

**Title : Internationaland**

**Composer : Dick Lee**

**Lyricist : Dick Lee**

Here we are the children of the middle-class  
Growing out of childhood in a final dance  
A bit too late, but as I've said — won't ever last  
Here we are the product of material things  
Empty-valued carelessnesses vanishing  
A bit too late, oh well, that's fate — embarrassing  
Overdressed, we've never had the time to feel  
Overdone in our attempt at overkill  
Always going overboard to get a thrill  
Never again! But maybe I will

We, the mindless servants of society  
Mimicking the public in self-parody  
How we go on, but now it's wrong — we think we see  
We, the adolescent offspring never age  
Elegantly canvassing the power age  
How we go on, well we were born into the craze  
Having never ever seen the other side  
We fall into the world with our eyes open, wide  
Complacency and satisfaction is a crime  
But not today — some other time

Time to grow up, time to face the world  
Salad days are over for most of the boys and girls  
Working and living may not be fun  
But there is bound to be something going for everyone  
And as for me I'll carry on as I am  
The Virgin boy from Internationaland

Here you are developed by the power plant  
Surrounded only by the things you'd ever want  
But look at me - I'll always be the things you can't  
Here you are the coded clones of industry  
Realism when once you had fantasy  
Don't you regret we ever met? - now look at me  
Understand that you were always free to choose  
I knew it was a game only for me to lose  
You sacrificed life for a pair of working shoes  
And now you've learned - well, carry on

Here I am the leftover of my lifestyle  
I think I'll hang around this way for awhile

Too bad you must go  
You don't have to go  
Well, if you must go don't wait for me