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Pink Floyd "Wot's...Uh Deal"

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Heaven said the promised land

Looks allright from where I stand

Cause I'm the man on the outside looking in

Waiting on the first step

Show where the key is kept

Point me down the right line because it's time

To let me in from the cold

Turn my land into gold

Cause there's chill wind blowing in my soul

And I think I'm growing old

Flash the red is wots...uh the deal

Got to make to the next meal

Try to keep up with the turning of the wheel.

Mile after mile

Stone after stone

Turn to speak but you're alone

Million mile from home you're on your own

So let me in from the cold

Turn my land into gold

Cause there's chill wind blowing in my soul

And I think I'm growing old

Fly bright by candlelight

Up out of my sight

And if she prefers we will never stir again

Someone said the promised land

And I grabbed it with both hands

Now I'm the man on the inside looking out

Hear me shout 'come on in, what's the news and where

you been?'

Cause there's no wind left in my soul

And I've grown old

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