

# The Mother Place

## The Cat Empire

Whoah

Up up and down from the country to the town  
From the streets to the city from the sky to the ground  
in the alleyways  
When the mad noise sound we be looking  
But still we haven't found what we're looking for  
For all of our days. Searching out prophets  
In this great big haze  
Of consumers, banks and commercial shit  
and most of the people they sit

When think this is living a part of their lives  
But if this is living then our lives are in strife  
But now we be searching, searching for some space  
That's right we be in the search for the mother place.

And when we get there by land or by sea  
By climbing up a mountain or swinging through some  
trees  
On arrival we'll get a sense of the place  
And we'll feel it in the air and the smiles on our face  
will grow  
When the living does begin  
When the banks they are burning  
And the mobiles don't ring no more  
Radiation will cease  
We'll be lying outside  
Drinking brews in the heat

And at this destination we'll be doing what we want  
And not because it's fashion but because it's our  
response  
And we'll write and we'll read and we'll work and feed  
And won't need nothing from society 'cause i'm free

And if you want we could write a post  
However those with the noise find that it's far  
Better to search for a better living  
Better to be alive than waiting for an ending  
and some might say

That place don't exist  
It's something that you're dreaming  
It's something that you wish

Reply is simple  
we'll say it to begin with  
(both)  
If we don't find a place  
Then we'll make it right here  
Cause we're rhyming for a reason  
We plan 'cause we can  
And we we didn't ask for permission  
And we enter with a bang  
And the empire saying  
Everyone should have a face  
That's why we be in the search

For the mother place.