

Sundays "On Earth"

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& she's walking on the edge of a knife
& she knows it's the death of her
Sarah you live & you learn you're invisible
& 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?
& 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"
& I say
when you're hoping for some more from your life
shouldn't wonder you've had enough
& in my town
sounds of England swallow you down
& 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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