

Barclay James Harvest, Brave New World

When I was just a child
My world it was so small
The empty playground swings
The corner shop, the penny drinks
The backyard walls
Of a brave new world
And as the years passed by
I never thought to try
And memorise the dreams
The childhood fantasies
The backyard walls
Of a brave new world

Hey, Suzanne, won't you come out to play?
Well the moon is bright and this weather's fine
And there's something I've got to say
Hey, Suzanne, won't you come out to play?
Well my mama told me and I know she's right
That the blackest day's when the nations fight
Remember to pray when you go to bed
For what mama said
Bow your head
For a brave new world

Now I'm twenty-four
My small world's closed the door
I feel like I should cry
Death's desperation lies on every eye
In the brave new world

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Now I'm old and grey
And life has passed my way
My tears have all run dry
I've seen men born to kill and born to die
For a brave new world
For a brave new world
It's such an old, old world