

Up With People

Lambchop

Yes there comes a booming sound
It used to come from underground
Now it emanates
From a kind of welfare state
Of the soul
Yeah baby of the soul

And of the sweet sweet soul
Let's be certain
Of the deliberate monologue
As sure as if it will fall
Across you
Unto you
Will most certainly leave the doing undone
Come on undone

And we are doing
And we are screwing
Up our lives today
What's that we chanted
It's this we planted
C'mon progeny