



Twenty-First Century Man

Words and music by Mike Ryan ©Mike Ryan 2001

If you stop to think
You might have some concerns about
Globalization or war
On the long road to nowhere
You just can't go back
To the way that things happened before
And with a mobile stuck to me ear and talking loud
No body's listening to me
If I talk a bit louder, it's sure to make sense
In this virtual land
Of the virtual free

Twenty-first century man, I am
I am.

Driving fast and getting there slowly
Two thousand more miles to go
If it's out of control
Put your foot on the pedal
And into the consciousness flow
And on the e-mail hanging on every word you say
Who are you, where have you been?
And you surf on the net and the truth it comes up
On you high definition flat screen

Twenty-first century man, I am
I am.

At the Goat and Compasses allotment society's
Annual meeting and ball
If the music is shite
Then there's comfort in knowing
Your broad beans are forty feet tall
It's a hollow rebellion to turn off the T. V.
Sit there and stare at the screen
Get up and get out; play your old music
There's time in each day for your dream

Twenty-first century man, I am
I am.