

## Phillips Sam

### "Cruel Inventions"

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Two men with empty pockets put lipstick on a little girl  
and another dream goes by  
they make her ride the rockets  
that fall into a sea of pearl  
and another dream goes by

power stealing through  
fading out of view  
our cruel inventions

the beat generation all got on the morning train  
and another dream goes by  
they left me at the station  
breathing dust from hopeless rain  
and another dream goes by

un-invent the wheel of endless greed  
let conscience run like a river like a dreamer

a world of elevators with music like magazines  
and another dream goes by  
magnetic separators divided by a wall of screens  
and another dream goes by

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