

D.o.a

"The Prisoner"

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(Keighley, C. Keighley. 1:51)
Apartment walls, halls are small
Government building site much too small
These tiny boxes won't let me out
These tiny boxes are too remote
It's a screaming mess
Television city dream
Your robot's eyes gleam
In my future dream
Yeah hey!
It's not fate or chance
It's the money in the bank
Burn their timber and gather their bricks
Drive'em into the fire, the bloody dicks
It's a screaming mess

And I am the prisoner
The prisoner, the prisoner
Go!
It's not fate or chance
Kick somebody in the face
Burn their timber and gather their bricks
Drive'em into the fire, the bloody dicks
It's a screaming mess
Television city dream
Your robot's eyes gleam
In my future dream
And I am the prisoner
The prisoner, the prisoner
Well I am the prisoner
The prisoner, the prisoner
The prisoner!

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