

# Barclay James Harvest, After The Day

The eyes of night march slowly by  
The last grain falls  
The kneeling man just sighs  
Protected by the one great wall  
Of coloured parts  
He probes his clouded mind  
If he takes a look around him  
Is there nothing left to see  
Is there nothing left at all  
After the day

With trembling hands he wipes his eyes  
He tries to stand  
But does not feel the need  
The morning sun shines on  
The multicoloured cross  
Left standing through it all

If he takes a look around him  
Is there nothing left to see  
Is there nothing left at all  
After the day

If he takes a look around him  
Is there nothing left to see  
Is there nothing left at all  
After the day