

Hey Do You Feel Good

The Servant

When I was a boy I could fly
I mean I really, really, really could fly
I'd stand on the stairs
And down and down I'd go
Up above every step

And suddenly these memories are my thoughts
As the Oxford Street I walk
Rages on
And I push my way deep into the crowds
Like a bullet into a cloud
And the pinstriped angels cry
Like trumpets in the sky:

Hey do you feel good?
Do you feel fine most of the time?
Hey do you want more?
Well jump in your coat
And walk through that door
That door

When I was a boy I could fly
I mean I really, really, really could fly
I'd stand on the stairs
And down and down I'd go
Up above every step

And suddenly these memories are my thoughts
As on Oxford Street I walk
Raging along
Was it a dream?
Was it a scene in a play
Sent down by a cathode ray?
And the pinstriped angels cry
Like trumpets in the sky:

Hey do you feel good?
Do you feel fine most of the time?
Hey do you want more?
Well jump in your shades
And walk through that door
That door

Hey do you feel good?
Do you feel fine most of the time?
Hey do you want more?
Well smash up your phone
And walk through my door

I said
Hey do you feel good?
Do you feel fine most of the time?
Most of the time
Most of the time