CARDBOARD SOCKS

reading all the glossy papers
you can see how the market keeps on changing
fashion shows how anything can come or go so easily
that its hardly worth a moment
yesterday was cardboard socks
now its undies made of rocks
comfort is nowhere to be felt here

listening to conversations
you can hear how ideas keep repeating
peace and love utopia, then boiler boy mayopia
in convergence, like a meeting
politics a decade old
stinking like a growing mould
lessons are nowhere to be learnt here

pessimism's all the rage
disaster's big, and the ending's coming closer
world resources running dry, the mushroom looming in the sky
its no wonder religion's booming
guru tells you what to do
take it all inside of you
pray hard and hope it will all go away