

Hazel O'Connor, Do What You Do

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Look at me, looking at you, looking back at me
What a sad end, when could have been friends
But you see only what you want to see
Where your thinking that is thinking, was what you were thinking, too
Well, this ain't the same as the heroes' game
So many owed so much to so few
Well! Well! Well!

Why don't you do
Why don't you do
Why don't you do as you would be done by you

Hey diddle, the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon
The little dog laughed to see such fun
And the dish ran away with the spoon

Why don't you do
Why don't you do
Why don't you do as you would be done by you

Anger, anger, anger burns so bright
When you're lost your way lost your say
Don't know your left from your right
Bitter tasks the fruit of old men, fear is the key
Well you're grown so cold, you're grown so cold
You're grown so far away from me
Well! Well! Well!