

Bowie David**"Ricochet"**

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Like weeds on a rockface waiting for the scythe
Ricochet - ricochet
The world is on a corner waiting for jobs
Ricochet - ricochet
Turn the holy pictures so they face the wall
And who can bear to be forgotten
And who can bear to be forgotten

March of flowers, march of dimes
These are the prisons, these are the crimes
Men wait for news while thousands are still asleep
Dreaming of tramlines factories pieces of machinery
Mine shafts things like that
March of flowers, march of dimes
These are the prisons, these are the crimes
Sound of thunder, sound of gold
Sound of the devil breaking parole
Ricochet - it's not the end of the world

Sound of thunder, sound of gold
Sound of the devil breaking parole
Ricochet - ricochet
These are the prisons these are the crimes
Teaching life in a violent new way
Ricochet - ricochet
Turn the holy pictures so they face the wall
And who can bear to be forgotten
And who can bear to be forgotten

March of flowers, march of dimes
These are the prisons, these are the crimes
Early, before the sun, they struggle off to the gates
In their secret fearful places they see their lives
Unravelling before them
March of flowers - march of dimes
These are the prisons, these are the crimes
Sound of thunder, sound of gold
Sound of the devil breaking parole
Ricochet it's not the end of the world

That's when they get home, damp eyed and weary

They smile and crush their children to their heaving
 chests
 Making unfulfillable promises For who can bear to be
 forgotten

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