

Big Brother

Mad Caddies

we are one in a million we are one and the same
like buildings of our generation,
they're in our name
they'll censor it with a whistle now
while back in 1952
the mercy of our mother there is nothing left to do
it's only human nature pollutes temptation
we have reserved bookings for the fathers of our nation
(please god tell me i haven't got this right!)
his things gone too far
we're entirely described
the peeling microwavers and a telescopic eye
intimate dimension keeping perfect track of time
the rolling mass of thunder on a simulated linewe are all one
it cant be undone
were stuck
there no future!
if i had my way
i would fly far away,
where noone else could find me
and build a home
i could call my very own
the way it was supposed to be

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