

# 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.