

China Crisis "When The Piper Calls"

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Water drenched people
take me in from the rain
to a warm kind of heaven
where it's shining again

I've seen some faces
some old and some grey
but just like water
I let them slip away

And if I tumble
and if I tumble

When morning comes
I harvest my thoughts
they spread like plague
I hear them call
The bread in our mouths
the dirt on our hands
when she calls

And if I tumble
and if I tumble

I found a silent dream
and heald it for a day
but just like water
I let it slip away

When morning comes
I harvest my thoughts
they spread like plague
I hear them call

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