

## Comes A Time

### Big Country

It's a holy place if you see things that way  
Then they rattle the bones and the analysts play  
From his backward collar on a worn out book  
Another working class poet with an abstract look

So take me up to the edge of the world  
And push me over again  
Lead me up to the edge of the world  
There comes a time

Now, shake your hair and rattle your cans  
It's a service funded by a self-made man  
Talks to victims and industrial spies  
He feeds you tobacco for the four-minute mile

So take me up to the edge of the world  
And push me over again  
Lead me up to the edge of the world  
There comes a time

With some strange god and a good right hand  
We can chase the ghost from the promised land  
If the promised land turns out as it should  
We can flood the place with consumer goods

When the African general meets the bingo queen  
And the collective farmer joins the teenage dream  
When the miracle worker saves the chat show host  
And the caveman paints another holy ghost

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And push me over again  
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We can storm the walls in our leisure wear  
While we trap the beast in his stormy lair  
Then we'll smooth his image and we'll save his soul  
While we fill our schools with the gold we stole

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