

Look Out Any Window by Bruce Hornsby, from the "Scenes From the Southside" album

There's a man workin' in a field,
sees the rain and it's burning.
He's saying this can't be real,
as he sees the color of the fields turning.

Far away, the men too busy getting rich to care.
Close their eyes, and let it all out into the air,
hoping nobody else would care.

Look out any window.
Look out any open door.
Look out any window.
See what's going on in the air around you.

There's a man working on a boat,
pulling lines from the water.
Just trying to stay afloat,
filling the nets is getting harder.

Far away, they bend the rules so secretly.
Close their eyes, and let it all out into the sea,
hoping nobody else would see.

Look out any window.
Look out any open door.
Look out any window.
See what's going on in the air around you.

Far away, too many leaders let them get their way.
Close their eyes, and let it all out into the bay.
Say they'll clear it up another day.

Look out any window.
Look out any open door
Look out any window.
See what's going on in the air around you.

Look out, look out for the big boys
telling you everything they're gonna do.
Look out, look out for the fat cat builder man
turning this into a wasteland.
Look out, look out for the back room boys
that say, the smoke is gonna blow away.
Look out, look out for the men who say it's okay,
sitting in a building far away.