

# Rhodes Happy, Wrong Century

Last thing I remember  
I was standing on a hill  
Shaking out my long black hair  
I heard the song of an angel  
Rising from the trees  
I made my way to the source  
And it was gone  
Now here I am  
I don't recognize this village  
Where things are made of  
Glass and metal  
A man is walking toward me  
And he's looking pretty strange  
He says, "Girl, I think you've  
Come to the wrong century"  
Now let me get this straight, Man  
Not only am I woman  
But I'm stuck in this spooky world?  
Where everybody moves too fast and  
Where are all the trees?  
I don't think I can live  
In this wrong century  
Get me out of here  
Show me to my homeland  
Get me out of here  
I miss my hill  
I will not live in fear  
Of self-destruct  
I am a peaceful man  
I don't think I can understand  
This  
Is this where it stands now?  
Must I remain  
In this grey and dismal year?  
It's plain to see I'm a foreigner  
It's clear I do not blend  
Still I make a home  
In this wrong century  
Get me out of here  
Show me to my homeland  
Get me out of here  
I miss my hill  
I will not live in fear  
Of self-destruct  
I am a peaceful man  
Gentle man  
Get me out of here  
Show me to my homeland  
Get me out of here  
I miss my hill  
I will not live in fear  
Of self-destruct  
I am a peaceful man  
Gentle man  
I don't think I can understand  
This