

Humdrum

The Dream Academy

Just a touch of industry,
monday morning,
put on your collar and head straight out
everyone's waiting, don't be late...
uptown midday,
sound of the city on slow decay
see the faces behind private eyes
as you pencil in their lives
in the humdrum,
can you hear the doldrum,
stepping outside the firing line
there's a foreman standing on a bridge of iron
and the men walk across it to go back to work
in their monday morning shirts
and they don't run
and when the work's done.
At nights, the streets are alive with
catwalk, west side story, flashback parade,
in this quick fire, cry tough world
men with ambition
will,
be loved.
Moving up to another rung
feel the heart of the city beating tight as a drum
playing 'move on up' and the never stop
a whole world living out 'beat the clock'
and it's said and done
'look after number one'
ultimatum, deadline
wound up so tight
'til you can't unwind
worlds within worlds, some built out of nothing
by those who left this world behind
driven on by fear or ambition
now,
waiting in line,
things will work out fine
they just take a little time