No No No

Deep Purple

Really hate the running really hate the game Looking at them all I wanna be unborn again Their suit is getting tighter although they're getting thin The flies are crawling on their face and trying to get in People say that we're to blame I say No no no it's just the game Must we let them fool us no no no Have we got our freedom no no no Is it getting better no no no Do we love each other no no no Must we wait forever no no no

Heads are getting stronger bodies getting weak Looking at them all it feels good to be a freak Their hands are getting closer they're reaching out so far The greenies gonna get them make them serve stars Tell them how it is and they say No no no we know it all The washing's getting dirty the air is getting thin It's all in such a mess that no one knows where to begin They talk about creating but all they do is kill They say we're gonna mend it but they never will Poison in the rain but they say No no no we ain't to blame