

Watching the man up in the window
it always seems to me
that in 10 more years another someone may be watching me.
And do I really know what goes on inside?
As he dances down the street to the music in his mind,
time after time.
Watching the man up in the window
it always seems to me
that I'll be the one talking to myself as someone sits and watches me.
And do I really know what goes on inside
as I wonder what goes on in their little plastic minds,
time after time.