

## Move "Fields Of People"

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\*Wildflowers grow everywhere  
Vibrations flow, things will have to change  
(Good evening, madam. It's a recording. Yes.)  
Strange new ideas fill the air  
Some people leave, others grieve  
Some were bare but things will change  
Old concepts go, new ones grow  
All at once the world begins to love again  
(.... Hello Uncle Bill)  
And the wildflowers grow out of fields  
\*\*Fields of people  
There's no such thing as a weed  
Seeds of hatred  
Plant them and soon they will breed  
(Going to the pub, are you? Evening madam.)  
(\*repeat)  
Love of people  
There's no such thing as a weed  
Seeds of hatred  
Plant them and soon they will breed  
Fields of people  
There's no such thing as a weed  
Seeds of hatred  
Plant them and soon they will feed  
(\*repeat)  
(There's a bloke out here looking for the band)  
(\*\*repeat)  
(\*\*repeat)  
(\*\*repeat)  
(Here we are now in Great Portland Street. Ah, good evening sir, I wonder would you like to come over here and say a few words in the microphone. Oh. It catches one a bit off balance suddenly to be interrupted in the street. I got one. Hello, I don't wanna taxi. What I want is this. You're a taxi driver, and we wanna taxi driver's opinion on pop music. I think it's very good mate. Just cause I gettin' a bit ancient don't

mean to say I don't enjoy it.  
Good. Toot your organ and we'll be away.)  
(Hold it. One more time, it's a bit ragged. Try one more.  
Here we go.)

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