

David Bridie "The Deserters"

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Yeah it's broken, the wheel's still turning
It's turning slowly in the sky
We go out searching, we go out climbing
We give everything a try
Everybody needs some beauty
Some reassurance, reassurance
You can tell so much about a place by the way they
treat
Their own
The way they treat their own deserters
Undone thinking this way undone
East Richmond station go through the backstreets
Neath the cold and the rain
We go out searching we go down fighting
Yeah we give everything a try
Everybody needs some beauty
Some reassurance, reassurance
You can tell so much about a place by the way they
treat
Their own
The way they treat their own deserters
Undone thinking this way undone

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