

Conclusions

The Cats

I keep riding in my old and rusty car
He was build in sixty-four my jam jar
And I don't care what people say or think about me
As long as they don't try to bother me

All the boring small-town gossip makes me mad
When I come to think about that I'm getting sad
Well, they ought to find a way to live in peace, you see
Instead of all the envy constantly

They're afraid to show their feelings
They don't know how to live
But remember what I'm saying
They got a lot to give
They got so much to give

They ought to find a way to live in peace, you see
Instead of all the envy constantly

Isn't there a way to do what you wanna do
Isn't there a way to say what you wanna say
Couldn't there be a way to change our world, my friend
Well, I guess there's none, so let's live till the end

They're afraid to show their feelings
They don't know how to live
But remember what I'm saying
They got a lot to give
They got so much to give
They got so much to give
They got so much to give
Mmmm...