

Mann Clint "Chasing Shadows"

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Chasing Shadows

1999 was summertime and everyone was looking into
the sky.

Searching for dreams and so it seems that everyone
headed off down to Cornwall.

I can't think of a more exciting way
To boost the British tourist trade & sell a load of
Cornish Pasties;
Everyone will know where they were the day
When time stood still and they were chasing shadows.

The sun and moon approaching soon configuration
with the earth in the sky,
And I can bet that you did get a kind of strange eerie
silence.
From the garden, the street, the public park,
From Southminster to Burnham, even in Great Baddow,
You feel small when you're standing in the dark
When time stands still and you are chasing shadows.

Now it's all over, you discover that your neighbour
has a glint in her eye;
After a hug, roll up your rug and throw away plastic
glasses.
Words cry out like the song that strokes your lips
And part of you is thinking of the year 2000,
The next excuse for a party to eclipse
A summer to remember as we sing out loud:
"Unite the community across our land,
From Crouch to Blackwater, we all feel glad to
Start a new century holding our hands
And move on forward without chasing shadows."

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