I love TV sitcoms and soap operas Cliffhanger, rerun courtroom dramas All intelligence is artificial We're just making love on a ballistic missile

Don't let them tell you how to feel You don't believe in the big idea Hey, what's the big idea?

You can make plans for the aftermath Or try to make your favorite person laugh You know exactly where you're going Your to-do list is an epic poem

Don't let them tell you how to feel You don't believe in the big idea Hey, what's the big idea? Hey, what's the big idea?

I brought poppy seeds to a gunfight
I put a match to an electric tea light
I feel your heart beating in your hair
Drinking fresh milk at the county fair

Now everything outside of the moment Is just slowly stealing focus And I'm opened like a lotus Enlightened and completely hopeless

Don't let them tell you how to feel You don't believe in the big idea Don't let them tell you how to feel You don't believe in the big idea Hey, what's the big idea? Hey, what's the big idea? Hey, what's the big idea?

I got a big idea

I saw the best minds of my generation (I got a big idea)
Dismantle a system only to replace it
Huddled 'round burning Rome looking for love
I believe in one god that nobody should trust