On the Rocks

Gillan

Children will play in the street
Crying with glass in their feet
Nowhere to go, nothing to do, no place to go
They've sent you to an institution
They've tied your hands behind your back
Once you were a flying thing
Now you're on the rocks with broken wingsOnce you were proud to be a man
You carried out your own tiny part of the plan
You would decide, you'd gamble your pride, but you would decide
And now they've really got you tagged
I saw you in the thinking game
Now you're on the rocks with damaged brains
Hold tight, hold tight, keep those hands on your given birthright
Alright, alright, keep your eyes on the demon in disguise
You must never close your eyes
Right, each night think on back to your given birthright
Hold tight, hold tight, just remember the feeling deep inside you
You know they're trying to steal your thunder
They're trying to erase your face
Once you were a working man
Now you're on the rocks with broken hands
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/