

Durutti Column, The Beggar

Some words uttered by a beggar

Struck a glancing blow

Frames form in his mind

Words form in his mouth

Call into this night

(chorus)

At each new corner

I grow more weary

At each new corner

I see more people

I see more people

Lay in this doorway

In the orange street glare

People seem so far away

Their names mean nothing now

I see them turn and stare

I watch them slip away

Their names mean nothing

Their names mean nothing

Their names mean nothing now

(chorus)

Has Jesus forgotten

This man on the ground

The dirt on his clothes

And the blood on his face

He has his own blood

And the light in his eyes

People seem so far away

Their names mean nothing now

People seem so far away

Their names mean nothing now

Their names mean nothing

Their names mean nothing now

(fade)