Fly on the Wall

XTC

I am the fly on the wall,
My prying eyes are looking through your bottom drawer.
I just came flying through your door,
You didn't notice that your number had been called.I see the mother who's beating the babe,
I see the money,
The pennies you save,
Stored on computers,
From birth to the grave.The fly on the wall,
He's seeing it all.I am the fly upon the wall,
You're in the index of the files that stand so tall.
Although your health is rather poor,
We have a place for those who cannot find a cure.I know your income,
Your daily crust,
I know your pleasures,
Your passion,
Your lust,
I know when you're living and I know when you're dust.The fly on the wall,
He's seeing it all.One is born and one will die, it's all understood
The bit that's in the middle doesn't countI am the fly on the wall,
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