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 chocking 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