

Simplify

Brendan James

There's too many visionaries, too many blind illuminaries, too many castaways out beggin' to be saved
There's too many money chasers ganging up on mother nature creature comforting our paradise away

Oh, but who am I to say?

I've just been born today in a cabin to myself out in the redwoods

My word straight to God, or what I think is God

I know another way out if we all could

Stop for a minute, wipe the progress from our eyes

And stare at the setting sun that holds us here alive

Dream like we've never dreamed for less not more this time

You are my ally

If you can so can I

Simplify

There's too many advertisements, advertising, mesmerizing us in to that buy it now or never dream

There's too many corporations, too many television stations, too many restaurants not serving what we need

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