

Hawkwind

"Processed"

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Every time I go out, I think I'm being checked out
Faceless people watching on a TV screen
Do you begin to sense it, just beneath the surface
Reflections off a window whilst walking down the street

Spying, lying, there's no denying
You can't escape, just be discreet
Computers are abused, school records are fed
Police are checking on what you've said
The number of your car's fed into a box
Your journey's being checked, it's a paradox
Duplicate forms and ID cards, are next in line to
disregard

Future generations are relying on us
It's a world we've made - incubus
We're processed, we're processed, we're processed

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