

## **Levellers**

# **"Aspects Of Spirit"**

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Now you're walking the well-healed ground  
Upon a fragile course  
The Gin Lane talk has been getting you down  
'Cos the hero Blake could not be found  
And yes, there's a lot of faking going down

The smoke that clouded your eyes  
Was a daily event  
And those weren't ghosts, they were only men  
Just the beauty that you sensed  
Could heal all indifference

Beneath the cruel lives and the hard face  
I can't believe what I have found  
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town  
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets  
They were feathering the beds  
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for dead

The darkened streets for a guide  
We search vainly for your sight  
The tension rising on every side  
You find comfort in its might  
But that sun burns more than she lights

Beneath the cruel lives and the hard face  
I can't believe what I have found  
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town  
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets  
They were feathering the beds  
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for dead

Further down in this town  
You hear the common word of mouth  
That back-street talk, just a hollow sound  
'Cos the hero Blake could not be found  
And yeah, there's a lot of faking going down

Beneath the cruel lives and the hard face  
I can't believe what I have found  
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town  
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets

They were feathering the beds  
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for dead

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