

# Up With People

Lambchop

Yes there comes a booming sound  
It used to come from underground  
Now it emanates  
From a kind of welfare state  
Of the soul  
Yeah baby of the soul

And of the sweet sweet soul  
Let's be certain  
Of the deliberate monologue  
As sure as if it will fall  
Across you  
Unto you  
Will most certainly leave the doing undone  
Come on undone

And we are doing  
And we are screwing  
Up our lives today  
What's that we chanted  
It's this we planted  
C'mon progeny