

## Steve Hackett

### "Mr Soft"

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Mr. Soft, turn around and force the world  
To watch the things you're going through  
Mr. Soft, believe everything they tell you  
And be dammed if they'll thank you  
You paint everything so cruel,  
Coming on like Mr. Cool;  
Paint your face and shut the gate,  
No one's coming home till late  
Don't you know, life gets tedious enough  
Without this extra grudge to bare  
You, so slow, shift your ideas, make your mind up  
In a jiffy, let' s be fair  
We'll be taking off tonight,  
Turn off your eyes and shut the light,  
You're the most, you're so unreal,  
We'd all be dead without your spiel!  
Mr. Soft, go to town and bring the dawn in,  
In the morning on your way  
Mr. Soft, put your feet upon the water  
And play Jesus for the day  
You begin to hear them mumble,

Spot the Starman, rough-and-tumble,

Fight the good fight, sling your axe,

Watch the speaker lead the packs

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