

# Faces, Flags And Banners

(Ronnie Lane, Rod Stewart)

Last night I was woken by my cry  
Had a dream just as plain as you and I  
Saw the morning sun on a woodland in the spring  
Still hear the echo crashing through the trees  
Oh when I saw you down I fell upon my knees  
You and I we were wearing Southern Grey  
I called to you but I used another name  
I beat the ground and I cried out in your pain  
Through a scarlet door I watched you slipping away  
And your brother's helpless prayers were all in vain  
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