

# Paul Weller, Whirlpools' End

The sun came out and hung above  
Over our heads but far enough to see

A bomb exploding in another town  
Children choking on a poison cloud  
While on the streets, where lovers once walked  
Side by side in idle talk  
Bullets fall like unholy rain  
People change as the panic sets in  
A frightened baby by her dead mother's side  
In a brutal world where there's nowhere  
To run, hide or cry

Now nothing feels the same way  
Feel like it's changing again  
Upon a street with no name  
It's hard to find it again

I ran as fast as my feet could fly  
Down country lanes where I took my time  
Time like a hound snapping at my heels  
I got past thinking so that I could feel  
Feels like a film playing in my head  
And I kept rolling down green Surrey hills  
In Spring

Now I don't feel the same way  
I feel I'm changing again  
Upon a stree with no name  
It's hard to find me again

The sun came out and hung above, over our heads  
but far enough to see