

## **Fastball**

# **"The Malcontent (The Modern World)"**

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I hear the ringing of the telephone  
No one's home and none of you can reach me  
I'm alone and I feel fine  
There's nothing anyone can sell to me  
Nothing new, none of you can teach me  
But I'm sure that you will try

I'm tired of living in the modern world  
With pretty boys and plastic girls  
Broken hearts, vanities that disease

I hear my music on the radio  
What's that song from long ago they're still playing  
Is it saying anything to you  
Pretty people in the magazines  
Play the part of kings and queens  
Hair and make-up can cover up the ugly truth.

I'm tired of living in the modern world  
With pretty boys and plastic girls

Broken hearts, vanities that disease  
It really doesn't mean a thing to me  
It really doesn't mean a thing to me

I'm tired of living in the modern world  
With pretty boys and plastic girls  
Broken hearts, vanities that disease

I hear the ringing of the telephone  
No one's home and none of you can reach me  
I'm alone and I feel fine

I'm tired of living in the modern world  
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It really doesn't mean a thing to me  
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