The Prisoner

D.O.A.

Apartment walls, halls are small
Government building, site much too small
These tiny boxes won't let me out
These tiny boxes are too remoteIt's a screaming mess
Television city dream
Your robot's eyes gleam
In my future dreamIt's not fate or chance
It's the money in the bank
Burn their timber and gather bricks
Drive 'em fire, the bloody dicksIt's a screaming mess
And I am the prisoner
The prisoner, the prisoner
Go[Incomprehensible] fate or chance
Kick somebody in the face
Burn their timber and gather bricks
Drive 'em fire, the bloody dicksIt's a screaming mess
A television city dream
Your robot's eyes gleam
In my future dreamAnd I am the prisoner
The prisoner, the prisoner
Well, I am the prisoner
The prisoner, the prisonerThe prisoner

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