

Hawkwind, Dangerous Visions

Night sky and city
Keeps us in
Life signs of pity weep within
Games of reality are hard to win
The child of the Third World looks so thin

Dangerous visions, taunt me
Ancient memories, haunt me
Future decisions, confuse me
The story so far just eludes me

The man on the pavement catches your eye
You look in amazement, he's decided to die
The crowd have engagements, they're just passing by
The child of the Third World, is wondering why