

Mott The Hoople

"The Watcher"

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We are looking in on you now,
What do you think you can do now,
It's very small from way out here,
The last thing you will feel is fear,
Give you a chance to do the right thing,
Give you a chance to do the bright thing,
Now our sense is all disgusted,
Where you're from you can't be trusted,

Where I come from no-one smiles,
Every inch exists in miles,
Still it's cool relaxed and calm,
Sitting here on the Funny Farm,

World in prison screams in pain,
There are no leaders you can blame,
Human greed destroys your sphere,
And there's no room for you out here,
You're on your own now.

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