

## David Gray "Flesh"

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As the bell must strike the hour  
As the west must stab the sun  
So our hearts  
Must heed the flow  
Of deeper tides that run  
Far beyond the bare indifference  
That prosperity esteems  
Where the spirit  
Raves and dances  
Through our very veins

At winters edge you found me  
By the fields of wild gold  
My hands still filled with ashes  
From fires long cold  
You pulled me from the wreckage  
Of bitterness and blame  
Flung open the page  
And put some flesh on  
The bones of my dreams

On the streets  
The blossom snowing  
And the drum is beating slow  
And I hear you speak so clear  
Well I'm slicing through the fear  
Setting all the beacons

Blazing, baby oh!  
It's staring out plainer than ever  
Brighter than all the fools  
Gold that gleams  
It's simply now or never  
Putting flesh on the bones  
Of my dreams

Putting flesh on the bones  
Of my dreams  
Putting flesh on the bones  
Of my dreams

And they can plunder

The cave of sorrows  
They can strip the gallery bare  
Try to build a fence  
Around the visions  
In our heads, choke every spark  
In a cloak of despair  
But we got something  
They can't stifle  
With their price tags  
And picture frames  
Got a flower for every rifle  
Putting flesh on the bones of my dreams

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