

# Sinead O' Connor, Watcher Of Men

(O'Connor)

Why did I not die at birth?  
Expire as I came from the womb?  
Why were there knees to receive me?  
Or breasts to feed me?  
Why was I not like babies  
Who never saw the light?  
Who lie with kings and counsellors  
Who rebuild ruins for themselves

And where rest  
Those whose strength is spent  
Where small and great are alike  
And the slave is free of his master

Oh watcher of men  
Do you have eyes of flesh?  
Is your vision like man?  
Are your years the years of man?  
U know that I'm not guilty  
And that none can deliver from your hand.

Also u know that u have deeply wronged me oh  
And u have fenced me in  
You made it so nobody knows me  
And I'm an outsider to them

When I accused you, you wouldn't speak  
I said you tore up my hope like a tree  
But I spoke without understanding  
Of things beyond me which I did not know  
And now I've heard you with my ears  
And I've seen you with my eyes  
Therefore I recant and relent  
Being but dust and ashes