

Sound of Truth

54-40

Some kind of order is what we're after
The sound of truth doesn't matter any more,
happy poor
There is a trick some kind of lure
No means of knowing sure anymore,
happy poor
There's only me and some of you
Everyday we lose a few planned phrases
that keep us cool
A pair of friends we have to eat
You and I will always be chasing
a carrot with bloody feet
I'm sick and tired of all the people
Don't you know there are no equals anywhere,
never were
Stop think for a second
Don't ask dumb questions anymore,
happy poor