

Big Country, Harvest Home

Flame of The West By Big Country.

A stranger came by traveling
He went to every door
He said he'd lost his people
He'd come to look for more
And many did believe him
As he talked upon the square
The spell he wove upon us
Fills my body with despair
And in his eyes
Was the flame of the west
Until it burns
He never rests
He had the voice of an angel
And the face of a saint
And though they fell behind him
I knew what it was he ment
His eyes where full of demons
As he made his message clear
He strode the world like Ceaser
With a trident held as fear
And in his eyes
Was the flame of the west
Until it burns
He never rests
It's just how it's always been
One man with a ruling dream
And everyone falls for him
Heroines in an ancient film
It's just how it's always been
One man with a ruling dream
And everyone falls for him
Heroines in an ancient film
Called the flame of the west
Look out for that stranger
If you pass him on your way
He never sees a danger
In the darkening of the day
There will be dollars in his hand
He has all hell to pay
And he will pass them to you
If you promice you will stay
>From the L.P./Cassette "Steeltown"