

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>