

Soldiers

The Streets

We line the streets like soldiers daily,
To let them know that we ain't fading,
This is a feel, you can see it in my eyes,
It's gonna stay like this,
It's gonna stay like this.

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This is a feel, you can see it in my eyes,
It's gonna stay like this,
Until they realise.

Eighty thousand people in a state of rowdy fever,
There will never be a sequel to this evening.
Singing in the rafters, in the wings and over galleys,
And then after all the laughing just a draft.
From the wings, and over galleys til I'm in a lonely
alley,
If a feeling from my childhood comes to me then I will
rally.

With all the clothes and all the rose-tinted roads to
go in sully.
Soak up that moment, woe is the finally.
Lonely I am sinking in and over thinking it,
Looking at the goal, only slowly it is shrinking.
Hesitate, hesitate, hesitate, wait.
Any day, any day, (too late)

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The cheapest throw away shades, are my deepest stowaway
aid.
I'm up with the angels, but keep a toe in the trade.
Known these folks since I was little but, only through
this ritual,
It's a pity they don't know me but what is there else
in this.

Sweeping and sweeping, the speaking unceasing.
From steeple to steeple, the people are shrieking
And soon we parade through the fence,
Absolutely Dame Judy Dench
And then stop-
Tell 'em to score and they flop,

Don't think I like this,

I'm only ever nervous, I'm a fighter
I'm a fighter but tonight I'd like to flight,
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The past isn't over, last minute grow.
Ask me to show you, ask me to go,
Or stab me in the throat.
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Any day, any day, (too late)