Natasha Bedingfield "Ring The Bells"

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ring them bells, ye heathen from the city that dreams ring them bells from the sanctuaries 'cross the valleys and streams for they're deep and they're wide and the world's on its side and time is running backwards and so is the bride

ring them bells st. peter where the four winds blow ring them bells with an iron hand so the people will know oh it's rush hour now on the wheel and the plow and the sun is going down upon the sacred cow

ring them bells sweet martha
for the poor man's son
ring them bells so the world will know
that god is one
oh the shepherd is asleep
where the willows weep
and the mountains are filled
with lost sheep

ring them bells for the blind and the deaf ring them bells for all of us who are left ring them bells for the chosen few who will judge the many when the game is through ring them bells, for the time that flies for the child that cries when innocence dies

ring them bells st. catherine
from the top of the room
ring them from the fortress
for the lilies that bloom
oh the lines are long
and the fighting is strong
and they're breaking down the distance

between right and wrong
ring them bells
for the blind and the death
ring them bells
for all of us who are alone
ring them bells
for the chosen of you .. through
ring them bells
for the time that flies
ring them bells

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