

Soma

Tuxedomoon

Thy will be done in heaven as it is on earth
Lynch mob, lie detector
Forced druggings, the third dregree
A-bomb, a burn, a baby
Now there's soma the miracle drug
Soma the miracle drug
Have you tried soma?
It's the turn of the century
No more lows, no doze
No nerves
Just an endless ride
No more sick, no more hell
No more confusion
Now there's soma
Soma soma
The world's stable now
People are happy
They get what they want
And they never want what they can't get
They're well off, they're safe, they're never hill
They're not afraid of death
They're blissfully ignorant of passion
And old age
They've got no wives or children or loves
To feel strongly about
They're so well conditioned
That they practically can't help
Behaving as they tought to behave
And if anything goes wrong
There's soma, there's always soma, delicious soma
Half a gram for a half holiday
A gram for a weekend
Two grams for a trip to the glorious east
Three for a dark eternity on the moon
No more lows, no doze
No nerves
Just an endless ride
No more sick, no more hell
No more confusion
Now there's soma
Soma soma..