

Rob Klajda

"Another Night In The Underground"

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I hear the sound of the same old horses
Dull thud of their worn out shoes
Singing songs and naming their sources
Youâ€™re in the way you better move
I found a pot of foolâ€™s gold
Now thereâ€™s a price upon my soul
Too bad they donâ€™t take pain for tender
Thatâ€™s the only compensation I can render
Itâ€™s the sound of the hard times beat
The bitter blues of the bad news streets
You donâ€™t exist, you make no sound
The flashing lights all come around
The world upstairs is a zombie town
Another night in the underground
The clock is all too tightly wound
Time is hanging upside down
Another night in the underground
Now the news reruns
Theyâ€™re buying bigger guns
Nice guys by firesides eager to experiment
From Dr. Frankenstein to Mr. President
Itâ€™s the sound of the hard times beat
The bitter blues of the bad news streets
You donâ€™t exist, you make no sound
The flashing lights all come around
The world upstairs is a zombie town
Another night in the underground
The clock is all too tightly wound
Time is hanging upside down
Another night in the underground

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