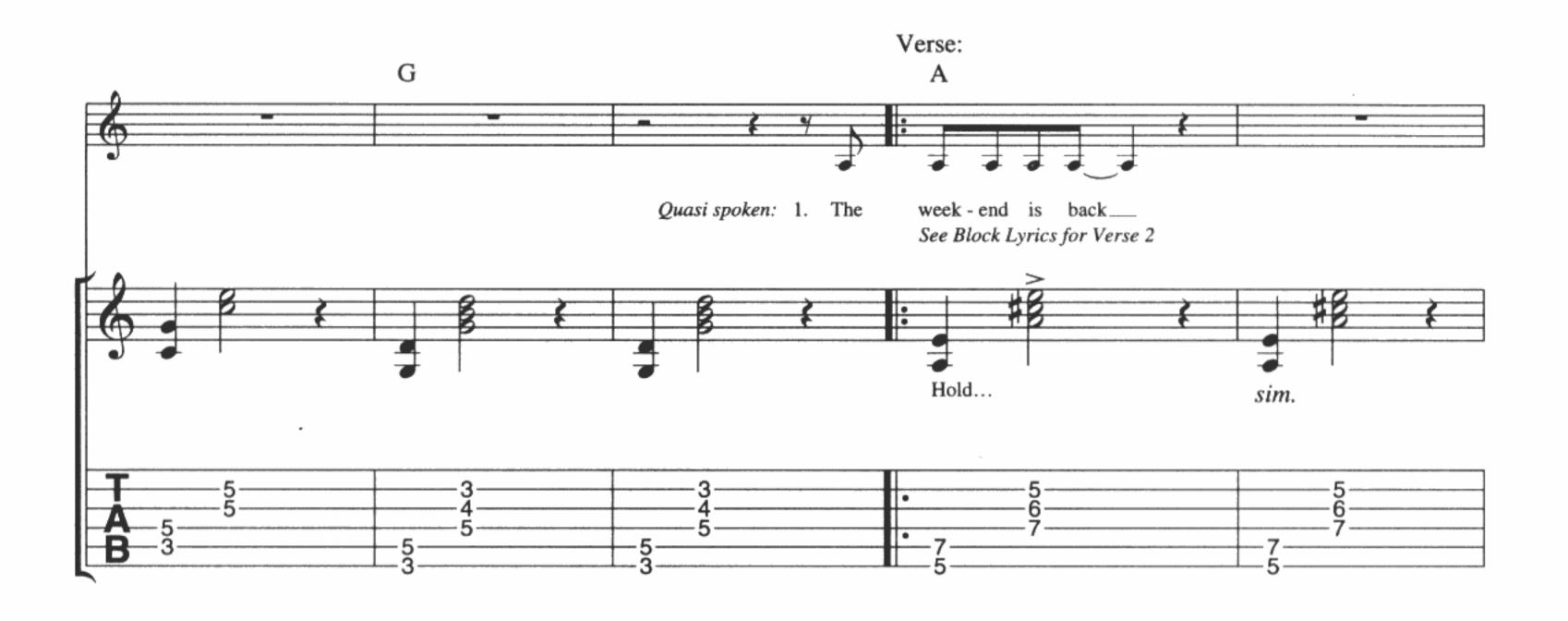
Verse 3: Instrumental (ad lib.)

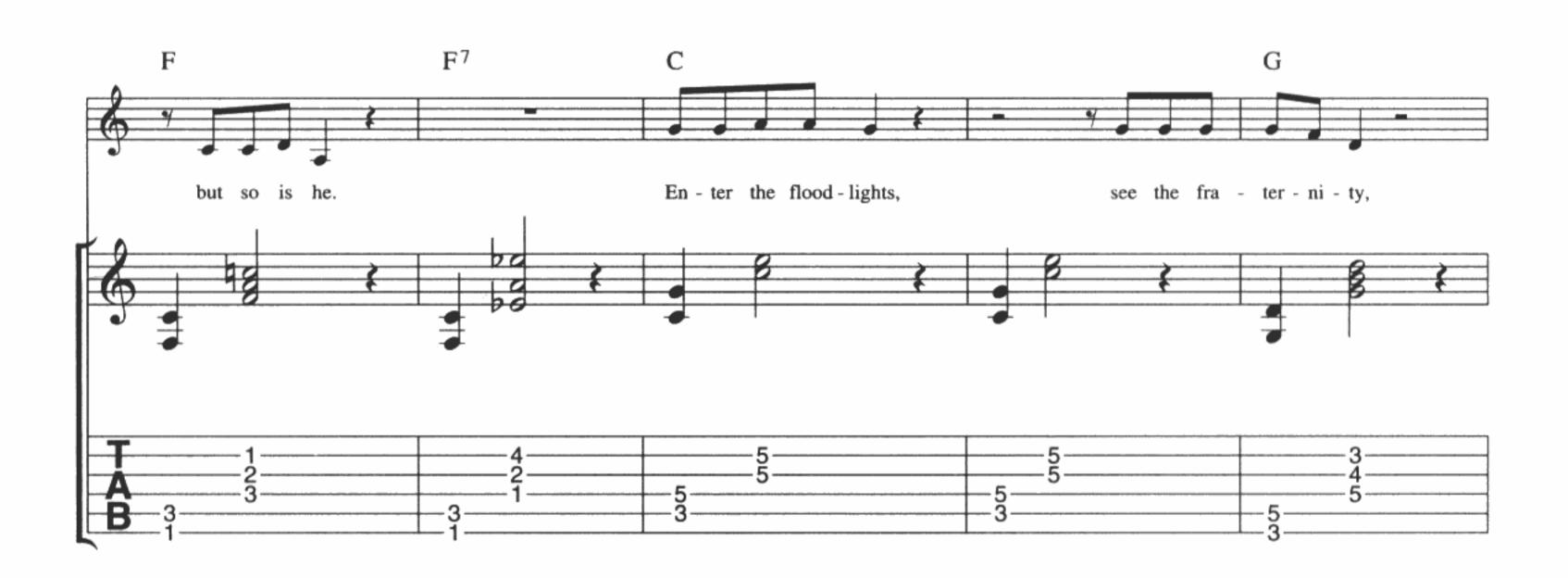
Verse 4(%): Instrumental

Entertain Me

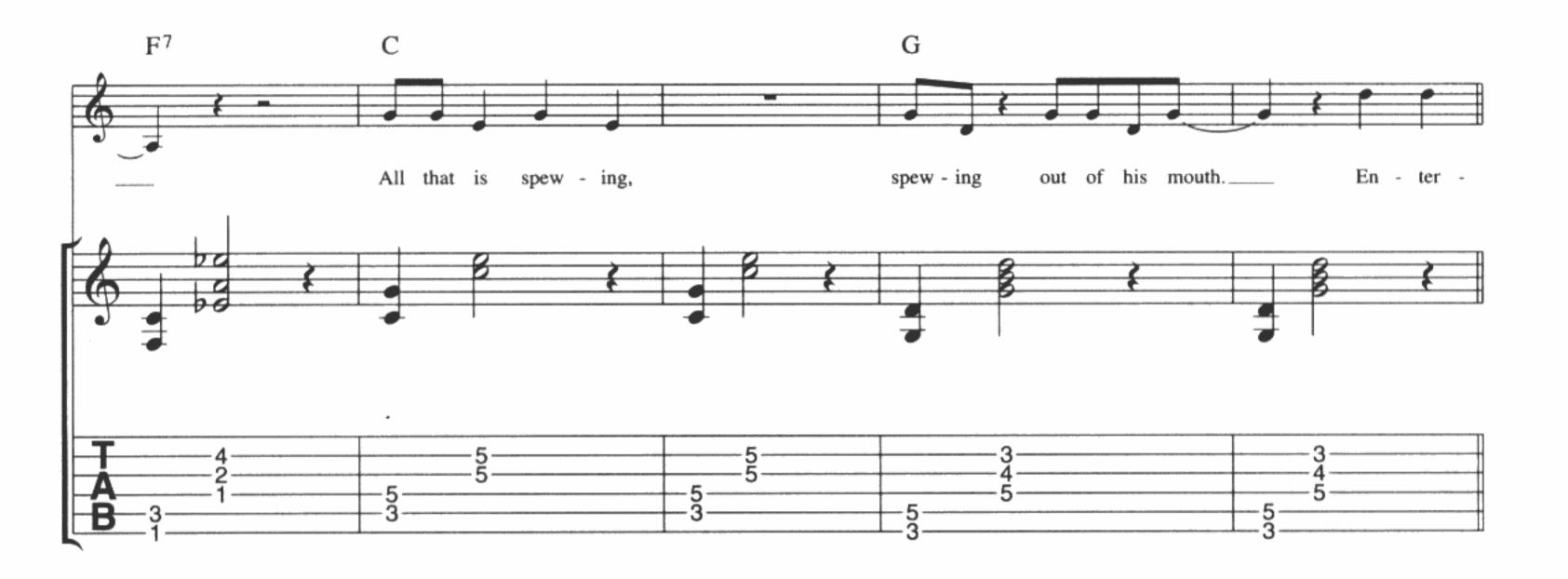


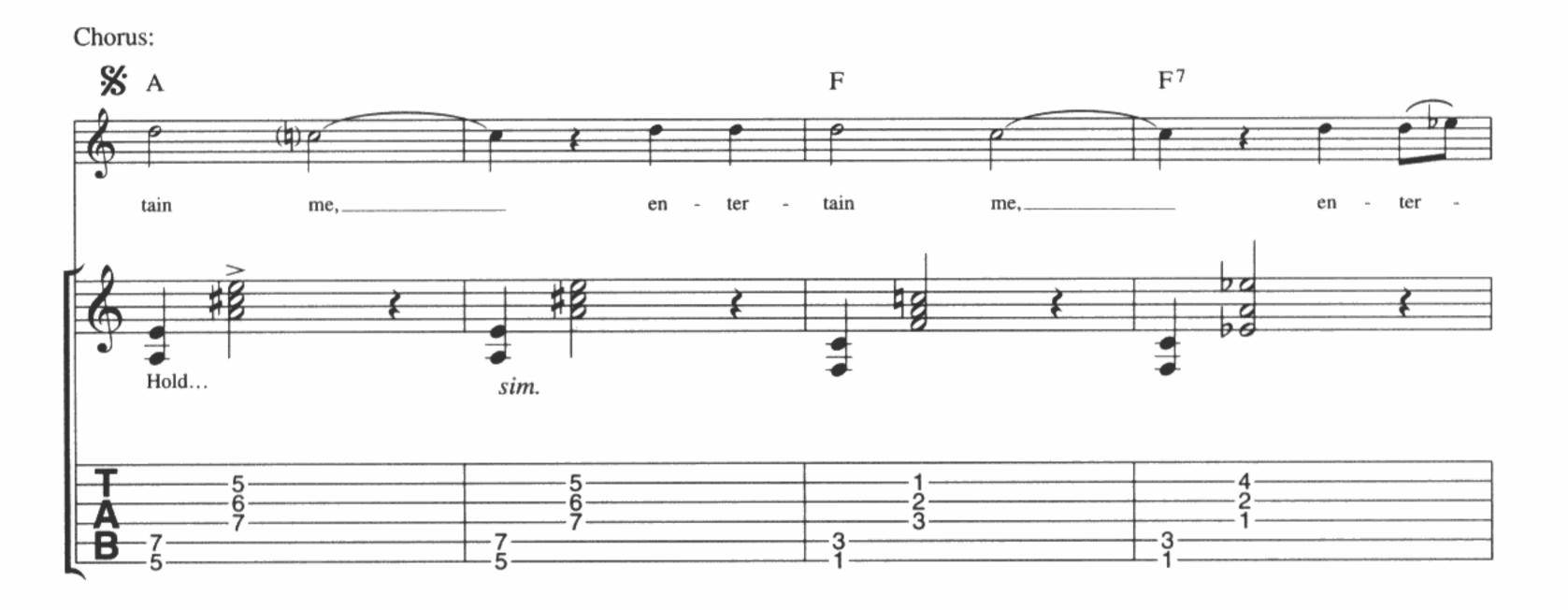
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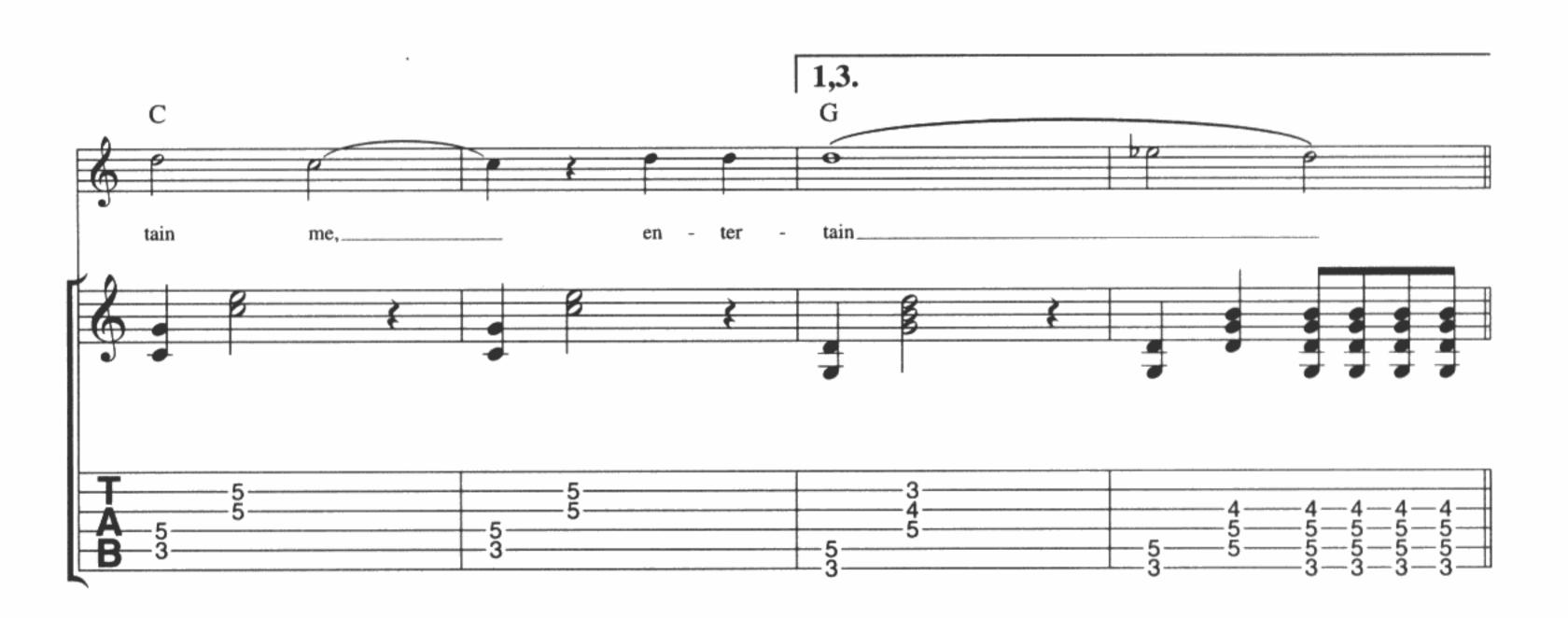


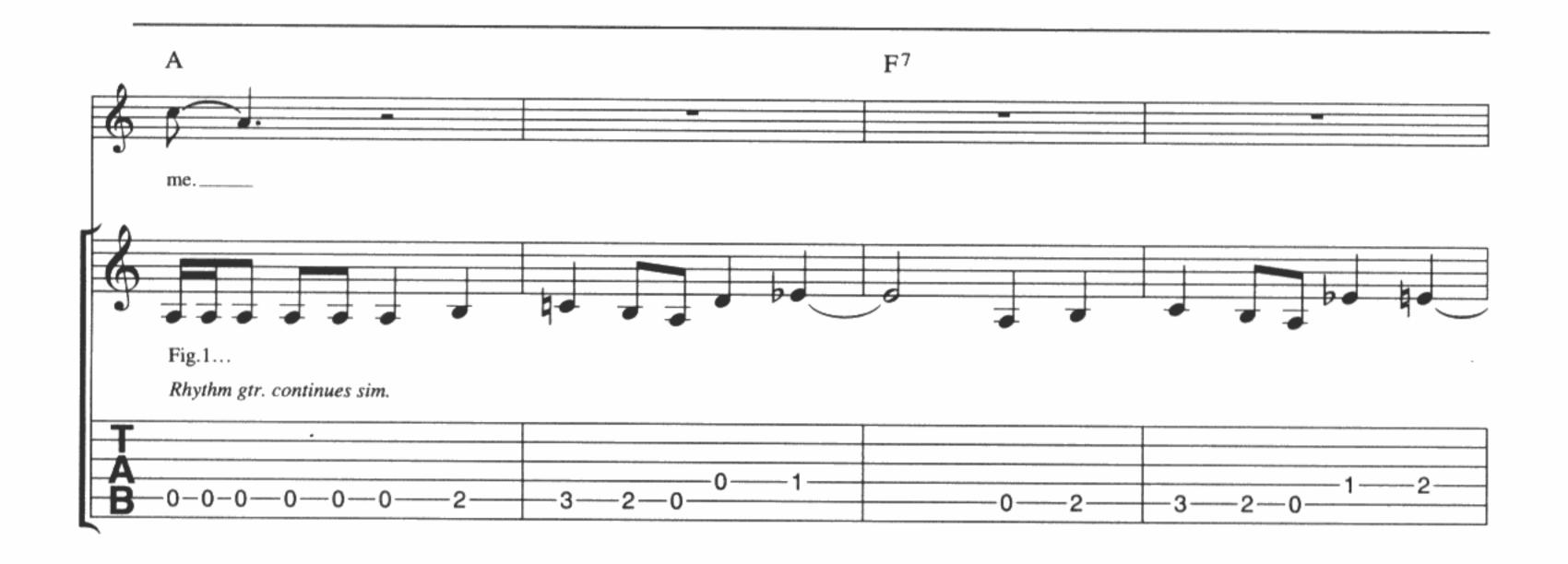


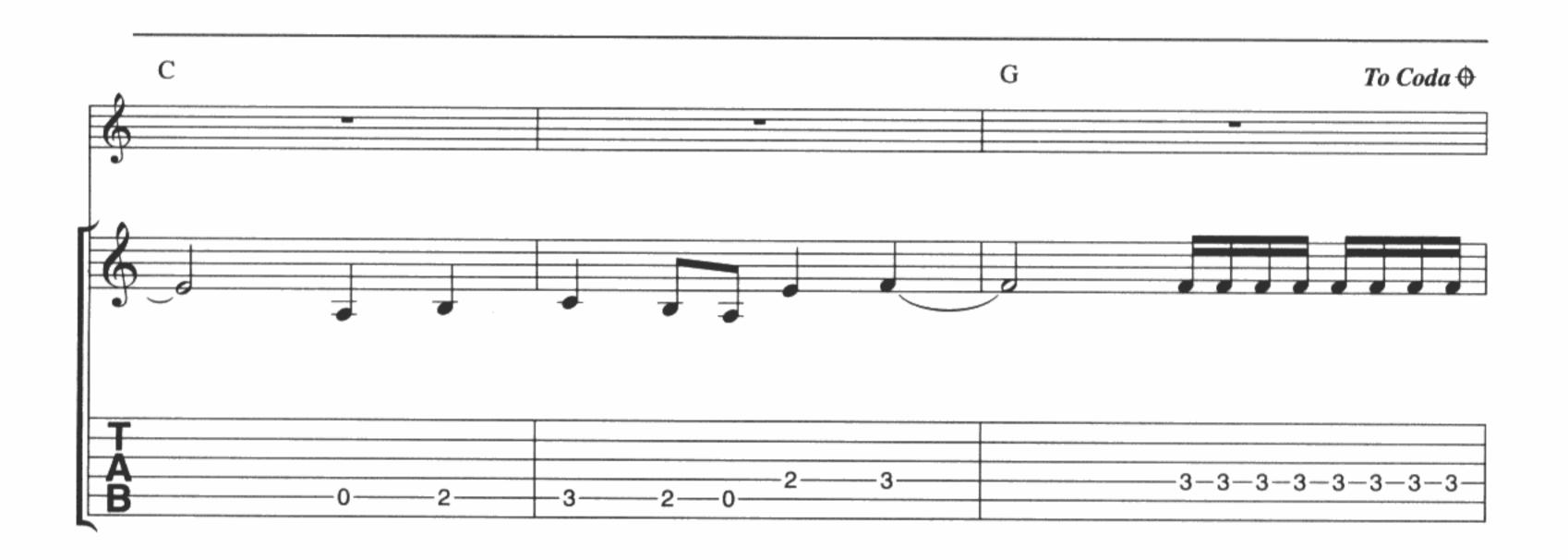


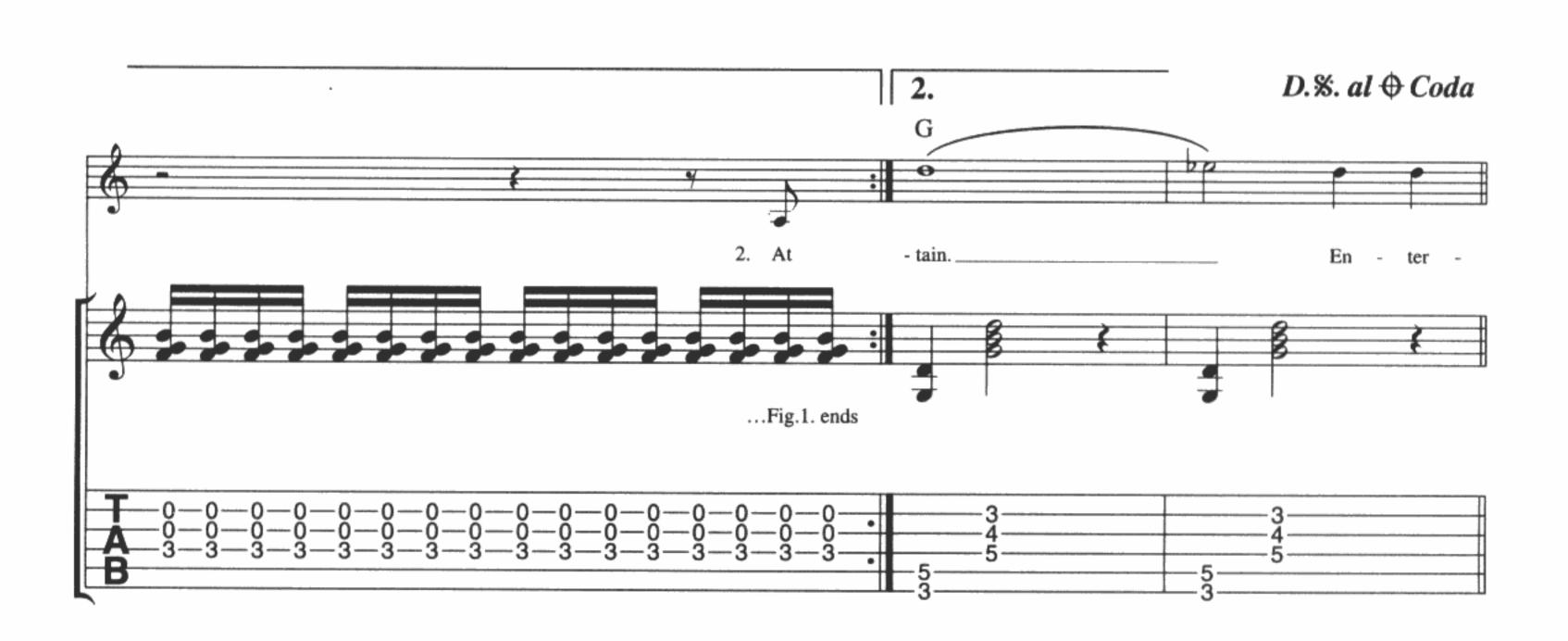


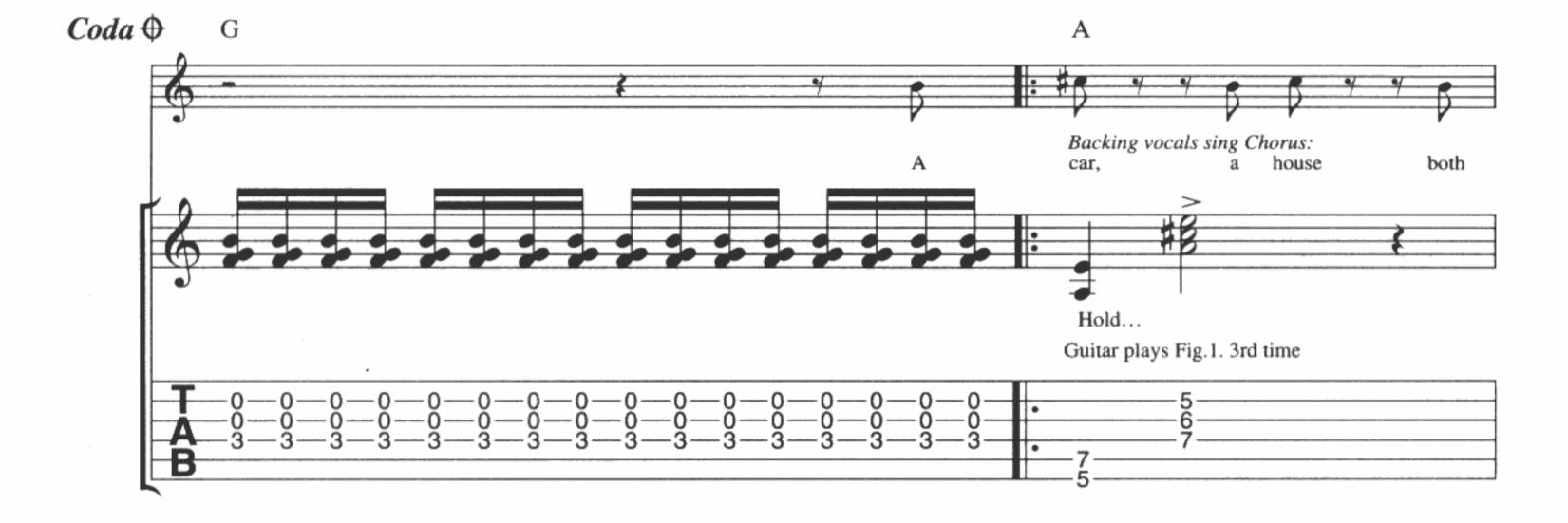


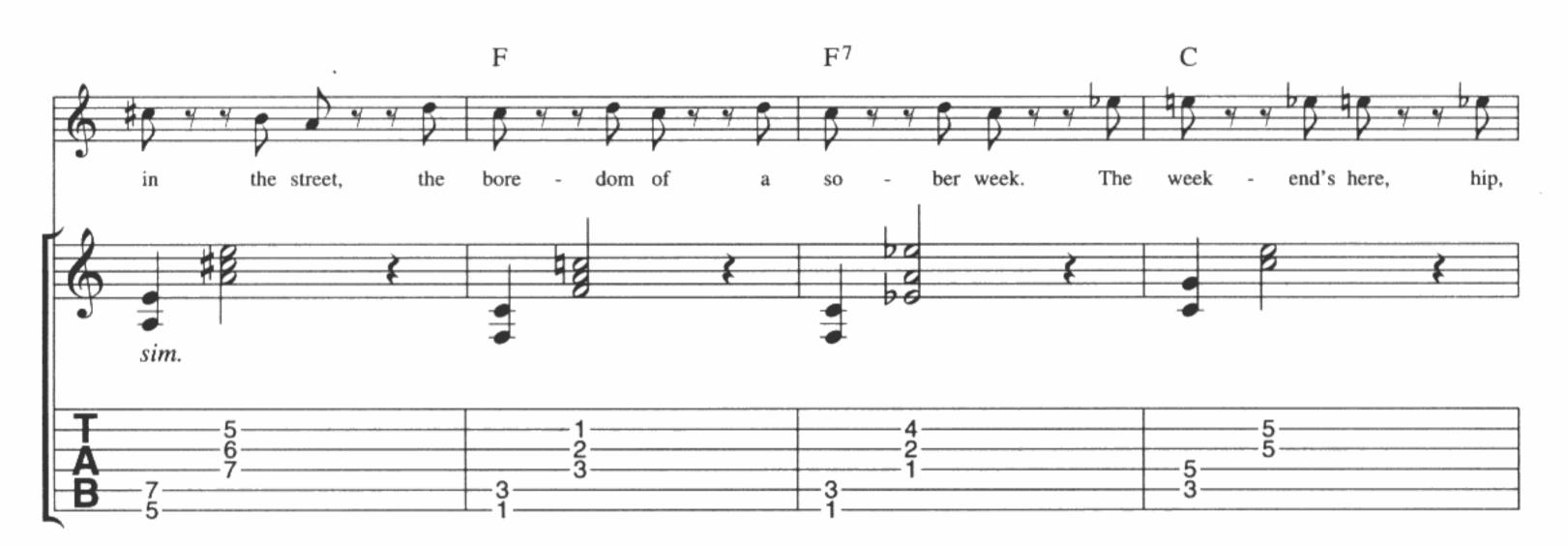


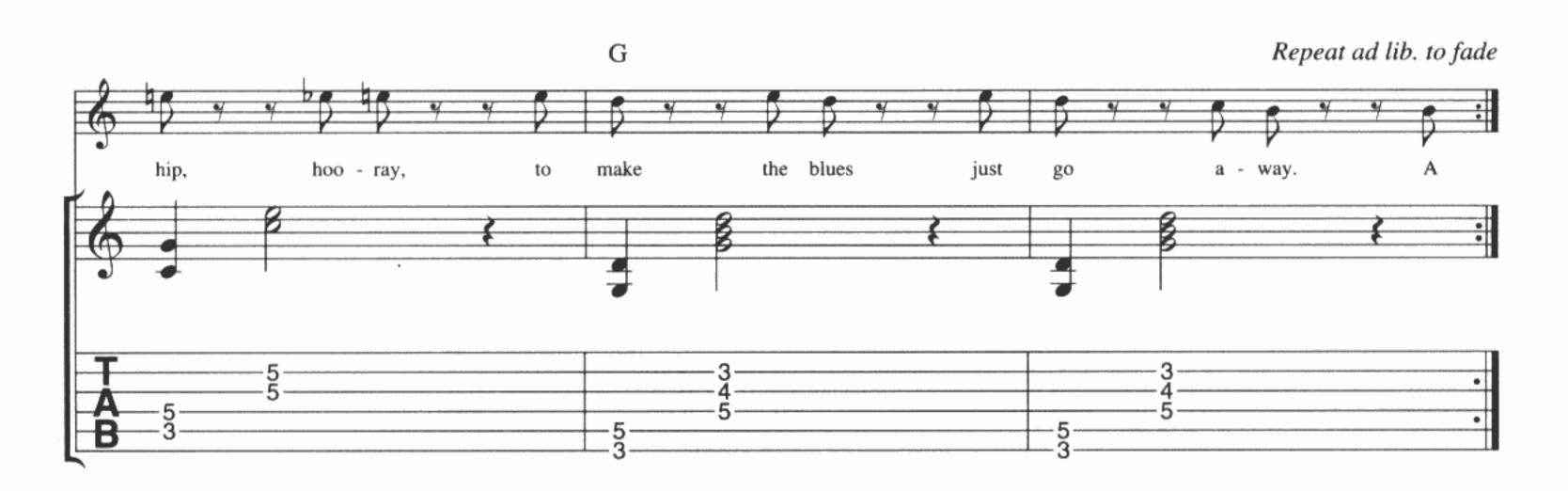












Verse 2:
At 'His and Her' dating
Bored minds agree
Requirements to be started
Replies awaited
She wants a loose fit
He wants instant whip
He guesstimates her arrival
Will she want it really badly.

The Great Escape. Stereotypes Country House Best Days Charmless Man Fade Away Top Man The Universal Day Mr. Robinson's Quantity Charmes Man Fade Away Top Man The Universal Day Charmes Man The Unive

