Hiding Out

Pete Townshend

From my window, I see roads Lead to darkness, leading home

In the midnight of a soul's unsleeping

I hear the waterfall of women weepingHear the distant noise of traffic stalling

I hear the prostituted children calling

From the barred and mesh-floor streets

Of a winter's night, without a moonI am safe hidden here

I am safe hidden here

Hiding outI look over chequered fields

And the towering web of steel

Young and old will sit and judge unfeeling

While the empty church's bell are pealingAnd the green hills lay ignored, untended

Lonely watchers remain unbefriended

And out in the one way streets

Is a swelling maze, without a doorI am safe hidden here

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