

Kiss the Ground

Simple Minds

I'm in a golden temple,
In a bombed out street,
Feel the rough and tumble
Down where the borders meet.
I hear a sandstorm falling
Down where the tears have dried
And there's a west wind calling,
But I get no reply.

And I kiss the ground,
I kiss the ground,
Nothing around.

There is no hidden karma,
There is no sacred plight,
There is no special armour
To take me through the night.

I kiss the ground,
I kiss the ground,
Nothing around,

I kiss the ground.
I kiss the ground,
Nothing around.

Into the space between us,
Into the words that say
That every law demeans us
Then every price you pay.

There is no hidden karma,
There is no sacred plight,
There is no special armour
To take me through the night.

I kiss the ground,
I kiss the ground,
Nothing around,

I kiss the ground.
I kiss the ground,
I kiss the ground,
Nothing around,

I kiss the ground.

There is no manna-mania,
There is no banquet here,
There is only ghettoes.

I kiss the ground.