

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, waiting for a sign
Inhuman beings taking up all of my time
Wanna leave but I've got to stay
And I'm wondering more everyday
Montreal to Hong Kong
Where have all the good people gone?
Traffic jam but I'm on the shoulder
Took ten 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 check my head but they, they check my style
The modern world is a cold, cold world
And all I meet are cold, cold girls
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Took ten cops to pull me over
Time's up and we're running long
Where have all the good people gone?