

# Corridors

## CAIRO

Walk him up and down the corridors  
Till his arms are tired  
Till his lungs are tiredStarve him of the air, the dimming light  
Till his eyes are wide  
Till his eyes are wildTill he sees the other sideChain him to the burning carousel  
Till the horses tire  
Till the horses tireBurn away the bearings of his life  
Till his eyes are wild  
Till his eyes are wildBut stave off suicide  
Oh, my, my, m-m-my  
M-m-my, m-my  
M-my, m-my, m-my, m-my  
M-m-my

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