

A Rush And A Push And The Land Is Ours

Broadway Calls

Oh hello, I am the ghost of Troubled Joe
Hung by his pretty white neck
Some eighteen months ago
I traveled to a mystical time zone
And I missed my bed
And I soon came home
They said, "There's too much caffeine
In your bloodstream
And a lack of real spice in your life"
I said, "Leave me alone
Because I'm alright, Dad
Surprised to still be on my own"
Oh, but don't mention love
I'd hate the strain of the pain again
A rush and a push and the land
That we stand on is ours
It has been before so it shall be again
And people who are uglier than you and I
They take what they need, and just leave
Oh, but don't mention love
I'd hate the pain of the strain all over again
A rush and a push and the land
That we stand on is ours
It has been before so why can't it be now ?
And people who are weaker than you or I
They take what they want from life
Oh, but don't mention love
No, no, don't mention love
A rush and a push and the land
That we stand on is ours
Your youth may be gone
But you're still a young man
So phone me, phone me
So phone me, phone me, phone me
Oh, I think I'm in love, oh, I think I'm in love
Oh, I think I'm in love, think I'm in love
I think I'm in love, oh

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