

# Sam Roberts, Where Have All The Good People

Oh, the milky way  
Has gone a little sour  
The leaves dried and the flower  
Fell  
Away  
I've been sitting  
I've been waiting for a sign  
Inhuman beings  
Taking up all of my time  
Want to leave but I've got to stay  
And I'm wondering more every day  
Montreal to Hong Kong  
Where have all the good people gone?  
Traffic jam but I'm on the shoulder  
Two take cops to pull me over  
Bangkok to Babylon  
Where have all the good people gone?  
I haven't met a friend  
In a long, long while  
They don't shake my hand  
But they shake my style  
The modern world  
Is a cold, cold world  
And all I meet are  
Cold, cold girls  
Want to leave but I've got to stay  
And I'm wondering more every day  
Montreal to Hong Kong  
Where have all the good people gone?  
Traffic jam but I'm on the shoulder  
Two take cops to pull me over  
Bangkok to Babylon  
Where have all the good people gone?  
And it's always the same  
We all just turn away  
We are stealing from ourselves  
We are feeding off ourselves  
And we were born in the flame  
We need a cool breeze in the summer rain  
We are stealing from ourselves  
We are feeding off ourselves  
Come on  
Come on  
Come on  
People come on  
Oh, the milky way  
Has gone a little sour  
The leaves dried and the flower  
Fell  
Away  
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Time's up and we're running low  
Where have all the good people gone?