

Fitzgerald Patrik, World Is Getting Better

Am i a traitor to the cause?
a cause of nauseation -
for you?..you?..you?...you.....you
gave me all the answers -
what we could do,what we would do,what we should do,
and must,just..i was always busy,always mindless,always dizzy,
always just confused,by everything,
so i'd just stand and sing,that the
world is getting better,the world is getting better,
the world is getting better,and it's problems have all gone away.
Tell me your solutions,i beg your absolution
you can help me,i can help you,add two and two
and two and two and you can keep the street,just give me a beating;
i have no choice,i have no money and no voice,and the
world is getting better,the world is getting better,
and,when the revolution comes - who'll be the number one?
I never wanted much
now i sit here,in my hutch
and just wait,for them to come;
i never wanted much
now i sit here,in my hutch
and just wait for them to come,
to come,and take me,take me,
take me,take me away,away.