

# Galactic Cowboys, Tomorrow

I tried to call you but you were gone  
Way too busy stickin' the labels on  
Deciding who will swim in the talent pool- and what is cool

Cultivating more popularity  
Overly concerned with what not to be  
Trendy little fashions that please the eye- you'll televise

Whatcha gonna do tomorrow?  
Whatcha gonna do when it's over?  
I just don't fit into the clique  
You're so hip you make me sick  
Whatcha gonna do tomorrow?

Pay no attention to quality  
Churning out the pap like a factory  
The only standard is how ya feel- not what is real

You never heard a word that I said  
Totally convinced that the sound was dead  
Creating categories that fit the times- condition minds

You move 'em in and move 'em out like they were cattle  
Burn a brand into their hide  
With all apologies to L.A. and Seattle  
Cloning is artistic suicide