

Echo & The Bunnymen, Bombers Bay

The word went round
in no dream town
They shut us up
and the shutters down
The planes flew in
and laid the ground
We built upon
and spun around
God's one miracle
Lost in circles

On the march
Berlin to Bombers Bay
Traveling dark
on the roads to Mandalay

Cannon fire
came to call
Stood us up
and watched us fall
The way we were
and now outworn
Our costumes changed
to uniforms
Black black days
here to stay

On the march
Madrid to Bombers Bay
Traveling dark
on the road to Mandalay

Pack up the troubles and you'll all get by
Smile boys that's the style
Pack up your troubles and you'll all get by
Smile

They give us hope
and teach us well
with magic moons
that cast a spell
and hypnotise
and draw us in
I believe
I'm believing
God's one miracle
moves in circles

On the march
Berlin to Bombers Bay
Traveling dark
on the road

On the march
Berlin to Bombers Bay
Traveling dark
on the roads to Mandalay

Black black days
where the flying fishes play
Black black days
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Black black days
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