

# Ostrich

## Steppenwolf

We'll call you when you're six years old  
And send you to the factory  
To train your brain for eighteen years  
With promise of security  
But then you're free  
And forty years you waste to chase the dollar sign  
So you may die in Florida  
At the pleasant age of sixty-nine.

The water's getting hard to drink  
We've mangled up the country side  
The air will choke you when you breathe  
We're all committing suicide  
But it's alright  
It's progress folk keep pushin' till your body rots  
Will strip the earth of all it's green  
And then divide it into parking lots.

But there's nothing you and I can do  
You and I are only two  
What's right and wrong is hard to say  
Forget about it for today  
We'll stick our heads into the sand  
Just pretend that all is grand  
Then hope that everything turns out OK.

You're free to speak your mind my friend  
As long as you agree with me  
Don't criticize the father land  
Or those who shape your destiny  
'Cause if you do  
You'll lose your job your mind and all the friends you knew  
We'll send out all our boys in blue  
They'll find a way to silence you.

But there's nothing you and I can do  
You and I are only two  
What's right and wrong is hard to say  
Forget about it for today  
We'll stick our heads into the sand

Just pretend that all is grand  
Then hope that everything turns out OK.

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