Big Country, Belief In The Small Man

The autumn howled around the heads That hung so slack, with lips so red The blooms had withered leaves were shed Tongues stuck in jaws sad clowns parade The crushing whine began its call And pointed fingers at us all In Angle Park, the lights are dimmed The statues grin In Angle Park The fountains crack In Angle Park The beaten cry behind white dress The clowns stuck fast upon the mesh While mothers wring their hands of tears The spelling books are in arrears The evil genuis hugs his wife As tiles ring with fear of life The window fills with beating hearts Beat on blindly beat it all In Angle Park, the lights are dimmed The statues grin In Angle Park The fountains crack In Angle Park In Angle Park, the lights are dimmed The statues grin In Angle Park The fountains crack In Angle Park