

Dream Of A Child

The Durutti Column

And with the new light
Goes every morning
I walk the same streets
The same every day
Passed by the people
Who go to the center
The lines of their cars
They look the same way
I look for a shelter
I go slipping away
I look for a shelter
And my time of day
To some quiet place
To find colours of joy
I look for a shelter
And this is my time
Dream of a child
A physical presence
How she does touch me
It stays in my soul
No use to deny
Existence of passion
There's no way to play it
Turn away from inside
To some quiet place
To find colours of joy
I look for a shelter
And this is my time
Stood by the statue
Stare out of the square
Watching the dreams that are many
Filled with a life of their own
A crippled young child
The pain of a short life
To bear curses of men
And the turning away
I walk the same streets
The same every day
I walk the same streets
The same every day
To some quiet place
To find colours of joy
I look for a shelter
This is my time