

# Missionary

## Spandau Ballet

The bells ring out above my room  
And announcement of our loss  
And in the act, three men decide  
An indefinite epilogue

My letters have all gone  
A journey that's unsure  
A message that was rich  
A hand that was poor

Oh, have me, breath and let me go  
'Cause I don't want you to know  
'Cause I don't want you to know  
Oh, I don't want you, want you, want you

My own description may have failed  
Torn from pictures that were saved  
Along with images from words  
That were saved and not erased

The shelves arranged above my head  
A memory of my fears  
Blankets hold the smell of life  
And soak the many years

Oh, have me, breath and let me go  
'Cause I don't want you to know  
'Cause I don't want you to know  
Oh, I don't want you, want you, want you

Oh, missionary are you here

Sun doesn't burn when the water comes  
But water doesn't come like the English rain  
They bury their heads for self defense  
A marked improvement through diligence

We are alone against our sins  
Alone against our sins  
Alone against our sins

Vacant rooms that are full of men  
That sit on the stools awaiting time  
Discussion leads to little sense  
They bury their heads for self defense

We are alone against our sins  
Alone against our sins  
Alone against our sins