

Mr. Reed

Dave Stewart

Oh Mr. Reed, do you think I didn't notice
I could see, that you had both feet not quite on the ground

Oh Mre. Reed, do you think I didn't see you
Crying in the foywer, after midnight, by the telephone booth

Men, trapped in their own web
Men, with power but no friends
Men who make demands with the future in their hands
Are fragile, I know I know

Oh Mr. Reed, Why did you start to look away
I was asking a very important question about your life

Oh Mr. Reed, you know I'm trying to explain,
That there's something, about you, I quite like

Men trapped in their own web
Men with power but no friends
Men locked in their own head
Men so easily lead

Oh Mre. Reed... (Instrumental)

Oh Mr. Reed, I'm trying to explaing,
That there's something about you I quite like

Men, never know
Men, their egos show
Men, just can't let go
Men, and the seed they sow