

Mr. Soft, turn around and force the world  
To watch the things you're going through  
Oh, Mr. Soft, believe everything they tell you  
And be damned if they'll thank you

You paint everything so cruel  
Coming on like Mr. Cool  
Paint your face and shut the gate  
No one's coming home till late, ooh-la!

Don't you know ? Life gets tedious enough  
Without this extra grudge to bare  
You, so slow, shift your ideas, make your mind up  
In a jiffy, let's be fair

We'll all be taking off tonight  
Turn off your eyes and shut the light  
You're the most, you're so unreal  
We'd all be dead without your spiel, ooh-la, ooh, take it!

Ooh!

Oh, Mr. Soft, go to town and bring the dawn in  
In the morning on your way  
Mr. Soft, put your feet upon the waters  
And play Jesus for the day

You begin to hear them mumble  
Spot the Starman, rough-and-tumble  
Fight the good fight, sling your axe  
Watch the speaker lead the packs, ooh, here we go, we go!