

Oil is Dead Stuff

Trip; Trip

[VERSE 1:]

Wheels and planets turn round and round
Bigger they are, smaller the sound
Call it progress in leaps and bounds
King or victor who wears the crown

[CHORUS:]

Fills my head with thoughts of dread
That now said I cannot see red
'Cuz my life is my life
'Cuz my life is my life
Up to me to look and see
Yes be free and pay no fee
Oil runs the world, but it's just dead stuff
The boys who earn with it sure do play rough!

[VERSE 2:]

Disseminate information
Corresponding exclamation
Counterculture proclamation
Instigating reformation

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3:]

Sounds of singing music laughter
Party all day ever after
Hunting screeches flying raptor
Turn the next page end the chapter

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 4:]

Critical time at this juncture
Population bubble puncture
Corporation lurking vulture
Popular consumption culture

[CHORUS]