## **State Of Mind**

## **Dance Hall Crashers**

i can't believe the time - it's getting to be late, so crowded in the state of my mind i can't seem to think straight, it's hard to tell my fate anymore so would you be so kind to tell me which direction is the door?

how will i manage to survive while i'm fighting this fiend? welcome to the american machine

blame - blame it on the game, the move of the technocrat, watch him tip his hat, he's got no name corporation enterprise always tries to justify the end only for the short term, profits will be just around the bend

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oh i see the river red, the government, the pentagon, choose to feed the green beret in stead the streets are filled with homeless the ignorant have nowhere to go so tell me where's the medicare, amidst all the nuclear show?

how will i manage to survive while i'm fighting this fiend? welcome to the american machine