

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