

Good On the Sally Army

Cliff Richard

Sunday finds me curled in bed
I can hear the Sally Army in the old town square
I can hear their brass and chorus's, they fill the air
And I wonder why they do it when there's no-one ever there

Moments later, out of bed goes me and I'm gazing out the window
in the morning light
And the lasses in their bonnets makes a pretty sight
And I thought if that's an army, it's a funny way to fight

But its an empty life if you've got no purpose
And your lost and feel your on your own
And if I told my work mates, they'd have said I'd gone barmy
When I ran down the stair to join the Salvation Army
Oh it was love that I could depend upon
And all of my emptiness had gone

Babababbababababa

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Some years later, looking back at me
I believe I've found the answer and I'd like to say
You've need never be alone when God's a prayer away
And He'll fill you with his sunshine if your life is cold and grey