

## Braddigan "Walls"

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We believe in mountains of gold  
And the story of the sea  
We believe in rhythms untold  
We believe in endless fields of nothin' yeah  
So go on and leave me with your bustlin'  
Don't try to tell me, you have gone away

Little boy wake up, wake up fast  
You know this life ain't never gonna last  
Always on the wrong side of those railroad tracks  
Never, ever, ever looking back

Don't try to tell me or even sell me  
Just give me what you're walkin' on  
History's your lesson, indeed your question  
Just give me what you're walking on

You look tired my friend from living  
Just outside those walls  
You look tired my friend and so  
Your voice surely calls

We believe in mountains of gold  
And the story of the sea  
We believe in rhythms untold  
We believe in endless fields of nothin' yeah  
So go on and leave me with you bustlin'

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