

Barclay James Harvest, The, Sweet Jesus

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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