

## Forgotten Fields

Echo & the Bunnymen

In the tree-lined cities and forgotten fields  
Some are born too pretty, some are born too real  
Some to death-wish pity, while the selfish steal some ground

It's all just hunchbacked plans to stumped to feel  
As the rise of man names his price to deal  
It's "look ma, no hands" on the steering wheel, going round  
Goes round, goes round, goes round, slows down

Some are early bloom, some are made to wait  
Some arrive too soon, some leave too late  
Some think the moon can navigate their life round  
Life round, life round, life round, lives round

Hey... can't you see?  
What will be...  
Can't you see?

Hey... can't you see?  
What will be...  
Can't you see?

It's behind you  
It's behind you  
It's behind you  
It's behind you

Look behind you  
Look behind you  
Look behind you  
Look behind you

Hey... can't you see?  
What will be...  
Can't you see?

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