

The Fourth World

Roy Harper

It's high time to fly
In the face of the lie
It is over
To slave for ideals
That have long been ordeals
Must be over
So come on you man
Don't be conned yet again
Finding out you've got nowt...
Must be over... for good
Sometimes I vote
For the man in the coat
But I'm dreaming
With community dead
And rat race instead
I'd be dreaming
That I could be heard
In the state of absurd
Really dreaming... whacko...
Right out there
(For good?)
You know in your heart of hearts
In your vision
In your children
That you've gotta make a new start
In this hour of decision
If you are the tabloid
Caught up in this typhoid
Of cuckoo
Still hoarding the butter
In the mountains of muttering
Voodoo
Spreading this gospile
According to hostile
Well fuck you... fuck you
You deserted the spirit forever... sheep
Fuck you... for good
Why don't you fuck off
With your certified culture
Whimping away to some
Pasturised future
Killing the airwaves
Gannets for guano
Shit for propaganda
Radio dumbo
The people who've got
Three worlds on sale (just gimme)
Would rip the fourth apart
Re-package you
Rip you off
Flog the only heart
In the sell out, the sell out
Not brave enough to change it
Too low down to inherit the earth
So look in the mirror
And tell me
It's all going to happen

That the doors of perception
And justice
Will finally open
All by themselves
Without lifting a finger
Just by hoping... just by hoping...
ohh just by openening
Opening
Pandora's box...
So fill all the forms in
With misinformation and vanish
Or pass to your children
The code they will need to diminish
The world that you knew
That you brought them into
For the anguish
For the relish... for the fish...
For all of us
You know in your heart of hearts... etc
So pull up a fire
And throw down your gun
The fourth world is here
Soon there'll either be none
Or one global village
With faces as bright as the sun
One global village
With faces as bright as the sun