

Howard Jones, The Voices Are Back

He saw flames in the department store
He tried to get the people to the safety of the door
There was no fire the voices were telling him what to do
You could see from his face he needs someone
To help pull him through

The voices are back they're telling him what to do
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Ripping through the fabric between his world and the real
He's trying to protect you but
The knife will know that your flesh meets steel
Took him to an institution
And they helped the voices go away
But he didn't have the right set of papers
So they put this boy in jail

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Six weeks turned to twelve
He was locked up for twenty-three hours a day
The warden found him in his cell
His only crime was that he was ill

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