

# Less Cities, More Moving People

## The Fixx

Another home falls by the wayside  
A few old cushions stuffed with pride  
A hand is shaking from the rubble  
This is spirit still aliveA servant bares his occupation  
Breaks his back just growing old  
Never mind his views were taken  
Just saw by the rules of oldLess cities, more moving people  
Rushing out with pride  
Less cities, more moving people  
These hands that once were tiedA church bell rang for the occasion  
The average man learns what's in store  
Now he sees where life was taken  
Fighting heat, but growing coldLess cities, more moving people  
Rushing out with pride  
Less cities, more moving people  
Hands that once were tiedIs this what we call education?  
Just watch the wheel of time revolve  
But why is this not what I'm thinking?  
It's just one mind and the unknownLess cities, more moving people  
Rushing out with pride  
Less cities, more moving people  
Who just forgot their livesLess cities, more moving people  
Rushing out with pride  
Less cities, more moving people  
Who just forgot their lives

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