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