

Rupert Hine "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
Ooh 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
Ooh 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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