

The Prisoner

Screeching Weasel

Ya hey

Apartment walls, halls are small
Government building site much too small
These tiny boxes won't let me out
These tiny boxes are so remote

It's a screaming mess
A television city dream
Your robot's eyes gleam
In my future dream

Ya hey

It's not fate or chance
It's the money in the bank
Burn their timber, gather bricks
Drive 'em on fire, those bloody pricks

It's a screaming mess
And I am the prisoner
(The prisoner, the prisoner)

Go

Forget about fate or chance
Kick somebody in the teeth
Burn their timber, gather bricks
Drive 'em on fire, them bloody dicks

It's a screaming mess
A television city dream
Your robot's eyes gleam
In my future dream

And I am the prisoner
(The prisoner, the prisoner)
And I am the prisoner
(The prisoner, the prisoner)

Hey, hey, hey, hey...

The prisoner