

The Majority Says

"114"

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Did you get my last call
Regarding the new glass ball
Oh so sound
Shiny shiny balls of gold
How I wish that I never grow old
Oh so

So they say
How are things today
Hold on wait up
They take me overseas
So they say
How are things today
Hold on wait up
Where I want to be
These hands are made for picking dandelions
My feet are mine to walk on grass

Sunday morning wakes up
Bring my stairs down for a cup
Oh so sound
Wish my time was more like yours
But arrogance is grasping my source
Oh so

So they say
How are things today
Hold on wait up
They take me overseas
So they say
How are things today
Hold on wait up
Where I want to be

God forgotten the common people like you
And they would never ask me for the truth
The truth

We would go back eighty years
Share our laughs and cherish our tears
Oh so

So they say
How are things today
Hold on wait up
They take me overseas
So they say
How are things today
Hold on wait up
Where I want to be...

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