

The Whistleblower

I'm blowing the whistle - On people I trusted before
I'm blowing the whistle - 'Cos they can't be trusted anymore...

The man in the white hat - He always wins in the end
He has a moral obligation - He's got a country to defend

I'm blowing the whistle - For freedom to find out the truth
I'm blowing the whistle - I'm coming down on the side of the youth

The man with the camera - He is coming round for tea
I can tell by the looking in his eyes - That he's taken a picture of me

Light up the world - I'm coming home
In from the cold, so cold - I'm coming home
Light up the world

I'm blowing the whistle - On all the puppets surrounding me
I'm blowing the whistle - On all the strings that we never see

The man with the suitcase - He is sitting in the park
He is looking for someone to trust
He's doing a balancing act in the dark

Light up the world... etc

Their secret world - Has put out all the light
The light of the ordinary world
So how can that be right?
There's a wreath by the side of the grave
There's a memory not to forget
It's like a secret service carpet
Where thousands of problems are swept

Light up the world - I'm coming home...