

Movement For the Common Man

Styx

Children of the land
Don't wear a frown upon your face
Come on and join your hands
We're all a part of the human race

The music is here
To let you leave your fears behind
Come on along don't do me wrong
Let's see what you might find

Children of the land
Children of the land
Don't misunderstand
We're all children of the land

Don't trust anyone else
To run your life and set your goals
You've gotta be able to live with yourself
When you are getting old

Others are getting blamed
For messing your life around
It's your own fault if you complain
For letting it get you down

Children of the land
Children of the land
Don't misunderstand
We're all children of the land

Children - come on children now
Children - yeah
Children - I said children yeah
Children - come on children now
Children - of the land
Children - of the land
Children - I said of the land

Well, you see now
I'm a depression baby
And I remember the wpa
If we could just start the same thing again and get people working out there
, why not?
Is it too menial for somebody to sweep the street?

And if you've got enough money where you don't have to work
Let's face it, who wants to work?
There's no reason why anybody that five generations of people got to be on welfare

I had one gentlemen get in ---
No offense to you gentlemen, he had long hair and a beard --
And I told him, he had better go home and take a bath;
He had b.o. so bad, it was terrible
I said "you might be educated, but did your parents tell you to go dirty? "

See the latest issue

Hard up, see
Chicago scene

Kids nowadays, that's the whole thing
Too much money, they've got too much money
They don't have to struggle and work for things
Like when I was growing up had to do
And I was lucky if I got that job delivering hats in a hat store
For twenty-five cents per hat
Too much money today is with the young kids
Everything was handed to 'em,
And that's why they are the way they are

Another new day takes up on you
A fanfare wakes the land
The naked lives just a shining down
At the dawn of the common man

Outside in the madding crowd
He laughs along the way
Traffic city, what a pity
It doesn't have a word to say

Troubled people, billions of people
They can't seem to understand
The ringing ears are unable to hear
The sounds of the natural plan

Yeah yeah yeah

Morning sunshine
On carpets of green
Cascades of water
Are flowing endlessly

Here in the morning light
We spent a holiday
Here in the morning
At mother nature's matinee

Here in the morning
At mother nature's matinee

Here in the morning
At mother nature's matinee