

## El Dorado (IV) F E A R

Marillion

F E A R is everywhere here  
Under the patio  
Under the hard-earned bought and paid-for home  
Cushions, scented candles and the lawn  
Mowing to the beat and the rumble of the coming storm

We all know about the wars that are raging  
All the millions who just cannot see  
There's so much more that binds us than divides us  
But our f e a r denies it  
While the papers stir it  
The colours of the flag we wave  
Were and will become blood red again

And the madmen all say they hear voices  
God tells them what to do  
The wars are all about money  
They always were  
And the money's dressed up in religion  
And when it's not showing off, the money's hiding

Something is cooking inside me...  
It ain't ready, but already...  
I'm becoming harder to live with  
Becoming harder to live with  
You say I'm becoming harder to live with  
I'm becoming harder to live with  
But you can't see into my head  
You can't see into my head  
You can't see into my head

No, you can't see into my head

And the roads are full of weapons  
That slide by in the night  
Tanks all covered in yellow mud  
Pass you on the motorway  
As you drive by with the kids and the buckets and spades  
Happy Days