

Cruel Inventions

Sam Phillips

Two men with empty pockets put lipstick on a little girl
And another dream goes by
They make her ride the rockets
That fall into a sea of pearl
And another dream goes by

Power stealing through
Fading out of view
Our cruel inventions

The beat generation all got on the morning train
And another dream goes by
They left me at the station
Breathing dust from hopeless rain
And another dream goes by

Un-invent the wheel of endless greed
Let conscience run like a river like a dreamer

A world of elevators with music like magazines
And another dream goes by
Magnetic separators divided by a wall of screens
And another dream goes by