

Fixx, The

"Less Cities, More Moving People"

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Another home falls by the wayside
A few old cushions stuffed with pride
A hand is shaking from the rubble
This spirit is still alive
A servant bares his occupation
Breaks his back just growing old
Never mind his views were taken
Just saw by the rules of old
Less cities more moving people
Rushing out with pride
Less cities more moving people
Hands that once were tied

A church bell rang for the occasion
The average man learns what's in store
Now he sees where his life was taken
Fighting heat, but growing old
Less cities more moving people
Rushing out with pride
Less cities more moving people
Hands that once were tied

Is this what we call education
Just watch the wheel of time revolve
But why is this not what I'm thinking
Just one mind and the unknown
Less cities more moving people
Rushing out with pride
Cities are moving people
Who just forgot their lives

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