

Big Country, Comes A Time

It's a holy place if you see things that way
Then they rattle the bones and the analysts play
From his backward collar on a worn out book
Another working class poet with an abstract look
So take me up to the edge of the world
And push me over again
Lead me up to the edge of the world
There comes a time
Now, shake your hair and rattle your cans
It's a service funded by a self-made man
Talks to victims and industrial spies
He feeds you tobacco for the four-minute mile
So take me up to the edge of the world
And push me over again
Lead me up to the edge of the world
There comes a time
With some strange god and a good right hand
We can chase the ghost from the promised land
If the promised land turns out as it should
We can flood the place with consumer goods

When the African general meets the bingo queen
And the collective farmer joins the teenage dream
When the miracle worker saves the chat show host
And the caveman paints another holy ghost
So take me up to the edge of the world
And push me over again
Lead me up to the edge of the world
There comes a time
So take me up to the edge of the world
And push me over again
Lead me up to the edge of the world
There comes a time
We can storm the walls in our leisure wear
While we trap the beast in his stormy lair
Then we'll smooth his image and we'll save his soul
While we fill our schools with the gold we stole
With some strange god and a good right hand
We can chase the ghost from the promised land
If the promised land turns out as it should
We can flood the place with consumer goods