

# Saturday Looks Good To Me, One Hundred People

One hundred people are screaming about something  
With all those voices making one noise,  
It's hard to even start listening  
I know I seemed sweeter than peach pie or ice cream  
But I could find the nightmare in a sweet dream  
But don't go start to reconsider the decisions you've already made  
It won't take the past away  
You know that nothing's gonna change  
You said "I could throw you a party every single day  
You'd still find a way to complain  
And you'd still walk away"  
Now children,  
Children all got the same problems  
And we're all riding on the same buses, helicopters and airplanes  
One thousand people all thinking the same thing  
I wonder what it would be like without them.