

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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