Tomorrow

Galactic Cowboys

I tried to call you but you were gone
Way too busy stickin' the labels on
Deciding who will swim in the talent pool- and what is coolCultivating more popularity
Overly concerned with what not to be
Trendy little fashions that please the eye- you'll televiseWhatcha gonna do tomorrow?
Whatcha gonna do when it's over?
I just don't fit into the clique
You're so hip you make me sick
Whatcha gonna do tomorrow?Pay no attention to quality
Churning out the pap like a factory
The only standard is how ya feel- not what is realYou never heard a word that I said
Totally convinced that the sound was dead
Creating categories that fit the times- condition mindsYou move 'em in and move 'em out like they were cattle
Burn a brand into their hide
With all apologies to L.A. and Seattle
Cloning is artistic suicide

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