

Fox's Tango

Steve Hackett

There's a dying man down on the street
No anger left, he can't feel his feet
Trees can fall with one gust of wind
Rising tide of hatred, born on the wing

Not enough love in a world of pain
Satan wears a suit, fanning the flames
Smile on your brother, that's what you used to do
Tango to the foxtrotting out fake news

Half of the world living in clover
The other half famished, looks like it's over

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