

Some folks try
To multiply
From sunrise to sunset
Leave behind
More of their kind
So no one will forget
But that ain't where I'm coming from - today
Those easy girls don't turn me on - anyway
I wanna know where my pride has gone
The party's over
Caught in a dream
Inside this world machine

Teachers teach
And preachers preach
Of spiritual evolution
But this big I am
From uncle sham
Just adds to my confusion
I've seen his face, I've heard his song - before
But I don't care what time he's on - anymore
I must have been on the streets too long
The party's over
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I find myself outside your door
Trying to make it like before
But you don't follow what I say
And I can tell by your smile
You're no longer a child
That part of you was buried yesterday . . .
. . . who knows
Why they come and where they go
In this world machine?

It's the chosen fools
Who make the rules
That don't apply to me
With their fast-car games
And counter claims
Not my reality

And I don't know if I belong - today
I don't know why my friends have gone - away
I must have been on the streets too long
The party's over
Caught in a dream
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(don't knock the system - we'll knock some sense in you
Don't beat the system - there's nothing you can do)