

# Cruel Inventions

[Sam Phillips](#)

Two men with empty pockets  
Put lipstick on little girl  
And another dream goes by They make her ride the rockets  
That fall into the sea of pearl  
And another dream goes by Power falling through  
Stealing 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 Power stealing through  
Fading out of view  
Our cruel inventions Uninvent the wheel of endless greed  
Let conscience run  
Like a river like a dreamer A world of elevators  
Music like magazines  
And another dream goes by Magnetic separators  
Divided by a wall of screens  
And another dream goes by Power stealing through  
Fading out of view  
Our cruel inventions Inventions, inventions  
Inventions, inventions  
Inventions

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