

# 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.