

I can't sleep when I think about the times we're living in  
I can't sleep when I think about the future I was born into  
Outside's dressed up like Sunday morning  
With no Berlin wall, what the hell you gonna do?

It's a new year, I'm glad to be here  
It's a fresh spring, so let's sing  
In 2080 I'll surely be dead  
So don't look ahead, never look ahead

It's a new year, I'm glad to be here  
It's the first spring, so let's sing  
And the moon shines bright on the water tonight  
So we won't drown in the summer sound

If you find me, I'll be sitting by the water fountain  
Picket signs, letdowns, meltdown on Monday morning  
But it's all right, yeah, it's all right  
Yeah, it's all right, yeah, it's all right  
'Cause in no time, they'll be gone  
I guess I'll still be standing here

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Yeah, yeah, we can all grab at the chance to be handsome farmers  
Yeah, you can have twenty-one sons and be blood when they marry my daughters  
And the pain that we left at the station will stay in a jar behind us  
We can pickle the pain into blue ribbon winners at county contests

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