

# The Prisoner

Howard Jones

You have watched me, safe in your anonymity  
I have dreamed you, held in your security  
Some people believe a photograph traps your mortal soul  
Your eyes were the camera and you've take hold  
And you captured me  
I need you to take control  
I am a prisoner of no confidence  
You've entered me now make me whole

Every place I go I feel your lenses trained on me  
This distant concentration takes away my energy  
Your image burns it's negative  
Behind my waking eyes  
Then the night comes and you stalk your prize  
And you captured me  
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