

# The Sundays, On Earth

And she's walking on the edge of a knife  
And she knows it's the death of her  
Sarah you live & you learn you're invisible

And she's walking on the edge of a crowd  
Late at night you can never tell  
Town from town  
Sounds of England swallow you down  
Makes you want to laugh

Could a heaven on earth be ours here & now?  
And she says "What's in my palm?  
Read between the lines  
Give me something to savour  
Can you do that? Cos I'll believe anything"

And I say  
When you're hoping for some more from your life  
Shouldn't wonder you've had enough  
And in my town  
Sounds of England swallow you down

And a heaven on earth is all ours but not now  
I tell you when a heaven on earth is all ours  
Come on down