

## **Everything But The Girl "Ballad Of The Times"**

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Narrow streets breed narrow minds and  
Care for king but not for kind  
It's a short hop to a long weekend  
When every move you apprehend

You'll never find room to find your feet  
To walk out of this avenue  
Your pockets are lined with promises  
When did a promise ever pay for shoes?

Counting coal trucks by the line  
And raise your glasses one more time  
'Cause Billy has gone off to war  
And God knows what he's fighting for

But wartime will make him a man  
Work that no one see, if you can  
A hero's grave is six feet deep not  
Room enough for all his plans

She can scrub the step but if he'll never gleam  
If he did, she'd smash the dream  
And they've held the world too long  
Dreams are what you wake up from

Father was a fighter too  
The only way to jump the queue  
Boxing clever, times were tough  
But will that ever be enough?

You'd never find room to find his feet  
To walk out of these avenues  
Their pockets are lined with promises  
When did a promise ever pay for shoes?  
When did a promise ever pay for shoes?

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