

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 genius hugs his wife
As tiles ring with fear of life
The window fills with beating hearts
Beat on blindly beat it all
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