

Hine Rupert "Innocents In Paradise"

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That's a dark street you're running down

It's a street where no one walks alone

It's a cul-de-sac

And it will probably burn

It's so dry -

And great if you make it over the wall

Nursing your cuts you're surprised by the gloved hand

On your shoulder

And it's you or him

No ifs or buts

You'll be broken before you learn to love

Innocents in paradise

Headlong into sacrifice

Innocents in paradise

Lighting fires on the ice

That's a bad place you're hiding now

Breaking doors to rest in no-mans-land

It's a house of cards

And it should certainly fall

It's so high

You think you're safer like rats underground

You're hunted for something you don't understand

You'll grope for cracks

And it's you or them

No ifs or buts

You'll be broken before you learn to love

Innocents in paradise

Headlong into sacrifice

Innocents in paradise

Lighting fires on the ice

If Hell is where we go to learn

It might as well be here on Earth

If Heaven is the place we earn

When all our deeds are judged enough

Then should your concrete footsteps stop

To watch this town go down in flames

You'll feel your feet touch grass again

Could be you'll find you're going sane

Innocents in paradise

Headlong into sacrifice

Innocents in paradise

Lighting fires on the ice

Marimba, timbales & tom-toms: Phil Collins

Guitars: Phil Palmer

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