

Big Country, The Storm

Maps on the back of your hands
Point to the cross
Scratches on walls in a room
Draw out your loss
Your islands are conquered and you are returned
To the throne
Martyrs take penance and fill up the mattress
With stones
Chorus
Pull straws with holy men
Stain all the atlas pink
And let us find a beach
Where we can cross our hearts
Stand in the wind as the carousels spin
Wear out your welcome again
Stand in the silence of mountains and
Wear out your welcome again
Mornings hit hard with an uncontrollable light
Piercing the senses that click deep in the night
Crouched in a pillow of straw feet on the floor
Creeping a path to the mat that holds back the door
Chorus
Build up great railways that run through the horns of the moon
Hold up a city with cast-iron museum walls
Explain your machines to the boys feed them with tools
Bring out the skill in your skin polish your hair
Chorus
Stand in the wind as the carousels spin
Wear out your welcome again
Stand on the silence of mountains and
Take your rib down to the sea
Stand in the wind as the carousels spin
Wear out your welcome again
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