

# There's No Place Called Away

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Look around at the blight  
From sea to shining sea  
What once was such a pretty sight  
Full of grass and trees  
Now filled with asphalt, glass and steel  
Mortar and bricks  
Churches of real fantastic deals  
In cities and sticks.

Where you gonna find a place to hide  
Tell me, where you gonna stay  
Once the land is stripped and malled and fried  
In reality, there's no place called away.

Remember when a country walk  
Made the weekends fun  
Families would picnic, joke and talk  
Lazing in the sun.  
But now the kids head for the mall  
While their parents stare  
At the black box mounted on the wall  
Blissfully unaware.

When you gonna find the time to relate  
Do you know what games they play  
By the time find out, it'll be too late  
In reality, there's no place called away.

It's true we worship technology  
And the stuff it brings  
But let's not lose sight of what we love  
In accumulating new things.

Instrumental

Where we gonna find a place to stash  
The stuff from society's ashtray  
How will the planet absorb all this trash  
In reality, there's no place called away.

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Tell me, where you gonna stay  
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