

There's too many visionaries, too many blind illuminaries, too many castaways out beggin' to be saved
There's too many money chasers ganging up on mother nature creature comforting our paradise away

Oh, but who am I to say?
I've just been born today in a cabin to myself out in the redwoods
My word straight to God, or what I think is God
I know another way out if we all could
Stop for a minute, wipe the progress from our eyes
And stare at the setting sun that holds us here alive
Dream like we've never dreamed for less not more this time
You are my ally
If you can so can I
Simplify

There's too many advertisements, advertising, mesmerizing us in to that buy it now or never dream
There's too many corporations, too many television stations, too many restaurants not serving what we need

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