

Steve Hackett, In The Heart Of The City (Original

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

In the heart of the city

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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