

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