Observation, The
by Donovan

On the sidewalk the people are hustling and bustling,
They ain't got no time so they think on the thing
That will fill in the space in between birth and death.
Who're they kidding ?
On the TV the people are mumbling and grumbling,
They ain't got no hope so they give out the news
That the world's got the blues, S.O.S. S.O.S.
Bless my soul.
In the movies the people are identifying
They ain't got no season to split for no reason
And so they get by on the great community lie.
On the sidewalk the people are hustling and bustling,
They ain't got no time so they think on the thing
That will fill in the space in between birth and death.
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