

Blind Eye

Hunters & Collectors

When success is on your mind
But true direction is missing
You know the Gods have lied - but you're still smitten.
By the stars in your eyes
I can tell you know where you are
Smile sweetly and you'll be forgiven.
You're almost free - almost free to come and go
Bed sitting room for ambitious prisoner.
Walk away, don't take no for an answer
Turn a blind eye to it all
Let sleeping dogs lie
Down in Queensway.

Like a bulldozer chasing butterflies
Down sad English streets you wander
Over sleeping bodies you step lightly.
All the snow on the ground
Lets you pass by without a sound
One last look before you disappear.
Walk away, don't take no for an answer
Turn a blind eye to it all
Let sleeping dogs lie
Down in Queensway.

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