

## Terry Reid "To Be Treated"

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Oh we are what we are when in danger  
And we are as we stand head in hand  
When a friend brings to light  
On a cold silver knife  
You can stare your fate right into his hand  
-into his hand

Oh we are what we are when we're made to  
Be the soul-owning guardians of land  
And there's always advice  
On a cold winter's night  
That your dreams are just an island in the sands  
Way out in the sand

Don't it seem so strange  
How it just don't change, yeah  
Things just stay the same  
As they've always been  
Some of us are out to win  
And some of us are out just to wane  
Just out to maim

Oh we are what we are when we're praying  
In our own way of seeking some light  
May the mission bell still ring  
Of the colourful dreams  
In the faith that everyone will be treated right

will be treated right  
on a cold cold night  
will be treated right  
hell, i hope that everybody  
will be treated right, yeah  
will be treat right  
on a cold, cold, cold, night  
will be treated right

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