

Bee Gees, Second Hand People

See the cracks upon the wall
We do not know the meaning of it all
Ain't no fire to warm my feet
Ain't got a nickel for a bit to ear
We're not workin', we're not slavin'
Ain't worth a brain, 'cause we're not worth savin'
Second hand people, tall as a steeple
Softer then treacle, in a pond are we
Second hand people

Ain't no mirror to comb my face
Just keep on going from place to place
Ain't got no lights above my head
Don't even bother to leave my bed
We're not livin', we're existin'
We're not movin', just resistin'
Second hand people, tall as a steeple
Softer then treacle , in a pond are we
Second hand people , tall as a steeple
Softer then treacle