

# Paranoid Eyes (2004 Digital Remaster)

## Pink Floyd

Button your lip. Don't let the shield slip.  
Take a fresh grip on your bullet proof mask.  
And if they try to break down your disguise with their questions  
You can hide, hide, hide,  
"I'll tell you what, I'll give you three blacks, and play you for five"  
"Ta! You was unlucky there son"  
"Time gentleman!"  
Behind paranoid eyes. You put on our brave face and slip over the road for a jar.  
Fixing your grin as you casually lean on the bar,  
Laughing too loud at the rest of the world  
With the boys in the crowd  
You hide, hide, hide,  
Behind petrified eyes. You believed in their stories of fame, fortune and glory.  
Now you're lost in a haze of alcohol soft middle age  
The pie in the sky turned out to be miles too high.  
And you hide, hide, hide,  
Behind brown and mild eyes.

Songwriters

WATERS, ROGER Published by

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