They are the victims of the night
Ride against the wind born to loose the fight
They fill the doorways they come far
Holding what they bring details on a card
And on a rainy night like this
Someone shuts the door goodbye on there lips

They are the victims of the night
Ride against the wind born to loose the fight
They fill the doorways they come far
Holding what they bring details on a card
And on a rainy night like this
Someone shuts the door goodbye on there lips

There is no charity from where they come There's nothing left to be In stark reality thy will be done For you and for me

How far Jerusalem before the heart breaks down No kings amongst them cold feet in London town How far Jerusalem oh broken hearted clown We stand among them cold feet in London town

They are in search of Liberty's trail
Equal in their eyes faces drawn and pale
So many hearts have gone before
Probably ignored crashing to the floor
They are the victims of the night
Ride against the wind born to loose the fight
There is no charity from where they come
There's nothing left to be
In stark reality thy will be done
For you and for me

How far Jerusalem before the heart breaks down No kings amongst them cold feet in London town How far Jerusalem oh broken hearted clown We stand among them cold feet in London town

How far Jerusalem before the heart breaks down No kings amongst them cold feet in London town How far Jerusalem oh broken hearted clown We stand among them cold feet in London town

Ahhhhh. How far Jerusalem