

Hine Rupert

"House Arrest"

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I don't think I'll be free

In fact I'm so uncertain

Now my game is with the curtain

If I sound a little hounded

It's because I am surrounded

No one else will talk to me

If you buy yourself a uniform

Get one for me

We'd better learn telepathy

And I never guessed

Oooh I never guessed

I'd find myself under house arrest

I'd find myself under house arrest

Robbed of the books I loved the best

My records for forensic test

If I get your letters

Well they're torn and read

My information comes spoon fed

If I only heard a whisper from the cupboard or the bed

I turn out the light

But it comes back on

The phone still rings
but this line sounds wrong
I'm told there's no escaping
And each word I say they're taping
You'll have to ask discreetly
For an interview with me
We'd better learn telepathy
And I never guessed
Oooh I never guessed
I'd find myself under house arrest
I'd find myself under house arrest
And I never guessed
I'd find myself under house arrest
And I never guessed
I'd find myself under house arrest
Drums: Trevor Morais
Dedicated to Mr. Donald Woods

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