

China Crisis, Wall Of God

Down on the seabed, crushed by the wave
Twisted for money, born I a slave
Devil on my back, underneath my skin
Laugh at affliction, knock but don't you fall in
Fever in my hands
And for the first time in my small world
I have touched on greater meaning
And for the first time in my small world
I have given myself to learning
There was a freedom hard to define
Vain and outspoken like no friend of mine
Devil on my back, underneath my skin
Laugh at affliction, knock but don't you fall in
Fever in my hands
And for the first time in my small world
I have touched on greater meaning
And for the first time in my small world
I have given myself to learning
Sail on me sailor from London to Cairo
Drugged up like fisherman and cast of our halo
Devil on my back, underneath my skin
Laugh at affliction, knock but don't you fall in
Fever in my hands