

Permission

The Stranglers

Some days when the air is thick
And the people try to breathe the air
I try to thread the needles eye
And reach across the street to where
The presence on the corner stands
Watches from the corners of their eyes
They need permission
And your submission
Will make them fade away like summer rain
They need permission
Their intuition
Could turn a protest into pain

They wait in patience for the spark
That's brewing in some angry cries
It's happened many times before
They have to stop them when they try

They need permission
And your submission
Will make them fade away like summer rain
They need permission
Their intuition
Could turn a protest into pain

Permission
Permission

They always have the time of day
To feel the heat from where they stand
Sometimes the mystery is enough
To dore the blows from angry hand
But when the trouble hits the fan
They never shed tears for the banned

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