

Birth Control

"Prologue (one First Of April)"

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This Is A Story, It's Not Fantasy
Let Up To Us To Relate
One First Of April, Some Years Ago
Striver Steps Out Of His House
Springtime Sun Is Shining Down On The City
He Has To Take The Subway, Oh What A Pity

Puffing Publicity On Every Wall
Proclaiming The Best Way Of Life
It's Squandermania, It Is A Creed
You Must Believe Unreserved
Striver's Mind Is Somewhere Else In The Office
He Does Not Yet Know That He Will Be Flid Away

Life's A Gallop When You Play The Game
It's Oppressing When You're Being Screwed
Got To Learn It, So We'll Tell You Now
It'll Be The Day To File You Away
When Somebody Else Meets Your Soul
Don't Be Ashamed, You're Not To Blame
It's Gonna Come To All Of Us

Hey Mister Striver, You're All Alone
Down In The Dark
Le Jeu S'en Fait Et Rien Ne Va Plus Now
Are You Prepared ?
Prepared To Leave Your Presence
It's Just A Habit Of Convenience
To Keep The Old World Turning
We Mankind Still Are Learning
It Happened To Charlemagne
As Well As Monsieur Charles De Gaulle
And It Will Happen To You
Don't Worry You Are Not Alone
But If You Are Not Willing
You'll Have To Be !

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