

## Driver's Seat

## The Flower Kings

An observation from the greenhouse  
A nifty cluster of insanity  
Not that solid where the ice is thinner  
Even for dog with a pedigree

You've seen them juggling with emotional devices  
So confident and so relaxed  
The league of hasty grown up poets  
Bumping the world upon its axis

And so it's time to take a stand  
You've seen your life come shaped by foreign hands  
And so it's time to make a move  
Letting the world know that you greatly disapprove

You better stop that roadside drinking  
Try find the key to the lock  
Call a halt to the nightmare shrinking  
See what's in that Christmas stocking

Of money, power, fame and passion  
The "holy" foursome will spin the ball  
The ghost of greed above the mansion  
For leagues of copycats a standard call

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And so it's time to make a move  
Letting the world know that you greatly disapprove

Stranded like starfish on the shore, when the moon eclipses the sun  
So the countdown do begin. No leg, no feet, no run  
And when the water finally hits us, then it's either sink or swim  
Examining the clockworks of the Gods, inside your shiny skin  
Stranded like ET's on the floor when the ships have left the pond  
We are all left to float about, for countless years to come  
No it is either do or die, the last and lonely tribe  
Finding a way to leave the pond, to say a last goodbye

Scanning the same old pages  
Look for a sign of greatness  
Learning in the script of life  
To know your self is self contagious

Hope for a glorious Sunday  
Push back the crappy Monday  
Eight days to cross the poles  
And reach the soil of old Britannia  
Angel, your mind is far from home, in a mayhem of it's own  
These are the lost breaks of Babylon, the bad of Adam's bone  
Seeking the pleasure of his ground, as human flesh and bone  
Tell me has love gone slightly wrong or vastly overblown?

Chasing the monster of success and it's catalyzing sparks  
Flexing the qualities you dispose for entering the charts  
Now it's either do or die, to keep you entertained  
Keeping the audience on their toes, beyond the last refrain

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On to the riverbeds of time  
We're scattered driftwood in a sad and lonely line  
A sum of incidents called "Life"  
A place where "V.I.P." will grant no further rights

As we are swaying in the wind  
The image left will go no deeper than your skin  
But all our doings and our deeds  
Propel the universe into love overbleed  
Just as the river made a hole inside the mountain  
You throw your soil into the soul of the great nothing  
It's not so easy to describe, it looks as though you're binding time  
But you must be waiting for the moments to arise

And so you find yourself in the driver's seat  
Down the fishing line, the obstacles of time  
And so you find yourself with a million options chiming  
Time is such a bitch and fate it's little sister

Those universal minds, the archetypes of life  
To the great minds of our time our admiration flies  
All the poets and the queens, all the starlets of our dreams  
To those who came before and those who opened up the doors

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Down the fishing line, the obstacles of time  
And so you find yourself with a million options chiming  
Time is such a bitch and fate its little liar