

Mike Scott, Let It Happen

Such a sad procession, winding down the lane
And what a strange impression is branded on my brain
A band was playing -- endless, mindless
It was like a hooligan's lament
It was dumb, but it was timeless
I still don't know what it meant

And whatever needs to happen
Let it happen, let it be
Through all I am protected
Grace is effected
Over me

Behold the lights of London!
The skipper said that his hands shook
His aura eaten by his jealousy and all the drugs he took
He said "This is the real world buddy!
Toughen up your ass, or it'll break."
I said "I'm not your buddy, buddy,
and your real world is a fake."

(Here comes the peace campaigner
She says the end justifies her means
Her words so full of reason fell like napalm on my dreams
I said "Peace is not a word, never!"
She calls me traitor, I just grin
I said "You've gotta live it every moment,
or else you're just sucking wind")

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Let it happen, let it be
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Grace is effected
Over me

(The DJ casts his malediction
As the wedding guests appear
It was as cruel as any fiction
I still carry the souvenir)

/

(The DJ took his vengeance
As the wedding guests arrived
There was malice in his handshake
Quicksand in his eyes)
As he slunk across the courtyard
From far off I heard a horn
Somewhere in the bleak mid-distance
Something beautiful is born

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Over me

I stumbled down a street of shadows
A black alleluia split the night
(Prostitutes / Anarchists) and priests were playing stripjack
Underneath the cruel lamplight
I came upon a weeping soldier
He said "I'm all washed up now, huh"
But when I glanced across his shoulder
He held a royal flush

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Over me

I'm still here, I'm still wheeling
I'm who I thought I was, or just about
I'll be walking down this boulevard
Until my legs give out
Thoughts like storms and seas are raging
I know it is a matter of degree
But it's not the world outside that's changing
It's ME!

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