

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.