

Thinkman

"Watchman Walkman Thinkman Later Retitled The T"

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Watchman, Walkman

Touch ground, Thinkman

I must attack the heartless giant

from inside while others sleep

infiltrate production lines

of broadcasting elite

who elevate the meaningless

with finance and impressions of what other people
need.

The network never weeps

it never cries for you to stop

there's a naked head to rescue

It's so lonely at the top.

We are the men of tomorrow

and we wish you were here --

wish you were here...

Watchman, Walkman

Touch ground, Thinkman

I must ignite the frozen conscience

when the mind that rules is weak

sabatoge the air waves
till the cowards are in retreat
crush the casual hand before it signs away
the only antidote for a corporation seat.

The network never weeps
it never cries for you to stop
there's a virus in the system
fighting apathy with shock

We are the men of tomorrow
and we wish you were here --
wish you were here...

Watchman, Walkman

Touch ground, Thinkman...

the network never weeps
it never cries for you to stop

Guitars: KEITH MORE, JAMIE WEST-ORAM

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