

Hawkwind "Treadmill"

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I'm so distant and so cold
I've lived too long and I'm so old
I've tried so many different ways
I've watched each one of them decay
I can't expound before the ages
While we are leafing through the pages
The office blocks from which we march
The mirrored shades of the patriarch
Caught by streams of constant motion
Most of the workers have no notion
Sitting glued to computer screens
Fingers raised - " must finish the scene"
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
I'm so distant and so cold
I've lived too long and I'm so old
I've tried so many different ways
I've watched each one of them decay
I can't expound before the ages
While we are leafing through the pages
The office block from which we march
The mirrored shades of the Patriarch

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