

# The Voices Are Back

Howard Jones

He saw flames in the department store  
He tried to get the people to the safety of the door  
There was no fire the voices were telling him what to do  
You could see from his face he needs someone  
To help pull him through

The voices are back they're telling him what to do  
The voices are back they're telling him what to do

Ripping through the fabric between his world and the real  
He's trying to protect you but  
The knife will know that your flesh meets steel  
Took him to an institution  
And they helped the voices go away  
But he didn't have the right set of papers  
So they put this boy in jail

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Six weeks turned to twelve  
He was locked up for twenty-three hours a day  
The warden found him in his cell  
His only crime was that he was ill

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