

## Anarchic System

### "Pop Corn"

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Like a pop-corn in your hand  
is your castle made of sand  
life goes up and life goes down  
and life goes round and round and round.

Like a pop-corn bouncing high  
you can reach out for the sky  
you can try and you can lie  
and you can fly and wonder why.

Like a pop-corn bouncing low  
you can fall down in the snow  
you can sigh and you can cry  
and you can die till you let go.

Time...Time...Time to stay  
Time...Time...come what may  
Time...Time...night or day  
Time...Time...Time flies away.

When the sun is shining blue  
when the sun is shining blue  
take a ride and follow the ride  
until you're inside...my pop poppy-corn.

When the sun is shinig grey  
when the sun is shinig grey  
close your eyes and you'll realise  
that time only flies... my pop poppy-corn.

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