

Voice of Protest, The
by Donovan

The human race is sleeping, half of us are weeping
Ignorance is creeping, darkening our way
No teacher is teaching, no plan is far reaching
The Hawks of Greed are screeching, poisoning our day.

As 'round and 'round and 'round we go
The seeds of misery we sow
'Round and 'round and down we go
Your leader is lost and we don't know.

Brother, sister aching, fear and mistrust making
Giving nought, all taking, emptying the heart
The pain of not giving, pretending we're living
No one ever forgiving the drama of the dead.

As 'round and 'round and 'round we go
The seeds of misery we sow
'Round and 'round and down we go
You may well ask which way to go
Your leader is lost and he don't know.

Time he is our Master, more quantity and faster
Directions to disaster, forgetting all we've learned
The children are searching, drugging and churching
While the old Earth Ship she's lurching all on her starry way.

As 'round and 'round and 'round we go
The seeds of misery we sow
'Round and 'round and down we go
You may well ask which way to go
Your leader is lost and he don't know.