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(Willcox/Bogen)
Just the same old world in a new dimension
All pent up with a few more tensions
Sleepless mouths, restless feet
Waiting to enter dead end street
Too many people inhabit this stage
All in confusion and all in a rage
War machines, fascist regimes
Laser beams, futurist dreams
The way you behave is an ignorant disgrace
Want to sink my fist right into your face
Too many people inhabit this stage
All in confusion and all in a rage
Spending every day resting on blades
Fighting in the streets, having wars and no peace
No food, no money, no babies to feed
In a land of broken dreams, only tears are free
You live your lives in decadence
Make us smile and then repent
Walk the streets behind war paints
While the sinners become the saints
Too many people inhabit this stage
All in confusion and all in a rage
Spending every day resting on blades
Fighting in the streets, having wars and no peace
No food, no money, no babies to feed
In a land of broken dreams, only tears are free
Too many people, too many people
Too many people inhabit this stage
All in confusion and all in a rage
Too many people, too many people
Too many people
Toyah Willcox - vocals
Peter Van hooke - drums
Ian Wherry - keyboards
Phil Palmer - guitar
Alan Carvell - backing vocals
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Toyah Willcox - backing vocals Chris Neil - backing vocals