

# 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