

# Mad Caddies, Big Brother

we are one in a million we are one and the same  
like buildings of our generation,  
they're in our name  
they'll censor it with a whistle now  
while back in 1952  
the mercy of our mother there is nothing left to do  
it's only human nature pollutes temptation  
we have reserved bookings for the fathers of our nation  
(please god tell me i haven't got this right!)

his things gone too far  
we're entirely described  
the peeling microwavers and a telescopic eye  
intimate dimension keeping perfect track of time  
the rolling mass of thunder on a simulated line

we are all one  
it cant be undone  
were stuck  
there no future!

if i had my way  
i would fly far away,  
where noone else could find me  
and build a home  
i could call my very own  
the way it was supposed to be