

The Blue Nile, From Rags To Riches

I leave the home of a lifetime
Like any son
I have hope and good intentions
And wandering into the daybreak
I learn as I go
To fall laughing into the water

Sticks and the stones are your broken promises
We wait too long to go from rags to riches
I am in love, I am in love with a feeling
A wild wild sky, a wild wild sky

Fences and tumble down bridges surround and divide
I wear a coat of many colours, of many colours
The sticks and the stones, our broken promises
I wait no longer to go from rags to riches

People are leaving the squalor
They're leaving the houses and fires
And starting out
We find the waiting country

Sticks and the stones are your broken promises
I wait no longer, I go from rags to riches

From rags to riches
I go from rags to riches
Go from rags to riches
From rags to riches