

# Big Country, Angle Park

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Bad weather gathers all along the coast  
When the storm clouds gather  
And my blood runs cold  
If we can't go further  
When we get to the shore  
Then we have to turn around  
And fight some more  
We'll go together  
I have room in my soul  
That's enough of watching people  
Trading hearts for gold  
I can see you on the beach  
On your knees  
Spilling more salt in an  
Already dead sea  
We'll feel the wind and the rain  
On our face  
You can do it yourself  
But I heard of a place  
It's got to be now  
And it better be together  
When spirits make a meeting  
You can feel it forever  
Bad weather gathers all along the coast  
When the storm clouds gather  
And my blood runs cold  
I can see you on the beach  
On your knees  
Spilling more salt in an  
Already dead sea  
Run away with me again  
Time for us to grow  
Run away with me again  
All of us alone