

Up With People

Lambchop

Yeah, there comes a booming sound
It used to come from underground
And now it emanates From a kind of welfare state
Of the soul
Yeah, baby of the soul And of the sweet, sweet soul
Let's be certain
Of the deliberate monologue
As sure as if it will fall Across you, unto you
Will most certainly leave the doing
The doing undone Come on undone
Come on undone And we are doing
And we are screwing Up our lives today, today
Up our lives today, today
Up our lives today, today What's that we chanted
It's this we planted C'mon progeny, progeny
C'mon progeny, progeny
C'mon progeny, progeny
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