

## This Plan

Moke

In the crowd, carrying a knife  
Why should I worry, when there's nothing only fading  
lights

This plan of mine,  
I thought it up quick in a place where the sun don't  
shine.

I'm sure when I was born they must have broke the mould  
Cause what's the use of living, when you're always out  
in the cold

This plan of mine  
Every bead of sweat, is a hill that I've had to climb

Oh for the life of a sweet child  
Just to know love in you life

Mother quick, mother quick, mother quick  
My soul's alight  
See the crowd, see the crowd, see the crowd,  
On this hot bed night!

This plan of mine  
Sweet is the seed, so sweet as the darkest soul.

Oh for the life of a sweet child  
Just to know love in your life  
Mine is the dream  
In this cold light  
Seeing it all disappear.