

# 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 dream In the pursuit of happiness  
Not asking for perpetual bliss  
Some peace and quiet would do fine  
They call it a dream Tell 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 you A bonfire in your yard tonight  
The flames are green and burning bright  
An axe inside the chair you like  
She had to hurt you Tell me the meaning, what do you control  
Is there anything at all?  
We feed our hunger, clothe our cold  
We're just idealistic animals We like to feel like we are free  
We make up something to believe  
Not that it has to be the truth  
Maybe now and then Tell 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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