

Walk on

You wake up stumbling moaning from a nightmare,
sheets are soaking wet you speak a name,
your body aches, you move toward the window,
the street still caked in filth the scene the same,
you feel like Bill The Kid, you feel like Jesus,
you feel like stirring up a storm,
you need a name for that monkey on your shoulder,
you need a name for everything that's wrong,
Walk on with the devils close behind you,
Walk on with a dream of life inside you,
walk on with your lover close beside you, walk on.

Bring your old dreams out in the dead of night,
take your goods down to the market stall,
you got to ring the old towns murder bell,
surrender to instinct once and for all,
you've got to shake the tired old ghosts awake,
troubled souls still waiting at the gate,
you've got to run this poison mission down,
you've got to hold the dogs of hate up make them wait.
Hold on... (Chorus)

A ray of hope flash fills the drunken sky,
Moses with a peiced ear to the ground,
take the saviours hand she won't ask why,
everything must die upon the ground,
you look out from your window and speak a name,
the name falls like confetti on the night,
hopes and dreams and devils drop like rain,
pull down the name to earth and out of sight.
Hold on... (Chorus)

- Graeme Lockhart -