## Sleepytime Gorilla Museum, Fc: The Freedom Cl

Let us turn our backs on this world of ease Let us turn our backs and walk away Let us close our eyes to the glory of the machine Let us close our eyes and walk away

The houses are all gone under the sea The dancers are all gone under the hill The houses are all gone under the sea the dancers are all gone under the hill

" And let us dream now the impossible dream of a math professor "

Even when the last tree falls, there will be fire Even when the last bird is caught, wooden boxes Lovingly made by hands and filled up with fire To blow off the hands of the strong with wooden boxes

" And let us never forget that the human race with technology is like an alcoholic with a barrel

Rise up! Bring down the Freedom Club! Rise up!
Dream your impossible dream
Crawl from the hole in the earth! Crawl!
The captains of this ship of fools are flesh, and softer than wood

The Freedom Club, the Freedom Club - Rage The Freedom Club, the Freedom Club - Wait

The hermit of the woods is gone They shan't take him down And even though his mind now is corrupt His desperate warning lives on

"Blandly titled industrial society and its future"

Rise up! Bring the funeral! Rise up!
Dream your impossible dream
Crawl from the hole in the earth! Crawl!
The captains of this ship of fools are flesh, and softer than wood

The Freedom Club, the Freedom Club - Rage The Freedom Club, the Freedom Club - Wait

Let us lay to rest our future dream
Let us leave it to rust and walk away
Let us turn around on the road of progress
Let us go back the way we came

The houses are all gone under the sea (walk away, walk away)
The dancers are all gone under the hill (turn our backs, turn our backs)
The houses are all gone under the sea (close our eyes, close our eyes)
the dancers are all gone under the hill (turn around and go back the way we came)

"Because we can"