

## Spaceage Polymers, The "Trippin' on the Sidewalk"

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Too many people  
Can't explain  
Why are brothers  
A feeling pain?

We close our eyes  
And we turn away  
We eat some donuts  
We feel okay

One thing trippin' on the sidewalk  
Taught me, is that nothing's wrong  
With the sidewalk, most of the time  
It's just me!

One thing jumpin' out of the airplane  
Taught me, is that nothing's wrong  
With the gravity, most of the time  
It's just me!

Whoo!

Too many people  
In my neighborhood  
Despite my comforts  
Don't feel so good

We've got prescriptions  
And bills to pay  
We hate our jobs but  
We work all day

One thing trippin' on the sidewalk  
Taught me, is that nothing's wrong  
With the sidewalk, most of the time  
It's just me!

One thing jumpin' off the airplane  
Taught me, is that nothing's wrong  
With the gravity, most of the time  
It's just me!

We're all asleep  
And waiting for  
Someone to help teach us  
Not to snore

We all are dreaming of another place,  
We all are blind to us in front of  
Our face  
We're all asleep

Woah, woah, woah

And waiting for  
Someone to take us to  
Forevermore

Nothin's gone bad

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