Man (Idealistic Animals)

Dear Reader

I saw a girl with my own eyes
I cried out, I feared for my life
She turned into my mother then
They call it a dreamIn the pursuit of happiness
Not asking for perpetual bliss
Some peace and quiet would do fine
They call it a dreamTell me the meaning, what do you control
Is there anything at all?
We feed our hunger, clothe our cold
We're just idealistic animals
He took a wife, a wife for life
But he still feels dissatisfied
He took a lover on the side
He had to hurt youA bonfire in your yard tonight
The flames are green and burning bright
An axe inside the chair you like
She had to hurt youTell me the meaning, what do you control
Is there anything at all?
We feed our hunger, clothe our cold
We're just idealistic animalsWe like to feel like wea re free
We make up something to believe
Not that it has to be the truth
Maybe now and thenTell me the meaning, what do you control
Is there anything at all?
We feed our hunger, clothe our cold
We're just idealistic animals

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