

New Medicine

"Knife"

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Turn and the world turns on, we're riding out with the
dawn
All fixed up once again like a thousand times before
Beneath the blessed sun and the coming day
And the years don't change a thing - the rush remains
the same
And I feel like a knife, these days are calling
I feel like a knife, sharpened like steel
Touched by the hand of the gods on these golden
mornings
I feel like a knife for you

Stopped on the way down to the sea on the wide and
lonely roads
The scent of summer nights and the warm fever of
dreams
Beneath the falling stars, with the music loud
We're dancing spinning round in the wild cascading
lights
And I feel like a knife . . .

These days to remember where it was that we came
from
What was it that we wanted before all the changes
And the hardest part is choosing and watching all the
doors closing
No turning back, no turning back

Well the years and the miles don't change a thing
The blood remains the same
It's a dream in a dream in a dream in a dream
With the darkness rushing by again
And I feel like a knife . . .

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