

It's like Broadway scenes,
Unreal it seems to me
Pictures of a thousand words, that gleam,
And hides the unseen

Like Picasso hiding, in a local drive-in,
We can't outgrow the world
The Popes insulting,
It's rigged, not faulty.

CHS

It's OK to wake up,
Coz you've been so far away
It's OK to wake up
Coz that's who you are today, so far away.

Just like the Broadway dreams,
So real they seem to me
I like the poster girls,
They seem to cover my needs. (When they're down on their knees)

Like Muammar Gaddafi,
There's no time to be laughing
They sold the world a TV show.
A sole prediction,
With a final conviction

Chorus