

Hawkwind

"In The Office"

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I am so distant
And so cold
I've lived too long
And I'm so old
I've tried so many distant ways
I've watched each one of them delayed
I can't expound for the ages
While we are leafing through the pages
The office blocks from which we march
Mirrored shades of the Patriarch

Lounge lizards in penthouse flats
May soon find out where it's at
They gnaw away our hard earned pay
We walk the treadmill every day

Caught by streams of constant motion
Most of the workers have no notion
Sitting glued to the computer screens
Fingers raised - "must finish the scene"
Techno-droppings don't exist
Within these walls we can't resist

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