

Durutti Column, Dream Of A Child

And with the new light
Goes every morning
I walk the same streets
The same every day
Passed by the people
Who go to the center
The lines of their cars
They look the same way

[chorus]

I look for a shelter
I go slipping away
I look for a shelter
And my time of day
To some quiet place
To find colours of joy
I look for a shelter
And this is my time
Dream of a child
A physical presence
How she does touch me
It stays in my soul
No use to deny
Existence of passion
There's no way to play it
Turn away from inside

[chorus]

To some quiet place
To find colours of joy
I look for a shelter
And this is my time
Stood by the statue
Stare out of the square
Watching the dreams that are many
Filled with a life of their own
A crippled young child
The pain of a short life
To bear curses of men
And the turning away
I walk the same streets
The same every day
I walk the same streets
The same every day

[chorus]

To some quiet place
To find colours of joy
I look for a shelter
This is my time