

Pink Floyd, Paranoid Eyes

button your lip don't let the shield slip
take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask
and if they try to break down your disguise with their questions
you can hide hide hide
behind paranoid eyes
you put on your brave face and slip over the road for a jar
fixing your grin as you casually lean on the bar
laughing too loud at the rest of the world
with the boys in the crowd
you hide hide hide
behind petrified eyes
you believed in their stories of fame fortune and glory
now you're lost in a haze of alcohol soft middle age
the pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high
and you hide hide hide
behind brown and mild eyes