

# Shoot Out At The Fantasy Factory

Steve Winwood

You rise upon a black day  
Coming from a mile away  
And every time I hear you say  
I don't have to be this way

You sneak upon a mean moon  
That casts it's shadow too soon  
And when the spell is in tune  
Your shadow slips away

Good man gets the good wife  
While bad boy's cleaning up his knife  
And all I got is trouble and strife  
Just to help me on my way

You're running 'round to nowhere  
Someone said it might be there  
When the spell is in tune  
Your shadow slips away

You're quick in getting downtown  
Sergeant Gruesome got shot down  
National Guard came all around  
But they couldn't find his knees

Mickey Mouse was all put out  
While Donald Duck began to shout  
And when they do what was put about  
They would get theirs next