

The Boomtown Rats, Someone's Looking At You

On a night like this I deserve to get kissed at least once or twice
You come over to my place screaming blue murder, needing someplace to hide.
Well, I wish you'd keep quiet,
Imaginations run riot,
In these paper-thin walls.
And when the place comes ablaze with a thousand dropped names
I don't know who to call.
But I got a friend over there in the government block
And he knows the situation and he's taking stock,
I think I'll call him up now
Put him on the spot, tonight.

They saw me there in the square when I was shooting my mouth off
About saving some fish.
Now could that be construed as some radical's views or some liberals' wish.
And it's so hot outside,
And the air is so sweet,
And when the pressure drop is heavy I don't wanna hear you speak.
You know most killing is committed at 90 degrees.
When it's too hot to breathe
And it's too hot to think.

There's always someone looking at you.
S-s-s-s-someone.
They're looking at you.

And I wish you'd stop whispering.
Don't flatter yourself, nobody's listening.
Still it makes me nervous, those things you say.
You may as well
Shout it from the roof
Scream it from your lungs
Spit it from you mouth
There's a spy in the sky
There's a noise on the wire
There's a tap on the line
And for every paranoid's desire...

There's always Someone looking at you.
S-s-s-s-someone looking at you...
They're always looking at you.

(written by Bob Geldof)
(taken from the album "The fine art of surfacing")