Cruel Inventions

Sam Phillips

Two men with empty pockets
Put lipstick on little girl
And another dream goes byThey make her ride the rockets
That fall into the sea of pearl
And another dream goes byPower falling through
Stealing out of view
Our cruel inventionsThe beat generation
All got on the morning train
And another dream goes byThey left me at the station
Breathing dust from hopeless rain
And another dream goes byPower stealing through
Fading out of view
Our cruel inventionsUninvent the wheel of endless greed
Let conscience run
Like a river like a dreamerA world of elevators
Music like magazines
And another dream goes byMagnetic separators
Divided by a wall of screens
And another dream goes byPower stealing through
Fading out of view
Our cruel inventionsInventions, inventions
Inventions, inventions
Inventions

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