In the room with artificial light
Where the curtains have all been drawn tight
Behind the table that's out of place
Same old dream is being chased
Behind these walls no sound is heard
Beyond this door it's another world

Fist in glove
Don't shake the right hand, baby
Before I know what the left hand wants
Fist in glove
Don't tell me that the sign you're making
Is the same one your daddy's done

Mother, mother, your love is unsuspected Mother, mother, your love goes undetected now Like a fist in a glove, like a fist in a glove

In this room with artificial light
No one's certain if it's day or night
Ten square feet in a worst kinda taste
All your hope inside is laid to waste
Masses in the street, counted a million
All in protest against Armageddon

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