

# Cliff Richard, Good On The Sally Army

Sunday finds me curled in bed  
I can hear the Sally Army in the old town square  
I can hear their brass and chorus's, they fill the air  
And I wonder why they do it when there's no-one ever there

Moments later, out of bed goes me and I'm gazing out the window in the morning light  
And the lasses in their bonnets makes a pretty sight  
And I thought if that's an army, it's a funny way to fight

But its an empty life if you've got no purpose  
And your lost and feel your on your own  
And if I told my work mates, they'd have said I'd gone barmy  
When I ran down the stair to join the Salvation Army  
Oh it was love that I could depend upon  
And all of my emptiness had gone

Babababbababababa

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Some years later, looking back at me  
I believe I've found the answer and I'd like to say  
You've need never be alone when God's a prayer away  
And He'll fill you with his sunshine if your life is cold and grey