

## When The Piper Calls

China Crisis

Water drenched people  
Take me in from the rain  
To a warm kind of heaven  
Where it's shining again

I've seen some faces  
Some old and some grey  
But just like water  
I let them slip away

And if I tumble  
And if I tumble

When morning comes  
I harvest my thoughts  
They spread like plague  
I hear them call

The bread in our mouths  
The dirt on our hands  
When she calls

And if I tumble  
And if I tumble

I found a silent dream  
And held it for a day  
But just like water  
I let it slip away

When morning comes  
I harvest my thoughts  
They spread like plague  
I hear them call