

Emerson, Lake & Palmer, The Endless Enigma P

Why do you stare
Do you think that I care?
You've been misled
By the thoughts in your head

Your words waste and decay
Nothing you say
Reaches my ears anyway
You never spoke a word of truth

Why do you think
I believe what you said
Few of your words
Ever enter my head

I'm tired of hypocrite freaks
With tongues in their cheeks
Turning their eyes as they speak
They make me sick and tired

Are you confused
To the point in your mind
Though you're blind
Can't you see you're wrong
Won't you refuse
To be used
Even though you may know
I can see you're wrong
Please, please, please open their eyes
Please, please, please don't give me lies

I ruled all of the earth
Witnessed my birth
Cried at the sight of a man
And still I don't know who I am

I've seen paupers as kings
Puppets on strings
Dance for the children who stare
You must have seen them everywhere