

Settle

"Grand Marshall's Mooncloth Robes"

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We started asking questions
With no stone to throw
So we started marching on
With no place to go

We left the shores with rusty flagpoles
To paint the world by numbers
With nothing to show, with nothing to show

You can hear them singing the same old songs
(La la la la la la)
We all chime in with guilt free sing-a-long
(La la la la la la)

Helpless, cornered, beaten and scared
All the feeling of the world are shared
The same old story in the same old ways
Same old people get the same old pay
Still we listen to wise men say
(La la la la la la)

Still we've got no answers
We just do what we're told
We threw matches on the gasoline and watched it
unfold
We left the shores with flags in our hands
And trotted off to foreign lands
With nothing to show, with nothing to show

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