

When 'the people's revolution
Is the stuff of science fiction
Then the sense of evolution is deranged
Into thinking your solution
Is the easy contradiction
To the way you had the problem re-arranged
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
No! No! No! No! No! -- I don't think so!
No! No! No! No! No! -- I don't think so!
No! No! No! No! No!
It's obvious to me
But can't you blinkered visionaries
All comprehend how unrealistic it must be?
To alter all the problems
Till the facts are all forgotten
And solutions blow out on the morning breeze
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
No! No! No! No! No! -- I don't think so!
No! No! No! No! No! -- I don't think so!
No! No! No! No! No! -- Where's your revolution now?
No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No!
When will you come to realise
The more you tend to theorise
The actuality of life recedes?
And the daily devastation
- Maybe daily revelation -
Is forgotten in the future you conceive
So any people's revolution
Is not down to your conclusions
Concerning how we change to suit your needs
For if everyone is what they are
Change can only go as far
As people want to change their destiny
No! No! No! No! No!
No! No! No! No! No! -- I don't think so!
No! No! No! No! No! -- I don't think so!
No! No! No! No! No! -- Where's your revolution now?
No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No!