

## See, The Change Won't Come

Well, someone had something to say  
You better be out of space!  
She didn't like to be found  
You preferred to stay underground.

Now won't you repeat your convention?  
Another instinctive reaction?  
It was Tokyo, London, New York  
Her number was two and a half!

Sitting cross-legged on a table  
Another calculation  
And another stimulation  
To be divided in three.

The idea of feeling alone  
Computed elections of foam  
She was so gifted and skilled  
A face-saving amount.

The silver frog was at home  
An irreplaceable storm  
Well, turn up the radio loud!  
But someone is living below.

The inspiring yellow sleeve  
Was it you becoming a thief?  
Here comes the political clown  
And someone is holding your hand.