

Barclay James Harvest, The, Death Of A City

Barclay James Harvest, The
Turn The Tide
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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