# Dance Hall Crashers, State Of Mind

I can't believe the time--it's getting to be late, so crowded in the
state of my mind.
I can't seem to think straight, it's hard to tell my fate anymore
So would you be so kind to tell me which direction is the door
How will I manage to survive while I'm fighting this fiend
Welcome to the american machine

Blame--blame it on the game, the move of the technocrat, watch him
tip his hat, he's got no name
Corporation enterprise always tries to justify the end
Only for the short term, profits will be just around the bend
How will I manage to survive while I'm fighting this fiend
Welcome to the american machine

Oh I see the river red, the government, the pentagon, choose to feed
the green beret instead
The streets are filled with homeless, the ignorant have nowhere to go
So tell me where's the medicare, admist all the nuclear show
How will I manage to survive while I'm fighting this fiend
Welcome to the american machine