

Kate Bush, Where Are The Lionhearts

Destiny took me in her arms and told me:
"You're a little lost on the fall.
You fall for all the men
You shouldn't fall for all at all."
Ooh, I know she knows, but still I go on,
Well, I'm a fool.
Climbing up the ladders
To slide down the adders
On the rocks,
On the rocks,
On the rocks,
On the rocks...
Joan of Arc walks into my mirror,
A burning sword.
I'd like to cry.
I look into her eyes.
I see she's seen the long days and night.
"Ooh," she says,
"The games are still the same, I see,
But they've changed the names now.
Are all Lionhearts put in parks, apart?"
Lionhearts in the asylums,
Lionhearts tossed at sea,
Lionhearts who've lived their lives, like Arthur.
Lionhearts in cathedrals,
Lionhearts at mournings,
Lionhearts in every seed
But they're sown
On the rocks,
On the rocks,
On the rocks,
On the rocks...
Somebody I couldn't see
Tied me up and put me away,
Here on the rocks,
Here on the rocks,
Here on the rocks...