

In The Countryside

Tripod

I watch a weary old man with his breifcase
Each year of city life a wrinkle on his tired face
Is this the man that I will turn into
Then I think of you
Somewhere accross the city you are on a train
Looking at a wrinkled lady
We should get out of here baby
We'll take the road out to the countyside my dear
Where the mountains go forever and the birds are always
near
We'll build a better life
We'll leave the city far behind us
Living where the outside world will never find us
Stockpiling weaponry
Lai lai lai lai lai Bazookas lai lai lai
Lai lai lai Hand Grenades lai lai lai lai lai
Lai lai lai lai lai Booby Traps lai lai lai lai
Lai Bunker Network lai lai lai lai lai lai lai
Lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai lai Guns
Lai lai lai lai lai lai lai Fade Out lai lai lai
Lai lai lai lai Black Helecopters lai lai lai