

Tony Hadley

"The Hunter"

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he stalks the night in silence
he walks the streets by day and waits
he watches for the perfect moment
for the perfect hunt to take his aim
and he looks
from the corridors of power
to the crowded streets of the shantytown
from the shoppin' malls to the fields of clover
from the dance halls to the amazon
from the inner room to the outer darkness
from the station to the end of the line
from the jungle to the gates of eden
from creation to the end of time

and the sun comes up and the sun goes down
and this lonely world of flame
keeps turnin' slowly round and round and round and
round and round
and the hunter is lookin' for love

from california to the gulf stream waters
from the river jordan to the heart of darkness
from the empty quarter to the land down under
from the frozen north to the ecuador
from east of true east
to west of west
he is following a trail
he is trying to remember
he is following his heart
and he watches and waits and takes his aim

and the sun comes up and the sun goes down
and this lonely world of flame
keeps turnin' slowly slowly round and round and round
and round and round
and the hunter is lookin' for love

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