## Sam Phillips "Cruel Inventions"

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Two men with empty pockets Put lipstick on little girl And another dream goes by

They make her ride the rockets That fall into the sea of pearl And another dream goes by

Power falling through Stealing out of view Our cruel inventions

The beat generation
All got on the morning train
And another dream goes by

They left me at the station
Breathing dust from hopeless rain
And another dream goes by

Power stealing through Fading out of view Our cruel inventions

Uninvent the wheel of endless greed Let conscience run Like a river like a dreamer

A world of elevators Music like magazines And another dream goes by

Magnetic separators
Divided by a wall of screens
And another dream goes by

Power stealing through Fading out of view Our cruel inventions

Inventions, inventions Inventions, inventions

## Inventions

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