

Wot's...uh the Deal

Pink Floyd

heaven sent their promised land
looks allright from where i stand,
cuz im the man on the outside looking in
waiting on the first step, show me where the key is kept
put me down the right line because its time
to let me in from the cold tie my legs into gold,
cuz theres a chill wind blowing in my soul and i think im growing old
flash the red, whats ideal, got to make it to the next meal
try to keep up with the turning of the wheel
mile after mile, stone after stone
turn to speak that your alone, million miles from home
ur on ur own
so let me in , from the cold turn my leg into cold, cuz theres a chill wind blowing in soul
and i think im growing old.....

found by thy candle light, at by my side,
wish he prefers we will never stir again
some one sent the promised land, and i grabbed it with both hands
now im the man on the inside looking out,
and he shouts , come on in
whats the news where yu been
cuz theres no wind left in my soul and ive grown old.....

Lyrics submitted by varun.

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