

# Back On The Street

Utopia

They tell me I've paid back the debt I owed  
Forty-four months since the slammer door closed  
They give me a suit and put me back on the road  
And my thoughts are racing

Where do I go? What am I supposed to live on?  
What happens when the twenty-five dollars is gone?  
That leaves me lots of time to wonder why I was born  
But the countdown is on

Everybody's dancing  
The music sounds entrancing but you can't find the beat  
It's the ticking of a thousand human time bombs  
Who are back on the street

Oh the names have been changed but the story's the same  
History will repeat  
Add it all up and then divide it by zero  
'Cause you're back on the street

I can't stand the strain of this job no more  
I must have forgot what I took it on for  
I make lots of money, yet still I want more  
And my head is blazing

I think that I'll check out the shops downtown  
Sometimes it helps to buy things when I feel brought down  
At this hour I might dodge those hippie low-life's around  
But the countdown is on

Once you had to stand out looking for a handout  
Free love and body heat  
And that money's just a crumpled green ball in your pocket  
When you're back on the street

Oh the names have been changed but the story's the same  
History will repeat  
Add it all up and then divide it by zero  
'Cause you're back on the street

Back on the street again  
Said, "You're back on the street again"  
The countdown is on  
And nobody knows when

Spreading like a cancer  
Looking for the answer in everyone you meet  
And each in his way has a hustle to play  
When he's back on the street

Oh the names have been changed but the story's the same  
History will repeat  
Add it all up and then divide it by zero  
'Cause you're back on the street

Back on the street again  
Said, "You're back on the street again"

The countdown is on  
And nobody knows when