

[Prolog, virtually spoken]:

1. We had stayed away from trouble
till the real world burst our bubble;
We had hearts of gold and pleasant songs
till punished for the vile ones' wrongs;
They afflicted and pushed us to where
no human being belongs...

I had searched what seemed a lifetime
to finally stake my claim;
ripped my roots out of a small town
to build fortune & fame.
Reinvested all the seeds of youth
and even changed my name.

HOOK: They have ransacked all our dreams
until there's no place left, it seems;
So, anywhere I end up is now home
But everyone of us there lives alone.

2. We had kept integrity
that worldly pundits couldn't see.
We just wanted our own lives & land
is that so hard to understand?
Ravaged by our own
elected leaders sleight-of-hand...

We have turned our back on vigilance
while pained oppressions build;
We've no leaders in protecting
from the cheaters waxing skilled.
We've been bled dry as we each watch
our own peaceful friends be killed.

[Repeat HOOK]

[INSTRUMENTAL ON VERSE SECTION]

3. We couldn't be made to conform
just for a place that keeps us warm;
Nor to give up what we need
for tyrants' token chickenfeed;
We always knew what we must have
though we're a rare & dying breed...

[Repeat HOOK]

4. [Epilog, virtually spoken]:

When the game comes to an end
~~then they can't pretend to pretend;~~
Though that's how they've always done it
acting once again as if they've won it...
And even if they ever had
not one of them know how to run it!

[Repeat HOOK, AND WHISTLE HOOK INSTRUMENTALLY TO FADEOUT].



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STYLE/ARTIST/MARKET:

Eclectic, light rock.