

Steve Winwood

"Shootout at The Fantasy Factory"

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You rise upon a black day, coming from a mile away
And every time I hear you say, that I don't have to be
this way
You sneak upon a mean moon, that casts it's shadow
too soon
When the spell is in tune, your shadow slips away

Good man gets the good wife, while bad boy's
cleaning up his knife
And all I got is trouble and strife to help me on my way
You're running round to nowhere, someone said it
might be there
But I'm telling you beware, the hand that fights you'll
feed
Investigating downtown, sergeant gruesome got shot
down
National guard came all around, but couldn't find his
knees
Mickey mouse was all put out, donald duck began to
shout
Rumors that were put about, said they would get theirs
next

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