

Peter Gabriel, The Court (Dark-Side Mix)

You put your hand up, you make your bid
You got your pictures all laid out in the grid
Look in the garden in the surface ground
Buried everything that you never want found

And the court will rise
While the pillars all fall

We got the healer and the birthday cake
We got the real thing and we got the fake
You got the ladder but where is the snake?
How my body begins to wake

And the court will rise
While the pillars all fall

You got the money goin' up your nose
You got the data, don't control where it goes
But you have left it getting down to the bone
You've all your memories on your mobile phone

And the court will rise
While the pillars all fall

Out of this sentence
The ball and the claw
And all these pronouncements
I can make up the voice of law
Out in the market
All our lives are on sale
And the balls are drifting further apart
Recovery cannot fail

Got the things you need and they're all in place
Got the big shot barrister to keep my case
Got my baby throwin' up on a chocolate milk
The black cat judge reaches for his silk

And the court will rise
While the pillars all fall

We lost the line between the good and bad
We lost the line between the sane and the mad
Used to draw the line across the writing pad
The line of conscience that we never have had

And the court will rise
While the pillars all fall

So many are reaching for it
So many reaching out for it
(You know that justice is blind)
So many are reaching for it
So many reaching out for it
(You know that justice is blind)
So many looking out for it
So many looking out for it
(You know that justice is blind)