

The Victim

Barry Gibb

An echo that seemed to come from every direction
The echo of someone's voice
Down filthy streets and cobblestones
The echo had no choice
In darkness I have never known
I raised my stick forth true
And like a blind man, tried to find
Each corner that I knew

Someone picked him, he is the victim
No one can help me now
For who can mend a broken heart
When there's no one else around to show me how

Born and raised in the place I stood
I gave my mind to my feet
Then darkness fell on darkness, and yet more
I could not find that street
The coming of my panic, and the overcome of fear
Paralysed my senses
Would the echo find me here

Someone picked him, he is the victim
No one can help me now
For who can mend a broken heart
When there's no one else around to show me how