

Thomas Dolby, Dissidents

One more young writer slid away in the night
Over the border he will drown in light
Hold it - wait a minute
I can't read my writing, my own writing!
Like tiny insects in the palm of history
A domino effect in a cloud of mystery
My writing is an iron fist
In a glove full of vaseline
Dip the fuse in the kerosene
I too become a dissident

Courting disaster we ran in the night
Wings of an angel torn in flight
Check it - verify it
It's all here in writing, down in writing!
At the hands of the press
And in the eyes of the government
I fell from grace
I too became a dissident
Like tiny insects in the palm of history
A domino effect and an early end to this story
My writing is an iron fist in a glove full of vaseline
But dip the fuse in the kerosene
I too become a dissident.