

House Of Cards

Adrian Belew

People like us have our eyes on the stars
And we keep informed via TV Guide
And we entertain in a house of cards
But the trouble remains
In our sleeping hearts

Wake up! Get out,
Get out of this house of cards
Why are we sleeping?

Wake up! Get out,
Get out of this house of cards
Why are we dreaming?

Why are we blinded,
Always the little guys?
Why do we find ourselves
Always compromised?

People like us have lives made of dust
And we know too little,
But we know too much
And our puzzled lives have come all apart
So we go back to bed
With our sleeping hearts
And we stay asleep
In a house of cards