

# Barclay James Harvest, Death Of A City

I look down the street but there's no one there  
In the cold, in the dark, in the night air  
I call out for life but my heart feels despair  
There's no sign of a light in the cold dismal night

The lights have all gone the clothes are all torn  
The people are gone but the victory's won  
I call out for life but it's after the day  
Now the people are gone just the city alone

Eyes look from the second floor  
Down to the street below  
Calm now the wind is slow  
See posters once on the wall  
Now washed away in the rain  
Peeling from buildings tall

I'll follow you friends to where life never ends  
Make our mistakes again as our life lines descend  
Time is like dust and the dust is like snow  
As it covers the ruins of the life that you know

Trees once green now turned to stone  
Objects that look like ghosts  
All of them overgrown  
Mist all sight and mind is blurred  
Lie on your back and cry  
Words uttered never heard

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