

George, Strange Days

an old lady helps me as I'm crossing the road
she sees the direction and the weight of my load
she points to a man taking peace to the poor
and a record is broken by the arm of the law

and you and I as we skate, pitch or ride
we seek our adventures in the places we hide
the pendulum dances, opinion poles swing
not to mention the meaning of contemporary things

PRE-CHORUS

we're chasing the feeling that our money can't buy
our pocket books empty but we're ready to try

CHORUS

on strange days everything is stranger
and don't I know nothing comes without danger
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don't I know nothing comes without danger

drowning not waving in a film title end
our mothers and fathers have postcards to send
we calculate the loss and unfortunate things
and the healthy economy that good warfare brings

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