

Watching Me, Watching You

Jethro Tull

I sit by the cutting on the Beaconsfield line.
He's watching me watching the trains go by.
And they move so fast, boy, they really fly.
He's still watching me watching you
Watching the trains go by.

And the way he stares: feel like locking my door
And pulling my phone from the wall.
His eyes, like lights from a laser, burn
Making my hair stand making the goose-bumps crawl.

He's watching me watching you watching him watching me
I'm watching you watching him watching me watching.
Stares.
Stares.

At the cocktail party with a Bucks Fizz in my hand
I feel him watching me watching the girls go by.
And they move so smooth without even trying.
He's still watching me watching you
Watching the trains go by.

And the crowd thins and he moves up close but he doesn't speak.
I have to look the other way.
But curiosity gets the better part of me and I peek:
Got two drinks in his hand see his lips move
What the hell's he trying to say?

He's watching me watching you watching him watching me.
I'm watching you watching him watching me watching.
Stares. Stares.
He's watching me watching you watching him watching me.
He's watching me watching you
Watching the trains go by.
He's watching me watching you watching him watching me.
He's watching me watching you watching him watching me.
He's watching me watching you watching him watching me watching
him watching.