

Archive "Nothing Else"

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My angel, clipped wings I know
Wonders in darkness on grimy ground
In a forest unclean, unsound
Everything, everything's gone wild

Make land for the cows to graze
Leaflets scattered around
To advertise, sell out

A swamp in it, hands stretched out
To catch a passing dime
Donations to the rich widened
Pavements for the poor
Somewhere else to lie

But my friend the carriage door
Stands slightly ajar
And I know clipped wings
Make uneasy flight
But we've got to leave

A place where the feast never ends
A moment when the music celebrates
And a time when darkness belongs
Tonight skies and nothing else, no
Nothing else, no

Tomorrow my spirit seen
Fears today my mind
Soul aches so deep
Always craves my body to reach

A place where the feast never ends
A moment when the music celebrates
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