

The Outfield

"Magic Seed"

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Yellow man, dealing in a back street
Sinner man, he's telling you it's never enough
Nobody there, inside the mind he wasted

In a city where it's all gone wrong
Too many people and they don't belong
Suffocating on the air they breathe
Selling their souls for the magic seed

Pretty girl, standing in a doorway
At a price, offering a bed for the night
Nobody cares, a sign of the life she's wasted

In a city where it's all gone wrong
Too many people and they don't belong
Suffocating on the air they breathe
Selling their souls for the magic seed

So afraid, nowhere else to go now
Far far away, there's a place
That you once called home but

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Too many people and they don't belong
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