

# 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