

# 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 ground So 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 down Some 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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