

El Dorado (IV) F E A R

Marillion

F E A R is everywhere here
Under the patio
Under the hard-earned bought and paid-for home
Cushions, scented candles and the lawn
Mowing to the beat and the rumble of the coming storm

We all know about the wars that are raging
All the millions who just cannot see
There's so much more that binds us than divides us
But our f e a r denies it
While the papers stir it
The colours of the flag we wave
Were and will become blood red again

And the madmen all say they hear voices
God tells them what to do
The wars are all about money
They always were
And the money's dressed up in religion
And when it's not showing off, the money's hiding

Something is cooking inside me...
It ain't ready, but already...
I'm becoming harder to live with
Becoming harder to live with
You say I'm becoming harder to live with
I'm becoming harder to live with
But you can't see into my head
You can't see into my head
You can't see into my head

No, you can't see into my head

And the roads are full of weapons
That slide by in the night
Tanks all covered in yellow mud
Pass you on the motorway
As you drive by with the kids and the buckets and spades
Happy Days