Mond Tanz / Child in Time

Blackmore's Night

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Sweet child in time you'll see the line
The line that's drawn between the good and the bad
See the blind man, he's shooting at the world
Bullets flying, ooh they're taking toll
If you've been bad, lord I'll bet you have
And you've been hit by flying lead
You'd better close your eyes, you better bow your head
And wait for the ricochet
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