

Watts John, Watching You

I've been WATCHING YOU.

You've been watching me.

Sixteen turkeys squashed together underground.

Sixteen eyes preparing not to meet.

Don't you read his paper or he'll shake the thing about.

And never touch a woman with your feet.

Don't think I didn't see. I've been WATCHING YOU. Everybody's equal on the moving stairs.

The businessmen rub shoulders with the street, shifting for position to observe the girl's behind, it's really not that hard to be discrete. Don't think I wouldn't see. I've been WATCHING YOU. A black man in a hurry stumbles into me and when I fall he offers me his hand. A crowd of eyes has gathered looking morified - there's no united nations in this town. Don't think I didn't see.