

Now you're walking the well-healed ground
Upon a fragile course
The Gin Lane talk has been getting you down
'Cos the hero Blake could not be found
And yes, there's a lot of faking going down

The smoke that clouded your eyes
Was a daily event
And those weren't ghosts, they were only men
Just the beauty that you sensed
Could heal all indifference

Beneath the cruel lives and the hard face
I can't believe what I have found
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets
They were feathering the beds
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for dead

The darkened streets for a guide
We search vainly for your sight
The tension rising on every side
You find comfort in its might
But that sun burns more than she lights

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I can't believe what I have found
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets
They were feathering the beds
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for dead

Further down in this town
You hear the common word of mouth
That back-street talk, just a hollow sound
'Cos the hero Blake could not be found
And yeah, there's a lot of faking going down

Beneath the cruel lives and the hard face
I can't believe what I have found
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets
They were feathering the beds
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for dead