

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