The Proclaimers, Sky Takes The Soul

It could be tomorrow, or it could be today
When the sky takes the soul
The earth takes the clay
I sometimes wonder why I pray
When my spirit drives away
With a faith and a bit of luck
And a half-tonne bomb in the back of a truck

Feel the towel it's wet with sorrow
From the tears we'll shed tomorrow
Don't bring flowers, take a chance
On some graves you should dance
It its tomorrow, or if its today
I don't say it will be, I just say it may
When I'm on my knees
To the gates I'll stumble
And plead my case
In a style thats humble.