

# Autamata, Liberty Bell

Stepping away from your house  
Wrapped up in a Sunday shroud  
At Christchurch Christmas knell  
I'm passing the Liberty Belle  
And I hear it with such clarity, tolling the ages  
The old Dublin people that keep it to themselves

Let's ring out the Liberty Bell

Woman after morning mass  
Kneeling to her Sunday brass  
She shines so very well  
This last of the Liberty belles  
Her weather-beaten, supple hands are yellowing pages  
From hymn-books of traders, the songs of buy and sell

Let's ring out the Liberty Bell

Among the ghosts of market squares  
As notes die out in freezing air  
A world is waning in my view  
I want to save it all for you

Out into the living night  
To sup a little black and white  
I'll have one for myself  
And one for the Liberty Bell  
And one more for the beaten road  
To kick up the traces  
Of the old Dublin people that kept it to themselves

Let's ring out the Liberty Bell