

Looks across the fields  
That lie across the playground  
Dreams of life beyond the gates  
And far from this town

Trapped inside a room  
With boring little children  
Leon dreams of life  
Outside his hollow building

He is stuck inside his head, and in a whirl  
He feels like running out, and owning all the world

Bleach, and corridors  
And cold, and drafty windows  
Smells that drift along  
From dinner hall up his nose

Under lock, and key  
His dreams, his aspirations,  
One day, one man, one way  
One bag, and one station

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Rules, and regulations  
Clocks, and times, and tables  
In this goldfish bowl  
He's powerless trapped unable

Sick of marching  
To the beat of others drumming  
Step aside for the new king  
For leon's coming

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