FC: the Freedom Club

Sleepytime Gorilla Museum

Let us turn our backs on this world of ease
Let us turn our backs and walk away
Let us close our eyes to the glory of the machine
Let us close our eyes and walk awayThe houses are all gone under the sea
The dancers are all gone under the hill
The houses are all gone under the sea
the dancers are all gone under the hill"And let us dream now the impossible dream of a math professor"Even when the last tree falls, there will be fire
Even when the last bird is caught, wooden boxes
Lovingly made by hands and filled up with fire
To blow off the hands of the strong with wooden boxes"And let us never forget that the human race with technology is like an alcoholic with a barrel of wine"
Rise up! Bring down the Freedom Club! Rise up!
Dream your impossible dream
Crawl from the hole in the earth! Crawl!
The captains of this ship of fools are flesh, and softer than woodThe Freedom Club, the Freedom Club - Rage
The Freedom Club, the Freedom Club - WaitThe hermit of the woods is gone
They shan't take him down
And even though his mind now is corrupt
His desperate warning lives on"Blandly titled industrial society and its future"Rise up! Bring the funeral! Rise up!
Dream your impossible dream
Crawl from the hole in the earth! Crawl!
The captains of this ship of fools are flesh, and softer than woodThe Freedom Club, the Freedom Club - Rage
The Freedom Club, the Freedom Club - Wait
Let us lay to rest our future dream
Let us leave it to rust and walk away
Let us turn around on the road of progress
Let us go back the way we cameThe houses are all gone under the sea (walk away, walk away)
The dancers are all gone under the hill (turn our backs, turn our backs)
The houses are all gone under the sea (close our eyes, close our eyes)
the dancers are all gone under the hill (turn around and go back the way we came)"Because we can"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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