

Make No Plans

The Fixx

They're looking at me from a magazine
These eyes haunt me though I am unseen
From Tompkins Park to the dirty beach
The anger's mounting and it is in reach
Misrepresented or misunderstood
They're crawling 'round us in the neighborhood
They make a profit from the sheer decay
Kill the birthright on a summer's day

Craw out of your hole tied to the post
What have you got to lose?
Out of control, you at the polls
Make no bone, circle 'round me
Out of my tree, loving and free
But why I am feeling this doubt?
Shaking, I shout
Make no plans for me, make no plans

Mean and moaning, are we impotent
To stop the killing of environment?
To save the world, will it be dissent?
I'm asking you, you say "no comment", no

Crawl out of your hole, tied to the post
What have you got to prove?
Out of control, you take the polls
Make no bone, circle 'round me
Out of my tree, loving and free
But why I am feeling this doubt?
Shaking, I shout
Make no plans for me, make no plans

The sweet defense of the singles bar
No use hiding, we know where you are
Tawana Brawley and her plastic bag
Hell's the future, and we're looking back