

Voices On The Wind

The Levellers

There's a man on the mountain
Who hides himself away
A voice on the wind there
Is telling him to stay
He knows on the outside
The world has looked away
From that night in the valley
When they took them all away

Now the rock of ages
Has broken at his feet
The history of centuries
Lies scattered down the street
The houses are all empty now
Left broken there to die
The children's playground
Burned and gone
With no-one left to cry

Can you hear it
Can you hear the sound of voices
Carried on the wind

He dorwned himself in sorrow
And he dorwned himself in drink
He dorwned himself in self-pity
Until it made him sick
He knew he was no master
Just a slave to himself
To the voices that have tortured him
That he'll take to his grave

Can you hear it
Can you hear the sound of voices
Carried on the wind

Time passes slowly
Sometimes he's at a loss
And he wishes he could change it all
But you can't turn back the clock
So he picks up the broken pieces
Of that so sacred rock
And he takes them to a safer place
Where they'll be forever lost.