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Spiritual Beggars "Concrete Horizon"

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Through the darkest hours You will find me here Tired of asking questions I'm breaking free, getting out of here My concrete horizon I want to walk far beyond the line The seed is there, it's been sown And I'm high on a rising tide

In every nightmare I see the same old place In every waking hour I plan my escape

One life - get out of here My life - I can't stay here

It's a fools game That I used to play This is over, leave me be I'm breaking free, getting out of here City lights burning bright In a cold, cold distance The seed is there, it's been sown And I'm high on a rising tide.

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