

Some folks try  
To multiply  
From sunrise to sunset  
Leave behind  
More of their kind  
So no one will forget  
But that ain't where I'm coming from - today  
Those easy girls don't turn me on - anyway  
I wanna know where my pride has gone  
The party's over  
Caught in a dream  
Inside this world machine

Teachers teach  
And preachers preach  
Of spiritual evolution  
But this big I am  
From uncle sham  
Just adds to my confusion  
I've seen his face, I've heard his song - before  
But I don't care what time he's on - anymore  
I must have been on the streets too long  
The party's over  
Caught in a dream  
Inside this world machine

I find myself outside your door  
Trying to make it like before  
But you don't follow what I say  
And I can tell by your smile  
You're no longer a child  
That part of you was buried yesterday . . .  
. . . who knows  
Why they come and where they go  
In this world machine?

It's the chosen fools  
Who make the rules  
That don't apply to me  
With their fast-car games  
And counter claims  
Not my reality

And I don't know if I belong - today  
I don't know why my friends have gone - away  
I must have been on the streets too long  
The party's over  
Caught in a dream  
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(don't knock the system - we'll knock some sense in you  
Don't beat the system - there's nothing you can do)