

# Broadways, We'll Have A Party

the sun came up exposed the cloud the city put up  
grey mountains lost grey skies covered them up  
so what if we can make a million cars in one day  
or a million bombs to blow ourself up  
should we call this free?  
the answer's obvious decisions made for and against us  
the sun came up behind the trees on the city it looks so ugly to me  
a million people a million dreams  
but not a word spoken it seems  
i'll be a friend to you be a friend to me  
the bosses learned to fool the slaves into 8 hour days  
but do we need them or do they need us?  
it seems like we dwell on these useless things  
life-styles of wealth pursuit of money  
competition says to beat each other down for personal gain  
sorry i didn't call last night, i've got a lot of nothing taking all my time  
motivation sometimes sinks deep in the couch cushions  
sometimes sleep is my best friend  
and it hurt me when my friends transformed into my parents  
they don't call here anymore so it all comes down to this turn  
18 find life employment shut your mouth cover your eyes  
i think we deserve a bit more than this  
do you really think you run your life?  
and when all the skies turn grey and the earth rejects this mess we've made  
and all the cities fallt ot he sea  
when every person has the means to build a life, follow their dreams  
and not be worked into their grave  
when all governments  
and multi-million dollar corporations have been torn down  
by commen men, when it all falls down  
you and i sitting on the mountain side staring at the sun.