

Take It Home

No Use for a Name

Nobody is talking about the hazy sky
"Have the mountains gotten smaller
Or is the water getting high?"
There's a light up on the hill, illuminating glow
I think I want to go

But the light that keeps on burning
Is on the same page you've been turning
Ignorance for some is just a way of life
There is no message I am sending just this thought process I own
It's time to take it home

Looking at the valley where everybody grinds
I understand the purpose but there is no end in sight
There's a little voice inside that tells us what to do
How did we get this screwed?

But the light that keeps on burning
Is on the same page you've been turning
Ignorance for some is just a way of life
There is no message I am sending just this thought process I own
It's time to take it home
Take it home

"We now return you to the music of Raman Raquello playing for you in the Maderian Room of the Park Plaza Hotel situated in downtown New York."