

# Bamboo, Pride And The Flame

gone... gone are the days  
when the west was wild  
and every child's dream  
a light was seen  
gone...gone are the days  
when the world just sung for tomorrow to come  
but she never came

if I was to break  
if I was to pay

blue moon are you lost again  
where will I find your light?  
where will I find the truth?  
how will we ever say goodbye

coz we're turning the pages again  
bound by the lives that have been spent  
i'm not living your third world lies

goodbye...better days ahead  
goodbye

gone... gone are the days  
all these questions  
no straight answers  
everybody's a high priced healer hey  
gone... gone are the days  
tis the season of change  
every scar on the hand marks a new day

sleep child  
slip into a dream  
poppa hasn't been home  
busy living out this crazy scene

blue moon are you lost again  
where will I find your light?  
where will I find the truth?  
how will we ever say goodbye

coz we're turning the pages again  
tired of your preaching amen  
i'm not living your third world lies

goodbye  
better days ahead

reached out to feel each grain  
a lifetime running through his hands  
the scorching heat left our heart  
the workings of a proud brown man  
but nowhere could you see  
dark eyes look away  
the pride and the flame

reached out to feel the warmth  
time running through his hands  
the scorching heat gave life  
the heart of the proud brown man  
and he says to his child  
who still couldn't stand

someday...

