

The Black Country

Blaze Bayley

Back from Vilnius and back from Rome
back from Z7 my second home
back from Yukon and De Rots
Back from Brazil but the boys are gone

smell of burning metal I know so well
pipes of Paul are loud as hell
riding hard and riding long
to get back where I feel strong

I'm back in the Black Country

Sometimes when you're desperate, you can push too hard
you can keep on pushing until it all falls apart
you see your dream is dying it can break your metal heart
the father of the unborn girl was dead

Back to work in the factory
might break my back but it won't break me
got to pay for flights that I did not take
to a place I've never been again

smell of burning metal I know so well
pipes of Paul are loud as hell
riding hard and riding long
to get back where I feel strong

I'm back in the Black Country

Sometimes when you're desperate, you can push too hard
you can keep on pushing until it all falls apart
you see your dream is dying it can break your metal heart
the father of the unborn girl was dead

but they brought him back to life again in the Black Country
in the Black Country

I'm back in the Black Country