

Sparrow And The Workshop

"Faded Glory"

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One man stands his ground
the other digs his feet in
and bodies gather around
as we discuss the benefits of either shade of brown

The well has dried and we are frighthened of the dark
Faded Glory rises up and he lights his torch
Same old story, wrap your ribbon around the old oak
tree
No need to worry, the coward King will raise his hand
And drop the wreckage on the Roads and

The hungry boys will bite and growl
In our glass houses we'll keep our heads down
keep our heads down

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How do we look into the light
The blood in the sun and blood on the ground
look past the sun into the sky
look at the stars so wild
look at the stars so wild (x4)

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