

Living On a Knife Edge

Hawkwind

Everytime I go out, I think I'm bring checked out,
Faceless people watching on a TV screen
Do you begin to sense it, just beneath the surface
Reflections of a window whilst walking down the street
Computers are abused, school records are fed
Police are checking on what you said
The number of your car's fed into a box
Your journey's being checked, it's a paradox
Duplicate forms, and ID cards are next in line to disregard
Future generations are relying on us
It's a world we've made - Incubus
We're living on a knife edge, looking for the ground

Songwriters

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