

Lambchop "Up With People"

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Yeah, there comes a booming sound
It used to come from underground
And now it emanates

From a kind of welfare state
Of the soul
Yeah, baby of the soul

And of the sweet, sweet soul
Let's be certain
Of the deliberate monologue
As sure as if it will fall

Across you, unto you
Will most certainly leave the doing
The doing undone

Come on undone
Come on undone

And we are doing
And we are screwing

Up our lives today, today
Up our lives today, today
Up our lives today, today

What's that we chanted
It's this we planted

C'mon progeny, progeny
C'mon progeny, progeny
C'mon progeny, progeny

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