

# Level 42, World Machine

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 wanna 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 sham  
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 tell by your 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  
don't beat the system - there's nothing you can do)