

Steve Hackett, In The Heart Of The City

Standard bearers march to the tick of the clock
It's a war against time when you're fronting the flock
Determined resolute defiant and strong
Noble and Savage know they belong

In the heart of the city

The battlefield of love a ruffled feathered bed
From fluid moist lips the benediction's said
You love them and leave them with yesterday's guilt
Everything's on schedule in the empire that you built

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You close a deal Thursday at 7.45
The train home is empty you're the only man alive
You throw away your clothes in a house of clouds
The window is sealed the furniture in shrouds

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