

# Hiding Out

Pete Townshend

From my window, I see roads  
Lead to darkness, leading home  
In the midnight of a soul's unsleeping  
I hear the waterfall of women weeping

Hear the distant noise of traffic stalling  
I hear the prostituted children calling  
From the barred and mesh-floor streets  
Of a winter's night, without a moon

I am safe hidden here  
I am safe hidden here  
Hiding out

I look over chequered fields  
And the towering web of steel  
Young and old will sit and judge unfeeling  
While the empty church's bell are pealing

And the green hills lay ignored, untended  
Lonely watchers remain unbefriended  
And out in the one way streets  
Is a swelling maze, without a door

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