

A stand, a wall, a fiat in us all,
Something that will take away this nonsense
Soon, one of these days.
The demand, the call, it will come soon I can hear
Us all talking one day about the ones that we love,
Instead of hanging around waiting for signs from above.
Hey, I too want change.
I'm not talking about one day about the ones we love,
Instead of hanging around waiting for signs from above.
Hey. I too want change. I'm not talking about faith;
I will pay for evidence of the numbness and pain
Of anyone with guns, the money or the planes.
I hear you saying I am just one kid,

That we can't do what one thousand
Once did, but let me leave you with this simple idea,
And maybe one of you might run with it for real.
On that day will we be original spies?

Through dusty Lucite will the sun still rise?
Will strange new days, striated with strain contain
Your relocated slang and those incredible eyes?
Truant treasures come from zealots sounding, Jensens pounding.

By way of last year's sonic stencils, we are working it out,
If only with pencils.
But underneath the same skies as those ones pushing the same lies.
So grab a pen, turn of the CNN, and scratch me out some plans

To get together again.
In that way will we be original spies?
With trusty foresight will the sun still rise?
Will strained new days, saturated with strange contain

Your relocated slang and those incredible eyes?