

The Stalker

Rick Wakeman

I have a feeling That there is no love anymore I only want to know
now I'm needed And what I'm needed for

Please tell me there's a reason That someone really cares The world
was meant for living And love was meant to share

If only I could see you There is so much I would say The leaders
cannot guide us There are no leaders anyway There are no leaders
anyway

There's a place not a very nice place Where the war mongers go
to stay Where the plans are lay down To keep mere mortals fighting
Then they plan things anyway they can To keep the power in
the hand of greed Looking for the gods of thunder To supply the
lightning

Oh tolling by political means Is a source of income To the men
in suits who think they Rule with the brawn of steel See the extra
letter in pain To change the word to panic There's a wound
of evil That somehow we can heal!

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now I'm needed And what I'm needed for