Giles, Giles And Fripp, How Do They Know

When you stop and ask, "Which way do we go?" And they all say, "Follow me" How do they know?

So you follow on and stumble and fall And a voice says, "Ah, who's he?" How do they know? How do they know?

Now you're beginning to realize The first will not be the last Ask them please not to go so fast 'Cause the dust is sucking your eyes Dust is sucking your eyes

Take yourself away and sit for a while And the band goes marching on How do they know? How do they know?

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