

Tripod, In The Countryside

I watch a weary old man with his briefcase.
Each year of city life a wrinkle on his tired face.
Is this the man that I will turn into?
Then I think of you.

Somewhere across the city,
you are on a train.
Looking at a wrinkled lady.
We should get out of here, baby.

We'll take the road out to the countryside, my dear.
Where the mountains go forever,
and the birds are always near.

We'll build a better life,
we'll leave the city far behind us.
Living where the outside world will never find us.

Stockpiling weaponry

Ly ly ly ly ly ly, bazookas, ly ly ly
Ly ly ly, hand grenades, ly ly ly ly ly ly
Ly ly ly ly ly, booby traps, ly ly ly ly
Ly, bunker network, ly ly ly ly ly ly ly
Ly ly ly ly ly ly ly ly ly ly ly, guns
Ly ly ly ly ly ly ly, fade out, ly ly ly
Ly ly ly ly, black helicopters...