

# The Who, Naked Eye

Take a little dope  
And walk out in the air  
The stars are all connected to the brain.  
Find me a woman and lay down on the ground,  
Her pleasure comes falling down like rain,  
Get myself a car, I feel power as I fly,  
Oh now I'm really in control,  
It all looks fine to the naked eye,  
But it don't really happen that way at all,  
Don't happen that way at all.

You sign your own name and I sign mine,  
They're both the same but we still get separate rooms,  
You can cover up your guts but when you cover up your nuts,  
You're admitting that there must be something wrong,  
Press any button and milk and honey flows,  
The world begins behind your neighbor's wall,  
It all looks fine to the naked eye,  
But it don't really happen that way at all,  
Nah nah no, don't happen that way at all.

You hold the gun and I hold the wound,  
And we stand looking in each other's eyes,  
Both think we know what's right,  
Both know we know what's wrong,  
We tell ourselves so many many many lies,  
We're not pawns in any game, we're not tools of bigger men,  
There's only one who can really move us all,  
It all looks fine to the naked eye,  
But it don't really happen that way at all.