

David Gray, Flesh

As the bell must strike the hour
As the west must stab the sun
So our hearts
Must heed the flow
Of deeper tides that run
Far beyond the bare indifference
That prosperity esteems
Where the spirit
Raves and dances
Through our very veins

At winters edge you found me
By the fields of wild gold
My hands still filled with ashes
From fires long cold
You pulled me from the wreckage
Of bitterness and blame
Flung open the page
And put some flesh on
The bones of my dreams

On the streets
The blossom snowing
And the drum is beating slow
And I hear you speak so clear
Well I'm slicing through the fear
Setting all the beacons
Blazing, baby oh!
It's staring out plainer than ever
Brighter than all the fools
Gold that gleams
It's simply now or never
Putting flesh on the bones
Of my dreams

Putting flesh on the bones
Of my dreams
Putting flesh on the bones
Of my dreams

And they can plunder
The cave of sorrows
They can strip the gallery bare
Try to build a fence
Around the visions
In our heads, choke every spark
In a cloak of despair
But we got something
They can't stifle
With their price tags
And picture frames
Got a flower for every rifle
Putting flesh on the bones of my dreams