

The Police, Mr. Normal

When I walk down the street you point your ugly finger at me
Then you turn to your friends and you laugh, "Hey, what can that be?"
Well it's none of your business what I'm all about
Why don't you watch where you're going and shut your mouth
Just like a robot, just like a sheep,
like a zombie: dead asleep,
just like a spider with not enough feet
Oh you're normal

Mr., Mr., Mr. Normal
Mr., Mr., Mr. Normal
Mr., Mr., Mr. Normal
Mr., Mr., Mr. Normal
Oh you're very - very normal

Well, it makes you feel big to put people who are different down
Well, you call me dirty names 'cause it makes you feel like a man
You think the world was made just for you
and it scares you to know that it's my world too
You think that you are superior and I am inferior
You're misinformed and plain ignorant
Oh, oh, aren't we normal?

Mr., Mr., Mr. Normal
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You want everyone that you meet to be just like you
and when they ain't, you think you got the right to tell 'em what to do
Like a computer with rusty gears,

you've been programmed with lies and fear
You want an answer to your question,
but when you get it, you give rejection
'cause your mind has been infected
but you call that normal

Mr., Mr., Mr. Normal
Mr., Mr., Mr. Normal
Mr., Mr., Mr. Normal
Mr., Mr., Mr. Normal

Oh, you're normal
Oh, you're normal
Oh, you're normal

Hello, Mr. Normal
Good day, Mr. Normal

Little grey monsters with razor sharp teeth
Control junkies with machine trained eyes
You can tell who they are by the way they sneer
whenever one of us walks by
Antennae on their heads; they're on the alert
They wanna write our names in the book of the dead;
define our morals; lay tracks for our feet
They wanna be in charge of what is in our heads
They bubble, they - hmmm... yeah, link
They sparkle, they bubble
They're gonna get us in a whole lot of trouble