

No Magic

The GC5

The kids are hungry and nowhere to go
A thousand distractions, so now you know
That the burn of youth in the old mens' eyes
Never put a stop to the alibis
I've seen the fantasies and heard the praises sung
All the while looking up from the bottom rung
Look down, look down and see the broken pieces of humanity
Beat down, beat down, and crushed by the heel of authority
There's no magic in your marketplace
No logic in your design
It's tragic and commonplace
The wicked leading the blind
The kids are restless and nothing to eat
A thousand fingers to point and a life of deceit
The discourse gets so out of place
As Adam Smith laughs in Harry Browne's face
That hand is too bloody to be invisible these days
Blanket comparisons ignore divergence in many ways

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