

Bamboozlers, Pride And The Flame

gone... gone are the days
when the west was wild
and every child's dream
a light was seen
gone...gone are the days
when the world just sung for tomorrow to come
but she never came

if I was to break
if I was to pay

blue moon are you lost again
where will I find your light?
where will I find the truth?
how will we ever say goodbye

coz we're turning the pages again
bound by the lives that have been spent
i'm not living your third world lies

goodbye...better days ahead
goodbye

gone... gone are the days
all these questions
no straight answers
everybody's a high priced healer hey
gone... gone are the days
tis the season of change
every scar on the hand marks a new day

sleep child
slip into a dream
poppa hasn't been home
busy living out this crazy scene

blue moon are you lost again
where will I find your light?
where will I find the truth?
how will we ever say goodbye

coz we're turning the pages again
tired of your preaching amen
i'm not living your third world lies

goodbye
better days ahead

reached out to feel each grain
a lifetime running through his hands
the scorching heat left our heart
the workings of a proud brown man
but nowhere could you see
dark eyes look away
the pride and the flame

reached out to feel the warmth
time running through his hands
the scorching heat gave life
the heart of the proud brown man
and he says to his child
who still couldn't stand

someday...

