

Fields Of People

Electric Light Orchestra

Wildflowers grow everywhere
Vibrations flow, things will have to change
(Good evening, madam. It's a recording. Yes.)
Strange new ideas fill the air
Some people leave, others grieve
Some were there but things will change
Old concepts go, new ones grow
All at once the world begins to love again
(..... Hello Uncle Bill)
And the wildflowers grow out of fields

Fields of people
There's no such thing as a weed
Seeds of hatred
Plant them and soon they will breed

(Going to the pub, are you? Evening madam.)

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All at once the world begins to love again
(..... Hello Uncle Bill)
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Love of people
There's no such thing as a weed
Seeds of hatred
Plant them and soon they will breed

Fields of people
There's no such thing as a weed
Seeds of hatred
Plant them and soon they will feed

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(..... Hello Uncle Bill)
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(There's a bloke out here looking for the band)

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(Here we are now in Great Portland Street. Ah, good evening sir, I wonder would you like to come over here and say a few words in the microphone. Oh. It catches one a bit off balance suddenly to be interrupted in the street. I got one. Hello, I don't wanna taxi. What I want is this. You're a taxi driver, and we want a taxi driver's opinion on pop music. I think it's very good mate. Just cause I gettin' a bit anciant don't mean to say I don't enjoy it. Good. Toot your organ and we'll be away.)

(Hold it. One more time, it's a bit ragged. Try one more. Here we go.)