

## Terry Reid

### "To Be Treated Right"

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

Oh, we are what we are when we'll name to  
Be the soul-owning guardians of land  
And there's always advice on a cold winter's night  
Like your dreams are just an island in the sand  
Way out in the sand

Don't it seems so strange  
How it just don't change  
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 aim  
Just out to aim

Oh we are what we are when we're praying  
In our way of seeking some light  
May the mission bells still ring of the colorful dream  
In the faith that everyone will be treated right

Will be treated right on a cold, cold night.  
Will be treated right in a hopeless fight  
Will be treated right, will be treated right  
on a cold, cold, cold night  
Will be treated right

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