

Stop

TSA

A frosty morning
The sirens howl
And you are in a sweat
You have got a number
So you should wear it
And you go out of doors

There is a roll call on the square
Just where you have to be
All people staying there
And they are standing in ranks
And they are standing in ranks

You are escaping
You make a step
Loud hailer blasting away

"Stop! Where you go?"
"Wake-up now, stop your dreams"
Look! At your life
Stop! Halt! Get back in line

Get off the streets

Only one step, out of line
You will be punished, sure
You will forget just who you are
And why you left home
Another day is drifting away
And you feel so tired
You want to rest at home
But crowds are cheering, "Hurrah!"
And when you try to go to sleep
Loud hailers blasting away

Get off the streets