

Mike And The Mechanics, A Call To Arms

Pass the word, it's a call to arms
Midnight man at your door
Blackened faces run in the night
Daybreak under the floor
Bring my bow
Fill my head with flame, and we must
Let them know that the torch is lit again
Crystalize the pain behind your eyes
Are you ready to fight?
(You hear the drum and) run for your life
(Sweet Avalon the heat is on)
In other words, I hope and pray
That time and tide wash the hate away
A simple man with simple thoughts
Who turned to force as a last resort
All around us, chaos rings
Buildings crumbling down
Silhouettes in the fiery rain
Timbers crash to the ground
Bring my spear, invested with my youth
Bring the children near, they must now be told the truth
Old and young and those of foreign tongue
Are you ready to fight?
(You hear the drum and) run for your life
(Sweet Avalon the heat is on)
In other words, I hope and pray
That time and tide wash the hate away
A simple man with simple thoughts
Who turned to force as a last resort
In other words, I hope and pray
That time and tide keep the day away
When simple men with simple thoughts
Will turn to force as a last recourse