

George Fox, Strange Days

an old lady helps me as I'm crossing the road
she sees the direction and the weight of my load
she points to a man taking peace to the poor
and a record is broken by the arm of the law

and you and I as we skate, pitch or ride
we seek our adventures in the places we hide
the pendulum dances, opinion poles swing
not to mention the meaning of contemporary things

we're chasing the feeling that our money can't buy
our pocket books empty but we're ready to try

on strange days everything is stranger
and don't I know nothing comes without danger
on strange days everything is stranger
don't I know nothing comes without danger

drowning not waving in a film title end
our mothers and fathers have postcards to send
we calculate the loss and unfortunate things
and the healthy economy that good warfare brings

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