

Every day I recognise
What's deceased and what's alive
But don't repeat what I've just said
Until gold has turned to lead
Then all the tales will be told
Whilst you and I are in the cold
But don't think this is the end
Cos it's just begun my friend

When it's done
And all this is gone
Just find a feeling, pass it on

For every tear cried in shame
There'll be someone else to blame
And every crime that I commit
There'll be a punishment to fit
But I'd accept what's coming round
If I could only lose this sound
That's been ringing in my ears
And tormenting me for years

When it's done
And all this is gone
Just find a feeling pass it on