

## **No Use For A Name "Watching"**

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There is a man I know  
Who lives across the street  
Every time I sit down at the table  
He surveys what I eat  
He's watching out for crime  
To happen any time  
He's always minding someone's business  
And the business is usually mine  
He's making sure that I don't have fun  
Because he lives alone  
He's watching in the darkness  
of his home...  
WATCHING YOU, WATCHING ME  
Six remote controls  
So he can sit back on his ass  
and watch the world from his perch  
by the window, on the other side of the glass  
He says he's looking out for me  
but why can't he just see?  
Just because he has nobody  
He has to bother me...Watching me!!!

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