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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