

It's the past year and future clear
The silent grows more silent
It's all the mindless sheep I see
Through morning moan and evening free
It's talking without doing
Thinking that I'm living
With aspirations fading
Dreams can substitute for food
Yet I'm always in the eating mood
It's this whine and exactly that
It's the people wondering why I'm not them
I dream in color from nine to five
And wonder exactly who I am