

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.