

Black, Dont Take The Silence Too Hard

Now and again
an innocent shines
out from the crowd
and scenes
that roll down the streets
the inhuman streams,
down from the trees,
and up from their knees.
Jump overboard,
strike for the shore,
leave your clothes to the fire.
Counting the days your innocence paid.
You can play it, re-arrange it,
you can change your mind.
Tell me how
the horrors escape
as we follow their trail
'til dark.
Once for the need,
twice for the thrill,
into the groves,
into the groves.
Wash up ashore,
follow the call,
leave your debts behind you.
Counting the ways that innocence pays.
You can play it, re-arrange it,
you might change your mind.
(solo)
In the big city heat
a photo can fade,
who were the saints
of old?
Keep a brush at your heels
and cover your tracks,
aim for the higher
ground in the field.
Jump overboard,
strike for the shore,
leave your clothes to the fire.
Counting the days your innocence paid.
You can play it, re-arrange it,
you can change your mind.
Change your mind.
Change your mind.
Change your mind.
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