

# Hawkwind, Living On A Knife Edge

Everytime I go out, I think I'm bring checked out,  
Faceless people watching on a TV screen  
Do you begin to sense it, just beneath the surface  
Reflections of a window whilst walking down the street  
Computers are abused, school records are fed  
Police are checking on what you said  
The number of your car's fed into a box  
Your journey's being checked, it's a paradox  
Duplicate forms, and ID cards are next in line to disregard  
Future generations are relying on us  
It's a world we've made Incubus  
We're living on a knife edge, looking for the ground