Gillan, You're So Right

You're so right when you're out of the crowd

Look to your right and you'll
See that the man with the gun
Is still shooting the fool on the run
Turn you around and you'll
Still hear the sound of the feet
That keep marching the length of the street

Look to the West and you'll
Notice the fat men of ease
Are now living on salad and cheese
Look to the East where
Survival is hard on the plains
And all thin men still eat monkey brains

Man you shout so loud you're right of course
But when you're in a crowd you're right off course

Look at the sky where
The spirits of children
And those who are heroes will peacefully glow
Look at the ground where
The mood of frustration
Is sadly displayed in the eyes of a nation