Tom Sawyer

Mindless Self Indulgence

The Modern with the warrior
The mean with the stride
The Tom with the sawyer
And the mean, mean, mean, mean pride.

And though his mind is not for rent,
Don't put him down as arrogant.
His reserve, a quiet defense,
Riding out the day's events.

The river

What you say about his company
Is what you say about society.
Catch the mist-mist, catch the myth-myth
Catch the myst-ery, catch the drift-drift.

The world is the world is,
Love and life are deep,
Maybe as his skies are wide.

The Tom with the sawyer
With the eye on the you,
the space he invades
He gets by by by by....

No his mind is not for rent
To any God or government.
Always hopeful, yet discontent,
He knows changes aren't permanent,

But change is.

And what you say about his company
Is what you say about society.
Catch the wit-ness, catch the wit-wit,
Catch the spi-rit, catch the spit-spit.

The world is the world is,
Love and life are deep,
Maybe as his skies are wide.

Exit the warrior,
The Tom with the sawyer,
The eye on the you,
Energy trade
On to,
The friction of the day.

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