

Clegg Johnny

"Jericho"

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You are a dreamer of dreams walking a lonely shore.

Dream if you will but remember there are iron laws.

However much you seek to solve this mystery,

no one ignores the iron vice of history.

All those gone before dreamed to escape.

They tried to fly over the palisades

Standing at the gates,

this is Jericho.

And the walls reach up to the stars,

outside we were singing psalms.

Such a strange, strange place,

we are the prisoners

of the prisoners we have taken.

Sing me the songs of a world that I once knew,

recall the legends once so proud and true.

My people used to live here not so long ago.

But they fled into the night and I was left alone.

I guard these walls for you and me,

dream on, sail on my memory.

Standing at the gates,

this is Jericho.

And the walls reach up to the stars,
outside we were singing psalms.
Such a strange, strange place,
we are the prisoners
of the prisoners we have taken
and the prophets' dreams are now forsaken

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