

The Samples "Madmen"

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They were born without a name
Winning every crooked game
A different face, a different smile
In single order, single file

I sit here and watch the hands of the clock
And wonder where is time going

Pulling the strings of God
Answering yes to a nod
The madmen have all gone insane
Pushing the buttons of nerveless pain

They used to gas people in a poisonous way
On the trains to nowhere

The President's men are on TV
I love how they wave to you and me
If Jesus could tell the men from the snakes
They would all be serpents

They sit here and watch the hands of the clock
And wonder where is time going
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