

Fixx, The

"Driven Out"

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Driven out by thieves,
I watch them pillage the planet
fuelled by a fattening greed,
trees fall to the hatchet
chopping against the grain,
our spirits in a vacuum
sadly ignore the pain,
the end arrives, we all lose
I hope it comes around
Driven out
holding out
day by day survival
Castaways have silent lives
with the strength to rival you
Driving in my car
I used to be able to walk this far
now I turn on the light.
I used to be able to sleep at night
I'm cooking with microwaves
to warm up food not seen the soil
plugged into my TV
used to the lies they're telling me
I hope it comes around
driven out...
Hoping that we find,
more to life than meets the eye
can we escape the grind,
build a life that's more worthwhile
be rid of this empty p ride,
full of selfishness inside
bathe in a turning tide,
until then we all hide
I hope it comes around
driven out

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