

Mike Oldfield**"North Point"**

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Have you ever been to North Point
To spend your time and pray?
The prison walls are dark and cold and grey.
The writing on the wall at North Point
Speaks to a silent room.
They shut the bars down, leave you to the gloom.

How could we get any closer?
So high is the wire and the guards won't listen,
They won't believe me.
And then it all came back.
Somewhere far above has a new day risen?
Way beyond the searchlight,
Comes alive, comes alive.

Then on a bright day at North Point
The gate was open wide.
They chanced to look at what was inside.
There were a million stars at North Point,
And from the silent tomb,
They took it to the heart and left for the moon.

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