

Gerry Beckley

"Standing At The Gates"

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Well the jury found you guilty, as you stare into a world
that's without love
But you keep a wall around you, and you wait for help
to come down from above
Now the wisdom of your ways has finally caught you
up, and left you to your fate
So you end up like a refugee, all alone and standin' at
the gates.

Now the truth is slowly dawning, but you don't get any
warning here within
And you swear that you can change your ways, you
promise that tomorrow you'll begin
But the phases of the moon still come and go, and now
you've left it much too late
So you end up like a refugee, all alone and standin' at
the gates.

All aboard the roundabout like the biggest fool you've
ever seen
And all the time you know what's comin' down (it's
comin' down)
Up and down on the roundabout while you're sittin'
right on dynamite
And any fool can see what's comin' down.

You can run with the wind, you can laugh at the rain,
and pretend
It's just some bad weather
There's a storm comin' up, and it's headin' your way.

Now the spirit doesn't move you, you're so empty,
you've got nothin' left to give
Yes you know by now that nothin' you have ever
learned has taught you how to live
But the phases of the moon still come and go, and now
you've left it much too late
So you end up like a refugee, all alone and standin' at
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the gates.

Yes you end up like a refugee, all alone and standin' at
the gates
Yes you end up like a refugee, all alone and standin' at
the gates.

Drums: Liam Genockey
Bass: Mo Foster
Piano: Kenny Craddock
Hammond Organ: Kenny Craddock
Electric Guitar: Hugh Burns
Percussion: Maurice Pert
Synthesizers: Kenny Craddock
Saxophone: Mel Collins
Vocals: Gerry Rafferty

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