

Midge Ure, The Maker

The last day rushes by
And the moon looks so sad
No tears tonight
It's the best we've ever had
And the air's filled with voices
And loudspeaker calls
And we just waltz
As we're waiting

For the Maker
For the Maker

And in the far distant sky
Rose a black evil cloud
Come to feed on the lives

Of the fools who allowed
Stupid men fight their wars
With empty words in hallowed halls
And leave us waltz
As we waited

For the Maker
For the Maker

'Round and around and around and around
For the Maker
For the Maker
For the Maker
For the Maker