

Mad Caddies

"Big Brother"

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We are one in a million
We are one and the same
Like buildings of our generation
They're in our name

They'll censor it with a whistle now
While back in 1952
The mercy of our mother
There is nothing left to do

It's only human nature
Pollutes temptation
We have reserved bookings
For the fathers of our nation

His things gone too far
We're entirely described
The peeling microwavers
And a telescopic eye

Intimate dimension
Keeping perfect track of time
The rolling mass of thunder
On a simulated line

It's only human nature
Pollutes temptation
We have reserved bookings
For the fathers of our nation

We are all one
It can't be undone
Were stuck
There's no future

We are all one
It can't be undone
Were stuck
There's no future

If I had my way
I would fly far away

Where no one else could find me

And build a home
I could call my very own
The way it was supposed to be

If I had my way
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Where no one else could find me

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