

New World

Zap Mama

I sat in my room
So dismal and blue
Feeling that I can
Communicate with you So I picked up my thoughts
Picked up paper and pen
I know there are causes to defend Now everybody stand up
Lets spread these words
Around the neighborhood
Return to the source, all isn't lost Now the world is changing
Beyond recognition
And its not too late
Dont seal your fate
With radiation, with pollution
And all that confusion

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