

King Crimson "Cage"

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Walking down the street do you stare at your feet and
never do you let your eyes meet the freaks, The
deadbeat addicts,
social fanatics, they're a dime a dozen and they carry
guns
Halloween, every other day of the week
Living in a cage in the USA
Living in a cage in the USA
Holy smoke, somebody blew up the pope
Living in a cage in the USA
All around us the rules are changing
Taller walls and stronger cages
Nothing is sacred or too outrageous
Taller walls and stronger cages
What in the world is happening to the world?
What in the world?
Driving in your Mercades you think you're safe, but
you're never safe in a world of hate with criminal minds
with guns and
knives who say "gimme your ride or give your life"
Halloween, every other day of the week
Living in a cage in the USA
Living in a cage in the USA
Holy smoke, somebody blew up the pope
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