The Edge

UNCLE T.

When I was sent to walk this long cold way
I'd never meant to take it all this far
Nobody told me I was bound to stray
You gave me visions and cut out this part
When the journey is over
Then what will remain
But a churchyard of angels
Don't need no glory
The bottle and I
Don't need no sympathy at all
As I hang on the edge
Don't need no glory
Till the river's run dry
I won't cry for sympathy as I
Hang on the edge

When your were shackles chances passed me by
I've broken free
Now I'm free falling
Laid down my arms as you laid down the lie:
Those words you didn't say when I was calling
Fingers bleed onto the ivory
They dance on the keys
To a churchyard of angels
Don't need no glory
The bottle and I
Don't need no sympathy at all
As I hang on the edge
Don't need no glory
Till the river's run dry
I won't cry for sympathy as I
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