

Rusted Root, Ecstasy

Take away your paper & pen
Stacks of money and your foolish grin
And go

Get me off the backwards ride
Take away your greedy way and go
See the woman standing at the door
World gone by ... Again and again
See the blisters growing on your feet
Pushed on... Pushed on
World gone by

Take away your companies
Take away your societies and go
Get me off this backwards ride
Take away your fictitious books of fact
See the woman standing in the door
World gone by ... Again and again
See the blisters growing on your feet
Pushed on ... Pushed on
World gone by

I wouldn't want to be
Living in a world of ecstasy with you

Wasted arms; wasted legs
Wrapped round this machine
Military machine

I wouldn't want to be
Living in a world of ecstasy with you

Taken' away your companies
Takin' away your societies and go.
Get me off this backwards ride,
Takin' away your fictitious books of fact.
Yeah, do mum-ba-si-be-ah