

Forgotten Fields

Echo & the Bunnymen

In the tree-lined cities and forgotten fields
Some are born too pretty, some are born too real
Some to death-wish pity, while the selfish steal some ground

It's all just hunchbacked plans to stumped to feel
As the rise of man names his price to deal
It's "look ma, no hands" on the steering wheel, going round
Goes round, goes round, goes round, slows down

Some are early bloom, some are made to wait
Some arrive too soon, some leave too late
Some think the moon can navigate their life round
Life round, life round, life round, lives round

Hey... can't you see?
What will be...
Can't you see?

Hey... can't you see?
What will be...
Can't you see?

It's behind you
It's behind you
It's behind you
It's behind you

Look behind you
Look behind you
Look behind you
Look behind you

Hey... can't you see?
What will be...
Can't you see?

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