**Artificial** written in Delhi 2017

I'm standing at a busy corner

in Delhi far away from home

my lungs are shot - it's getting warmer

I get the nitro air syndrome

My life out here is artificial

we hide in air conditioned rooms

the culture shock may be initial

but air cannot be cleaned with brooms

The traffic's crazy, at a standstill

we're stuck in cars from dawn to nite

you take a walk - you turn to roadkill

A 12-ton truck you cannot fight

**Nairobi, Kampala, Beijing and Dar  
are thoroughly conquered and raped by the car  
The  standard of living increase - yes it's cool  
but most of it spent on pollution and fuel  
Was this our intention - our billions in aid  
increasing mobility - look what we made!**

In Sweden - fuss 'bout slight pollution

the air's so clean you can bottle and sell

The poor nations suffer - need a solution

You cannot move or breathe in hell

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