

Looks across the fields
That lie across the playground
Dreams of life beyond the gates
And far from this town

Trapped inside a room
With boring little children
Leon dreams of life
Outside his hollow building

He is stuck inside his head, and in a whirl
He feels like running out, and owning all the world

Bleach, and corridors
And cold, and drafty windows
Smells that drift along
From dinner hall up his nose

Under lock, and key
His dreams, his aspirations,
One day, one man, one way
One bag, and one station

He is stuck inside his head, and in a whirl
He feels like running out, and owning all the world

Rules, and regulations
Clocks, and times, and tables
In this goldfish bowl
He's powerless trapped unable

Sick of marching
To the beat of others drumming
Step aside for the new king
For leon's coming

He is stuck inside his head, and in a whirl
He feels like running out, and owning all the world
He feels like running out, and owning all the world
He feels like running out, and owning all the world
He is stuck inside his head, and in a whirl
He feels like running out, and owning all the world
He feels like running out, and owning all the world
He feels like running out, and owning all the world