

Hallowed Ground (Vince Clarke's Big-Mix)

Erasure

Everybody's intent on killing someone
The streets are closed
And there's a kid on the run
The bullets scream out from gun to gun
Everybody's intent on being someone
The cold and darkness of the criminal dawn
Wrapped in blankets, gotta keep ourselves warm
A child in the arms of a teenage mum
Who will be the there, who will be the next victim
Of the criminal dawn? Old friends meet on the edge of town
Sharing conversation,
Hoping things'll soon get better
While their children meet,
Got the world at their feet
Not knowing what's around the corner
Are we living for an uncertain future? Down on the corner sits a broken man
Lives by the bottle swears "never again"
Lost his money on the dogs and gin
Now he looks for his supper in a garbage can
The kids hang around by the old school ground
Right by the river where the body was found
Throwing stones on hallowed ground
Who will be there, who will be the next victim
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Sharing conversation,
Hoping things'll soon get better
While their children meet,
Got the world at their feet
Not knowing what's around the corner
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Songwriters

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