

Political Poachers

America

Someone told me you got to be free
Someone told me to stand in the rear
Keep on searchin' for kings in the street
Keep on cryin' for something that's clear

You are one more posse to pass in the night
One more con to conceal
One more tiger to paint on a stripe
One more player to deal

Political poachers push plump packages
Past pacified places
Concerned citizens cry crude conduct
'Cause Captain Command
Don't do dreams
Do dreary drivels drive
Doctor, daddy divine
Prize shipment tonight, tomorrow tame tempers
To touch tender time

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It takes one more moment of time in your life
One more light to reveal
One more place in the sun to turn ripe
One more kingdom to feel

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