Utopia, Back On The Street

They tell me I've paid back the debt I owed

Forty-four months since the slammer door closed

They give me a suit and put me back on the road

And my thoughts are racing

Where do I go? What am I supposed to live on?

What happens when the twenty-five dollars is gone?

That leaves me lots of time to wonder why I was born

But the countdown is on

Everybody's dancing

The music sounds entrancing

But you can't find the beat

It's the ticking of a thousand human time bombs

Who are back on the street

Oh the names have been changed

But the story's the same

History will repeat

Add it all up and then divide it by zero

'Cause you're back on the street

I can't stand the strain of this job no more

I must have forgot what I took it on for

I make lots of money, yet still I want more

And my head is blazing

I think that I'll check out the shops downtown

Sometimes it helps to buy things when I feel brought down

At this hour I might dodge those hippie low-life's around

But the countdown is on

Once you had to stand out

Looking for a handout

Free love and body heat

And that money's just a crumpled green ball in your pocket

When you're back on the street

Back on the street again

Said you're back on the street again

The countdown is on

And nobody knows when

Spreading like a cancer

Looking for the answer

In everyone you meet

And each in his way has a hustle to play

When he's back on the street