

David Gray, Destroyer

More panic than intent
More luck than good judgment
They're raising your body from the ground

The dreamer has woken
The spirit has spoken
They're raising your body from the ground

What you gonna do
When the rain comes
Through on your pretty head
Is it so easy to pretend

Like vision of Goya
The silent destroyer
They're raising your body from the ground

What you gonna do
When it all comes
Through on your weary head
Is it so easy to pretend

You want it, you need it
Break your back to feed it
They're raising your body from the ground