

The Soft Soil

Bob Geldof

Let the soil be your soft pillow
The grassy blankets keep you warm
Let the leafy branches cool you
And the blue sky keeps you from all harm
Let the wind keep fresh your memory
Let it blow across the land
Let the rain refresh your spirit
Let the damp earth hold your hand

Memory is sometimes perfect
Sometimes clearer than the light
You can wade and wallow through it
In the hollows of the night

And I can see your white and pale faces
Pale ghosts flitting through empty streets
There are Christs here of another faith
And no Christ will be beneath them

Now the evening sun is racing on
Lying flat on wintry fields
It carries on its restless wind
The sounds of fifty churchbells peeling

And all the bells you ever heard
Are ringing out for what you've done
Like all the dreams in all the world
You're shining reckless like the sun

And in the moment of your weakness
In the centre of that storm
You understood it takes the same time
For man to die as to be born
Someday, maybe
When it gets them down
They will understand
Your bodies have pulled them up
As they went down

And all the hope in all the world
was weightinmg down on top of you

So come on Show me what to do
I'll follow you Down this road
And try to learn from you
This may not mean a lot to you
It means a lot to me

Your breath will still be breathing softly

In the nighttime filled with stars
Drifting like a dream in sleep
Softly beating in your heart

This may not mean a lot to you
It means a lot to me.