

Golden Bells

Deacon Blue

Well the choirs were singing and the candles they were burning
And the lantern girls and alter boys were crossed and cleaned
And my baby and me watched the prayers go higher and higher
As we sadly, slowly, surely took our leave

We're crying now
We we're crying then
Hearing golden bells

So we walked the long mile from the chapel gates
And I felt her warm in my hand as the wind drew us faster
We had no names or flowers in the churchyard
No cards or pity just a childlike space in our hearts

We're crying now
We we're crying then
Hearing golden bells

Oh the light that shines on life
And the living that can tell
Oh the joy, when the gates we reach
And ring those golden bells