

Free, Common Mortal Man

I was on my way to a needle factory
Up and coming prospects was a waiting there for me
I was selling my wares three bucks a share
Three bucks a share
Three bucks a share

I was walking down, down a rocky road and found
A noisy rising sun and a quietly burning moon
They were standing in line, standing in time
Standing in time waiting for a fantastic time
Standing in line

Like a stallion chasing fear itself
Watching God sit upon his shelf
We were restless, we were restless
We were restless
But we had to keep on going we were restless

I was looking high but I was feeling low
Sun said "Man don't sweat" the moon kept still and glowed
The truth is in the eyes of common mortal men
And you can believe it's all in the grief of Satan
It's all in the grief of Satan

The truth is in the eye
The truth is in the eye
The truth is in the eye
The truth is in the eye
The truth is in the eye
The truth is in the eye
And you can feel