

Peter Gabriel, And Through The Wire

And through the wire I hear your voice
And through the wire I touch the power
And through the wire I see your face
It's through the wire

Friday night, you're staying at home I want you
I'm tickling and clicking a metronome I want you
Prowling the waterhole-I wait for the kill I want you
Pressure's building-overspill I want you

And through the wire You are secure
And through the wire We can talk
And through the wire We can walk
It's through the wire

Watchmaker steadies his delicate hand I want you
For barbeque parties on blood red sands I want you
Caught in the struggle tight on the rod I want you
Bring out the devil to bring out the god I want you

And through the wire I hear your voice
And through the wire I touch the power
And through the wire I see your face
It's through the wire

Driving 'round the city rings
Staring at the shape of things
I talk in pictures not in words
Overloaded with everything we said
be careful where you tread
Watch the wire

And through the wire You are secure
And through the wire We can talk
And through the wire We can walk
And through the wire We're clinging like leeches
And through the wire We push out tailormade speeches
And through the wire We get so strange across the border
We get so strange across the border