

Magnum "How Far Jerusalem"

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They are the victims of the night
Ride against the wind born to lose the fight
They fill the doorways they come far
Holding what they bring details on a card
Someone shuts the door goodbye on their lips

There is no charity from where they come
There's nothing left to be
In stark reality thy will be done
For you for them for me

How far Jerusalem before the heart breaks down
No kings among them cold feet in London town

How far Jerusalem oh broken hearted clown
We stand among them cold feet in London town

They are in search of Liberty's trail
Equal in their eyes faces drawn and pale
So many hearts have gone before
Probably ignored crashing to the floor
They are the victims of the night
Ride against the wind born to lost the fight

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