

Blind

Todd Rundgren

I'm not a scientist
Everybody likes to brag these days
And yet they still insist
Twisting all the facts their way

Gravity is real
Just step off the ledge and you will fall
Summers get hotter
Winters get colder
Writing on the wall, oh, oh...

You'd have to be blind, blind
Eyes that will not see
You'd have to be blind, blind, blind, blind
Eyes that will not see
No...

You say God will handle everything
Seems like he ain't done shit so far, no, no
Take yourself for example
You're still wishing on a star
Wish upon that star

But, you see, God is a scientist
He don't play dice with the universe
(don't take an Einstein)
And your fake and cynical solutions
It's as if you're trying to make things worse
(and you know the reason)

'Cause you never want to see that
Writing on the wall (don't want to see)
Writing on the wall (turn your back to the wall)
Writing on the wall (hide your eyes now)
Writing on the wall (there it is)
Writing on the wall (plain as day)
Writing on the wall (don't look away)
Writing on the wall (gotta face the truth)
Writing on the wall (wake up!)

You'd have to be blind, blind, blind, blind, blind,
Eyes that will not see, eyes that will not see
You'd have to be blind, blind, blind, blind,
Eyes that will not see, eyes that will not see it
Writing's on the wall
Blind, blind, blind, eyes that will not see
Never see it coming
Writing's on the wall [x5]