

# Big Country, Chance

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Just as one life turns from birth  
Just as the ring finds its worth  
Just as the leaf turns to gold  
So you and I will be sold  
Chorus  
Sold for the work done  
While we could feel young  
Sold for the new son  
Gold for the pure one  
Where does our home lie  
When is our own  
Lonely the cold cry  
Only unknown  
Dark comes the night on the aged  
Hard comes the day still unpaid yet  
All in a bed still unmade it  
Chokes like the tomb and it says its  
Chorus (three times)  
Unknown, unknown  
Chorus  
Where does our home lie  
When is our own  
Lonely the cold cry  
Only unknown  
Unknown, unknown