

# Deacon Blue, Golden Bells

Well the choirs were singing and the candles they were burning  
And the lantern girls and alter boys were crossed and cleaned  
And my baby and me watched the prayers go higher and higher  
As we sadly, slowly, surely took our leave

We're crying now  
We we're crying then  
Hearing golden bells

So we walked the long mile from the chapel gates  
And I felt her warm in my hand as the wind drew us faster  
We had no names or flowers in the churchyard  
No cards or pity just a childlike space in our hearts

We're crying now  
We we're crying then  
Hearing golden bells

Oh the light that shines on life  
And the living that can tell  
Oh the joy, when the gates we reach  
And ring those golden bells