

Glory Road
11-10-03

take the freedom and the money and the prize
the unobserved ripples have all grown to monster size
when was the look away so long to keep unrecognized
the substitution methods where the truth's replaced by lies

hold the phone Amelia I hope you're sitting down
'cause the fate everything rests on the musings of a clown
vacuum points of power being sucked from every town
soon we'll all be running from the evil smell of brown

It's ever known – the glory road
It's overblown – and never told
It's covered up – 'til overload
It's ever known – the glory road

(Give me just a hundred billion bucks...)

hold a trillion metric tons of bombs on boats
and move them to positions where they'll try and stay afloat
and don't consider talking with those teeny weenie folks
whose teeny weenie countries will surely buy the hoax

hold the phone Amelia I hope that you can cope
'cause the fate everything rests on the musings of a dope
puppet or the puppeteer won't matter on this slope
soon we'll all be running from our own decaying hope

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(Give me just a hundred billion bucks...)