

The Echoing Green, Answer Me

When you were a small child,
Joy was in your hands
There amongst the flowers,
Blooming in the land

A field of grace, a stream of doubts
A thought we cannot bend
A wasted tear, a lonely day
Someone to believe in

Answer me
Can't you see
That the world is coming down
On me?

I have got some questions
You don't have to lie
For every truth you give me,
I'll give you one more try

You can tell me now
You can speak for me
You can change the words,
And give me what I seek

Answer me
Can't you see
That the world is coming down?

Answer me
Can't you see
That the world is coming down
On me?

Lies are but a dream,
Words of disgrace
Lies can hold you down
Forever