

# Manfred Mann, 'Belle' Of The Earth

The road is empty,  
The subway lies ahead,  
There is no music all the sounds have gone dead.  
The day is misty,  
There's no life around,  
'Cause there's something wrong in this town.

Out in the distance,  
There's a simple sound,  
It comes, it grows.  
Bell of the earth,  
Ringing like a tambourine,  
Calling right out of the silent places,  
Calling to me from the empty spaces.  
Core of the earth,  
Singing like a violin,  
Calling right out of the silent places,  
Calling me.

Out on the freeway, silence abounds.  
The crowded highway is making no sound,  
The limo driver, he endlessly waits,  
For the long drive across the golden state.

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