

World Machine (Phunk Investigation Mix)

Level 42

Some folks try to multiply
>From sunrise to sunset
Leave behind more of their kind
So no-one will forget But that ain't where I'm coming from -today
Those easy girls don't turn me on - anyway
I want to know where my pride has gone
The party's over
Caught in a dream inside this world machine Teachers teach and preachers preach
Of spiritual evolution
But this big I am from Uncle Sam
Just adds to my confusion I've seen his face, I've heard his song - before
but I don't care what time he's on - anymore
I must have been on the streets too long
The party's over
Caught in a dream inside this world machine I find myself outside your door
Trying to make it like before
But you don't follow what I say
And I can't tell by the smile
You're no longer a child
That part of you was buried yesterday ...
... who knows
Why they come and where they go
In this world machine? It's the chosen fools who make the rules
That don't apply to me
With their fast-car games and counter claims
Not my reality And I don't know if I belong - today
I don't know why my friends have gone - away
I must have been on the streets too long
The party's over
Caught in a dream inside this world machine. (Don't knock the system - we'll knock some sense in you
Can't beat the system - there's nothing you can do

Songwriters

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