

Mother Earth Is a Vicious Crowd

Live

Pollution, Cain, and misery
Oceans of golden mystery
Armies boisterious and armies loud
Portraits of a vicious crowd

Talk to me
Talk to me now
Hey man, you're all that I have

Me, myself, myself and I
Were born to work and born to die
I have chosen my anthems
Of these I am proud
Portraits of a divided crowd

Talk to me
Talk to me now