

New Medicine

"225"

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She stares at the screen at the little words of green,
Tries to remember, what to do next. there s a trace of
frustration, that
Crosses her face, searching for the key she should
press and I would
Help her, if I only know how.
But these things are a mystery to me too and it seems
that the corporate eyes they are watching.
She fears for her job and the moments are passing, I
stare at her nametag
And think to myself, both you and I, we never asked for
any of this...

So let s take a walk up past the chemical works, where
the sky turns green at night and we ll talk about.
Getting away from here some different kind of life. but
even in the freshest
Mountain air, the jet fighters practise overhead and
they re drilling these
Hills for uranium deposits and they ll bury the waste for
our children to inherit.
And though this is all done for our own benefit, I
swear, we never asked for any of this.
This golden age of communication means that
everyone talks the same time.
And liberty just means some freedom to exploit, any
weakness that you can find. Well turn of the TV just for
a while, let us whisper to each other instead
And we ll hope that the corporate ears do not listen.

Lest we find ourselves committing, some kind of
treason and filed in the
Tapes without rhyme, without reason.
While they tell us that it s all for our own protection,
I swear, we never asked for any of this.....

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