

On Earth

The Sundays

And she's walking on the edge of a knife
And she knows it's the death of her
Sarah you live & you learn you're invisible

And she's walking on the edge of a crowd
Late at night you can never tell
Town from town
Sounds of England swallow you down
Makes you want to laugh

Could a heaven on earth be ours here & now?
And she says "What's in my palm?
Read between the lines
Give me something to savour
Can you do that? Cos I'll believe anything"

And I say
When you're hoping for some more from your life
Shouldn't wonder you've had enough
And in my town
Sounds of England swallow you down

And a heaven on earth is all ours but not now
I tell you when a heaven on earth is all ours
Come on down