

Year 3,000 Blues

Ten Years After

They took me down the grading station
And they classified me zed
'Cause of over population
They told me that I would soon be dead

But I slipped out of the force field
And hid beneath the monorail
But the automatic blood hounds
Lord, they're soon hot along my trail

Now if I had been a scholar
With computer working hard
Then my molecular structure
Would not be on the grader's card

So, I know that they will get me
Put my index in the brain
Then, the atoms of my body
Will be disposed of, Lordy, down the drain

They took me down the grading station
And they classified me zed
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