

# Steve Winwood, Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory

You rise upon a black day, coming from a mile away  
And every time I hear you say, that I don't have to be this way  
You sneak upon a mean moon, that casts it's shadow too soon  
When the spell is in tune, your shadow slips away

Good man gets the good wife, while bad boy's cleaning up his knife  
And all I got is trouble and strife to help me on my way  
You're running round to nowhere, someone said it might be there  
But I'm telling you beware, the hand that fights you'll feed

Investigating downtown, Sergeant Gruesome got shot down  
National Guard came all around, but couldn't find his knees  
Mickey Mouse was all put out, Donald Duck began to shout  
Rumors that were put about, said they would get theirs next