

So, so you think you can tell,
Heaven from Hell, blue skies from pain.
Can you tell a green field from a cold steel
rail, a smile from a veil,
Do you think you can tell?

And did they get you to trade
your heroes for ghosts,
Hot ashes for trees,
Hot air for a cool breeze,
Cold comfort for change,
And did you exchange
A walk on part in the war
For a lead role in a cage?

How I wish, how I wish you were here.
We're just two lost souls
swimming in a fish bowl, year after year,
Running over the same old ground.
What have we found?
The same old fears.
Wish you were here!