

Turn the mirrors face the wall  
Don't you feel a little weak?  
And I'd catch you when you fall  
But you're falling all the time  
Do you need it anymore?  
Or do you need a little more?

Living your life like a bull in the trade  
He doesn't know how it feels  
Under my thumb like a bone under nail  
She's in the know, how's it feel?

Live your life under machine guns  
Canary down the mine

Maybe I'm on the lever

Spoiling my broth like a radio kid  
Programmed computerised minds  
Waving my luck under your nose  
Like I found a four leaf clover