

And disciplinary remains mercifully
Yes and um, I'm with you Derek, this star
nonsense

Yes, yes

Now which is it?

I am sure of it

So, so you think you can tell
Heaven from hell?

Blue skies from pain?

Can you tell a green field
From a cold steel rail?

A smile from a veil?

Do you think you can tell?

Did they get you to trade
Your heroes for ghosts?

Hot ashes for trees?

Hot air for a cool breeze?

Cold comfort for change?

Did you exchange

A walk-on part in the war

For a leading role in a cage?

How I wish, how I wish you were here

We're just two lost souls

Swimming in a fish bowl

Year after year

Running over the same old ground

What have we found?

The same old fears

Wish you were here