

# Barclay James Harvest, The, Sweet Jesus

Barclay James Harvest, The  
Time Honoured Ghosts  
Sweet Jesus

Where's the lady and the time i used to know  
I think that i've been on the road too long  
Scenes of better days are pictured in my head  
And haunting me those old familiar songs  
Oh sweet jesus hear me cry  
Let me see a clearing sky  
For tomorrow i may be back home again  
So take the shadow from my eyes

Sunday morning comes i'm feeling kind of down  
I can't see back to where it all began  
And i know you'd help me if you only could  
I don't know why or where or who i am

Oh sweet jesus hear me cry  
Let me see a clearing sky  
For tomorrow i may be back home again  
So take the shadow from my eyes  
Take the shadow from my eyes