

I've seen faces in the window  
I've seen faces in the street  
They walk and talk of nothing  
I've known many restless summers  
The sand dunes I imagine  
A place without a postcard  
Flower people were so beautiful  
But straight and loud's the way  
Good luck the beatnik spirit  
The talk of politicians  
The sentences of cynics  
Are the sentences of childhood

They're all talking shit to me

Out-talked by the mass media  
to pay the bills it lies  
And the lies we eat for breakfast  
Brave faces face the boardroom  
the oak stained walls fall silent  
They leave lined with defeat

And they got those tears in their eyes  
Well it makes no sense to me

Why don't they understand  
We're so ordinary too  
I saw the exits closing now  
Pain and passion's my point of view  
Well there's nothing like the truth

I've seen men that have been marked out  
Ruled out by grim assassins  
They fell hard on instant replay  
And I'm never going there Well the place I see so much better  
Cos it makes no sense to me  
I saw the exits closing now  
Burning mountains, burning paper  
Burning all around and later