Up With People

Oneida

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