

Way back there an explosion of hope
Hit out hard in a furnace of steel
I thought life was a fire
I thought life was a high time
(I thought life was a fire)
I thought life was a symbol
(I thought life was for livin)
I thought life was for livin
(I thought life was a symbol)
I thought life was a fire

There's an institute in Chicago
With a room full of machines
And they live this side of the sunrise
And burn away your dreams
Once you fly to Chicago - in Chicago you will die
When that institute in Chicago has recorded you and I

There's an empty house in California
But they'll always let you in
And they'll make you feel oh so easy
Like you never learned to sin
Oh yeah that's how they made it how they made it seem so clear
Yes that empty house in California is our brave new world's machine

At the institute in Chicago from the first day you were born
Oh they just can tell what your feelin
And they can't see how you're torn
When your name's just a number - just a number you will die
Cos that institute in Chicago never knew you were alive

Way back there a reflection of me
Turned my head in a circle of time
I thought life was for living (living)
I thought life was a high time (high time)
I thought life was a fire (fire)
I thought life was a symbol (symbol)