

## Treadmill

Hawkwind

I'm so distant and so cold  
I've lived too long and I'm so old  
I've tried so many different ways  
I've watched each one of them decay

I can't expound before the ages  
While we are leafing through the pages  
The office blocks from which we march  
The mirrored shades of the patriarch

Caught by streams of constant motion  
Most of the workers have no notion  
Sitting glued to computer screens  
Fingers raised -