

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Plenty

Well there's plenty competition amongst the prophets today
They're sayin' "doom, doom, doom!"
They got another apocalypse comin' our way!
Sayin' "gloom, gloom, gloom!"
Yeah, there're plenty on the dock sayin' "my ship comin' in now
Soon soon soon"
There's plenty throwin' elbows and steppin' on toes
They yellin' "room room room"

And nothing drive people crazy like people drive people crazy

We got
Plenty to get over
Plenty to get around
Plenty to get through

Private property or community?
What do you choose?
Scarcity or infinity?
Choose, choose, choose
We got the tools, the toys, the medicine, and poison
What do you brew?
Got to brew that potion carefully
Brew, brew, brew

And nothing drive people crazy like people drive people crazy

Modulation or stagnation, is ours to choose
Choose, choose, choose
Play along with the drama-rama-tragi-comic cosmic tune
Do be do
Rhythm be I, melody be you
You, you, you
One we cry
One we croon
Croon

And nothing drive people crazy like people drive
(and we're already crazy..)

We got plenty to go overplenty to go around, plenty to go through