

Ditty Bops, The

"Gentle Sheep"

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Clock in you're at work but you're not working so hard
Checking messages ten times a day ensuring you're
not bored
Talking on someone else's dime
Put a quarter in the pay phone don't keep them waiting
on the line

Rushing through time just to find myself
Asking someone in the future if they'd save me a space
Cause the line's getting longer with every hour
People forget why they're waiting
The mood's turning sour

I don't want to go to school tomorrow
Stay up late watching TV
Eat a midnight snack I'll pretend it's Friday
Complacent as I'll ever be

See those gentle sheep following a path to who knows
where
Chewing on the grass so plentiful the wool is growing
thicker
But the grass is made of plastic and there's plastic on
the grass
A mechanical lady with her garden hose waters the
cement

Where's my mystical pan who plays on his flute?
Dancing entrancing those who choose to hear his tune
There'll be a man who comes out of hiding
He'll be the one who forces you to decide

Why can't I just believe just believe?
I can move my feet
Pondering is a step beyond wondering
Complacent as I'll ever be

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