

The Levellers

"Edge of the world"

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At the edge of the world nothing is said
Call a witness
Conversation is dead
We pray for the coming

But we don't hear a word
We're all waiting around the edge of the world

The loneliest place I know is my own street
And your very own words
Are the hardest to eat
From the shadows of plastic
Where you shout to be heard
You're just sitting around at the edge of the world

The telephone is lying there on the floor
Somehow the moss just creeps round the door
And everyone's crying from a painful blow
That came down the cable centuries ago
Three men from the East
Correctly concurred
And left us in shackles
At the edge of the world

The edge of the world
Waiting in pieces at the edge of the world.

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