

## Producer

Gang of Four

Young producer paces to and fro  
Sound of the playback fills the air  
A man from EMI wears a suit and big smile  
I don't hear songs, he says, just sound

Hey operator put some stuff on the line  
Day in, day out, I hear the same hits  
Keep yourself, free yourself from editing tape  
No damn truth is cut and shaped

Young sits in the corner in the shadow  
Talks to himself  
Every day to all of my prayers  
I take my songs to the marketplace  
You can hear them shout  
You can hear them shout  
Lies on sale  
Lies on sale  
You can hear them shout  
You can hear them shout  
Lies on sale