

## The Prisoner

D.O.A.

Apartment walls, halls are small  
Government building site much too small  
These tiny boxes won't let me out  
These tiny boxes are too remote

It's a screaming mess  
Television city dream  
Your robot's eyes gleam  
In my future dream

Yeah hey!  
It's not fate or chance  
It's the money in the bank  
Burn their timber and gather their bricks

Drive'em into the fire, the bloody dicks  
It's a screaming mess  
And I am the prisoner  
The prisoner, the prisoner

Go!  
It's not fate or chance  
Kick somebody in the face  
Burn their timber and gather their bricks

Drive'em into the fire, the bloody dicks  
It's a screaming mess  
Television city dream  
Your robot's eyes gleam

In my future dream  
And I am the prisoner  
The prisoner, the prisoner  
Well I am the prisoner

The prisoner, the prisoner  
The prisoner!