

Barclay James Harvest, The, Three Weeks To De

Barclay James Harvest, The
River Of Dreams
Three Weeks To Despair
Time now an empty shell
Memories in the broken glass
The daily journey to despair
Where luck's poured out till nothing's left
And she wants to run away
Away from the light
And the rain falls and the night calls
In the shadows we've all passed

Life like an empty book
With pictures that fade and die
Tears in a bottle of dreams
Schemes that never last
He wants to runaway, away from the lies
And the rain falls and the night calls
In the shadows we've all passed

Hope in an empty box
Reality in a paper cup
Empty in a hungry world
Did they fall or did we push?
And they want to run away
Away from the fight
And the rain falls and the night calls
In the shadows we've all passed
Rain falls and the night calls
In the shadows we've all passed

Spoken by the homeless man:

"i start about half eight in the morning, right, i do a bit of begging, like, till about nine at n