

The Stone Roses, Waterfall

Chimes sing Sunday morn
Today's the day she's sworn
To steal what she never could own
And race from this hole she calls home

Now you're at the wheel
Tell me how, how does it feel?
So good to have equalised
To lift up the lids of your eyes

As the miles they disappear
See land begin to clear
Free from the filth and the scum
This American satellite's won

She'll carry on through it all
She's a waterfall

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See the steeple pine
The hills as old as time
Soon to be put to the test
To be whipped by the winds of the west

Stands on shifting sands
The scales held in her hands
The wind it just whips her and wails
And fills up her brigantine sails

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