

The 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!

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

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