

Sunday's Best

"On Earth"

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And she's walking on the edge of a knife
And she knows it's the death of her
Sarah you live & you learn you're invisible
And she's walking on the edge of a crowd
Late at night you can never tell

Town from town
Sounds of England swallow you down
Makes you want to laugh
Could a heaven on earth be ours here & now?

And she says "what's in my palm?"

Read between the lines
Give me something to savour
Can you do that? cos I'll believe anything

And I say
When you're hoping for some more from your life
Shouldn't wonder you've had enough
And in my town
Sounds of England swallow you down
And a heaven on earth is all ours but not now
I tell you when a heaven on earth is all ours
Come on down

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