

Peter Gabriel

"White Shadow"

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Ten coaches roll into the dust, chrome windows turned
to rust.

Hang on inside, they know they must, hanging on the
green-backed words

"In God We Trust."

No one knows if the spirit died, all wrapped to go like
Kentucky Fried,

Trying to read the flight of birds, low on fuel, getting
low on words.

And she comes out like a white shadow,
She comes out like a white shadow.

Each one drawn to empty spaces, outsiders, borderline
cases.

It's hard to tell black from white when you wake up in
the middle of the
night.

Weighted down by the absence of sound, broken now
by the cry of a hound,

Looking for movement within the haze, light can be
deceptive with her rays.

And she comes out like a white shadow,
And she comes out like a white shadow,
She comes out like a white shadow.

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