

The Proclaimers, No Witness

No one sees me climbing up those stairs
None to ask what I am doing there
No witness to a soul without a prayer
I never make a sound when I'm going round
And you're not there

In silence under cover of the black
We'll wait until the world has turned it's back
Then we let go the vows of old
And the bodies pound on the old home ground
When you're not around

In silence under cover of the black
We'll wait until the world has turned it's back
Then we let go the vows of old
And the bodies pound on the old home ground
When you're not around
I have found how that woman sounds
When you're not around
When a tree falls down
Makes the same old sound
When you're not around