

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.