

Styx, Fanfare For The Common Man

Another new day takes up on you
A fanfare wakes the land
The naked lives just a shining down
At the dawn of the common man

Outside in the madding crowd
He laughs along the way
Traffic city, what a pity
It doesn't have a word to say

Troubled people, billions of people
They can't seem to understand
The ringing ears are unable to hear
The sounds of the natural plan

Yeah yeah yeah