On Earth

The Sundays

And she's walkin' on the edge of a knife
And she knows it's the death of her, Sarah
Sarah, you live and you learn, you're invisibleAnd she's walkin' 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
Love you wondering loveCould a Heaven on Earth be ours
Here and now?And she says, "What's in my palm?
Read between the lines
Give me something to savor
Can you do that?
'Cause 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

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