

Prophets Lost

"Fake Sound Of Progress"

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somebody told me that i'd always have to bow
if that was true we would've fallen apart by now
the more you think the less you hand away
so can you hear this
its the fake sound of progress.....
never reason with a fool
but is that unkind
looks like i've lost my mind once again
i know it all sounds so contrived
but it's got to me
you know i've got to be more than this
dont fret dont scorn
cos i walk a different street to you
you look so worn
i bet the life has got you blown-nobody
will ever get to me
somebody told me that i'd always have to bow
if that was true we would've fallen apart by now
the more you think the less you hand away
so can you hear this
its the fake sound of progress.....
and i feel the way you hold
hold me back from this
chances that i've missed
now they're gone
apathy is all i sense, the feeling's too intense
sitting on the fence, cant decide
dont fret dont scorn
cos i walk a different street to you
you look so worn
i bet the life has got you blown-nobody
will ever get to me
all these words i accounted for
never fear another day
all these choices i need more
make me take-away
tell me now can you hear the sound
of all these people fallnig down
going back into the ground
make me smile again
tell me now can you hear the sound

of records spinning round and round
on and on it seems like the same
old song that i keep singing
it sounds like
dadadadadadada
somebody told me that i'd always have to bow
if that was true we would've fallen apart by now
the more you think the less you hand away
so can you hear this
its the fake sound of progress

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