

Hunters & Collectors, Blind Eye

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.