

London

Tangerine Dream

I wander thro' each charter'd street
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow
 And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe
 In every cry of every Man
 In every Infant's cry of fear
 In every voice, in every ban
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear:
 How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
 Every black'ning Church appalls
 And the hapless Soldier's sigh
 Runs in blood down Palace walls
But most thro' midnight streets I hear
 How the youthful Harlot's curse
 Blasts the new born Infant's tear

And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse
Rise and look out; his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open
 And let his wife and children return from the oppressor's scourge
 They look behind at every step and believe it is a dream
Singing: "The Sun has left his blackness, and has found a fresher morning
 And the fair Moon rejoices in the clear and cloudless night
 For Empire is no more, and now the Lion and Wolf shall cease"

Songwriters

JENKINS, STEPHAN/CADOGAN, KEVIN

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