

Forgotten Fields

Echo & The Bunnymen

In the tree-lined cities in forgotten fields
Some are born too pretty, some are born too real
Some to death-wish pity, while the selfish steal
Some groundSo just hunch back plans to start to feel
As the rise of man names his price to deal
It's look Ma, no hands on the steering wheel
 Going round
 Goes round...
Slows downSome are early blooms, some are made to wait
 Some arrive too soon, some way too late
 Some think the moon can navigate
 Life round...Hey, can't you see
 What will be?
 Can't you see?It's behind you...
 What's behind you
Look behind you...Hey, can't you see
 What will be?
 Can't you see?

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