

The Alarm, Shout To The Devil

"Son," said the preacher "fore I break the news
Let me take you to the heart of this promised land
Built on the green hill far away
Where somebody cried Somebody died in the wind
You don't have to run to the palaces of gold
Bricks and mortar one day must surely fall
And son you will look Monroe right between the eyes
And pray that somehow
Someone's gonna come along
And save her, save her soul

AND WE'RE GONNA
SHOUT TO THE DEVIL SHOUT TO THE SKY
SHOUT TO THE GODS ALMIGHTY HIGH
PREACHER TEACHER
PREACHER TEACHER
It's in the hearts it's in the soul
Look no further than your own backyard
Live your life as it should be lived
Follow your heart for the truth is everlasting

And the wine runs cold in the blood of men
The bread is dry, stale pushed in the back of your mind
And the senator's dream is running wild today
And the big duke's star in death
Still fighting off the hounds of hell
For we all fall short of the glory my friend
Even all the king's horses and all the king's business men
I've got a golden eagle flying high
But I and I still find it hard to keep the wolves at bay

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(Preacher)

This train is bound for glory
This train
It's pulling away
Right away, Right away, Right away

I'm born tonight
Yeah we've got to ----- child
And over here
A young man, I call him the leader of our band
I name our band The Quarrymen
Yes that's right, Sirs
And also, we've got the harmonica band
Yeah, come aboard, come aboard

IT IS FINISHED

