

# The Valley Below

Cock Robin

The ashes of burning incense  
To the clouds of Holy smoke  
The sentimental journey  
In these days  
Of the Killing Joke

No it's not my used generation  
Nor the one I heard can befall  
No wife from South East Asia  
But a child of the last cold war

Flying high above the valley below  
I see all the colours of the rainbow  
Cover me with flowers  
From the garden that we grow  
And I swear I marry you  
Tomorrow  
Oh yeah  
Oh oh

A premeditated mantra  
In the minds of mythical force  
Disparate flaws inducing  
When the body  
Has run off its course

Flying high above the valley below  
I see all the colours of the rainbow  
Cover me with flowers  
From the garden that we grow  
And I swear I marry you  
Tomorrow

You say we'll make a difference  
The best is still yet to come  
I dedicate this festival  
To freedom

The calming voice of new order  
In embracing stranglehold  
From four corners of the planet  
Have you heard?  
Have you heard?

Flying high above the valley below  
I see all the colours of the rainbow  
Cover me with flowers  
From the garden that we grow  
And I swear I marry you  
Tomorrow  
Oh yeah  
Oh oh