

Everyone is standing in line  
And it smell of it making me sick  
A physical seismic [?]  
And the walls are like paper and ice

Speak to me, revolution boy  
Come out to me, daughter of joy  
I am the collector of things  
And all of the thing it brings

Now tell me the lesson we've botched  
And lead me to the oxygen tent  
And who will be the speaker of the day  
And can I exchange my surprise?

Speak to me, revolution boy  
Come out to me, daughter of joy  
I am the collector of things  
And all of the thing it brings