# Confess

## Gossip

And all the people there
Are sheltering from the cold winds
On the crest of the big bleak hill
And Mary's got an argument
The argument's quite loud
And the shouting's entertainment
To the other folk around
And the gossips been getting out of hand
It's a ruthless old sound
And no ones out there working
'Cos there's none to be found
And when the steam builds up inside you
And there's no place to fall
Well, there is nothing quite as harmful
As the slow moving day
It's a town that they make films about
Because the bleak's quite beautiful
When the light and the delicate features
Are captured very still
And so much far all the history
The martyrs and the kings
When the fight that was the good fight
Was the fight that you didn't win
And all the people there
Are sheltering from the cold winds
...

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