

Hackett Steve

"In The Heart Of The City"

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Standard bearers march to the tick of the clock

It's a war against time when you're fronting the flock

Determined resolute defiant and strong

Noble and Savage know they belong

In the heart of the city

The battlefield of love a ruffled feathered bed

From fluid moist lips the benediction's said

You love them and leave them with yesterday's guilt

Everything's on schedule in the empire that you built

In the heart of the city

You close a deal Thursday at 7.45

The train home is empty you're the only man alive

You throw away your clothes in a house of clouds

The window is sealed the furniture in shrouds

In the heart of the city

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