

Pink Floyd

"Paranoid Eyes"

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Button your lip
And don't let the shield slip
Take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask
And if they try, to break down your disguise with their
questions
You can hide, hide, hide
Behind paranoid eyes

You put on your brave face and slip over the road for a
job
Fixing your grin as you casually lean on the bar
Laughing too loud at the rest of the world
With the boys in the crowd
You can hide, hide, hide
{I'll tell you what, I'll give you three blacks, and play
you for five}
Behind petrified eyes

You believed in their stories of fame, fortune and glory
Now you're lost in a haze of alcohol soft middle age
The pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high
And you're hide, hide, hide
Behind brown and mild eyes

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