

# Helpless Dancer

The Who

When a man is running from his boss  
Who hold a gun that fires ''cost''  
And people die from bein' old  
Or left alone because they're cold

And bombs are dropped on fighting cats  
And children's dreams are run with rats  
If you complain you disappear  
Just like the lesbians and queers

No one can love without the grace  
Of some unseen and distant face  
And you get beaten up by blacks  
Who though they worked still got the sack  
And when your soul tells you to hide  
Your very right to die's denied  
And in the battle on the streets  
You fight computers and receipts

And when a man is trying to change  
It only causes further pain  
You realize that all along  
Something in us going wrong

You stop dancing

Is he playing for a moment?