

Oh no, pop is dead, long live pop.
It died an ugly death by back-catalogue.
And now you know it gets you nowhere;
And now you know, you realize.

Oh no, pop is dead, it just gave up,
We raised the dead,
but they won't stand up.
And radio has salmonella,
And now you know you're gonna die.

He left this message for us:

So what, pop is dead, it's no great loss;
So many facelifts, his face flew off.
The emperor really has no clothes on,
And his skin is peeling off.

Oh no, pop is dead, long live pop.
One final line of coke to jack him off, ...
jack him off!

He left this message for us ...