

# Spirit Of The West, Sadness Grows

Hello love it's London calling  
Wave the white hanky, a breath for the belly  
Keep on hoping for blood in the morning  
Nothing's right, everything's hurting  
Everything's hurting

Goodbye love my lids are falling  
Sleep with thoughts upon your middle  
Made and one with, buried or cradled  
Two on the breast or you on the table  
You on the table  
You on the table

Sadness grows, sadness stains, tears flow again and again  
Tears flow, again and again

Catch me love, the world is falling  
We'll ignore the rabble calling  
Don't let them try and hurt you  
Twist our pain into an issue  
Into an issue

Sadness grows, sadness stains, tears flow again and again  
Tears flow, again and again

When everything's hurting  
Hello love it's me  
Some things aren't worth worrying  
Hello love it's me, some things are worth burying, hey yeh