

Walking these streets all by myself, I don't care about anybody else!

'Cause sometimes don't you know that I just feel that way  
And sometimes I'm just so ready to strike out!  
And the people sit and stare from their main street terraces and coffee shops as I pass by  
But they never say "Hello" 'cause they could never understand  
All the foreign concepts in my mind

You see I'm thinking of a world, where people stop and think for themselves  
And I'm thinking of a world, where people wouldn't fuck you for money  
And I know, it's just a dream, but it's one I won't let go 'cause I'm so tired of getting fucked  
By you and you, and you and you...

Priorities prioritized in sickening ways by the capitalist pushers of the world  
As the yuppies and the bankers of this neighborhood drive in F.U.V's to work  
And I think to myself, "What a success these 'excess junkies' are!"  
And I'm sure the homeless and those with no health care would surely concur

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And I'm thinking of a world, where people wouldn't F you for money  
And I know, it's just a dream, but it's one I won't let go 'cause I'm so tired of getting fucked  
By those of you who..

Protect their conscience, by saying that it's only business  
Protect their conscience, by saying that is just the way it is  
Because it's not the way it has to fuckin' be!