The Maker

Midge Ure

The last day rushes by
And the moon looks so sad
No tears tonight
It's the best we've ever had
And the air's filled with voices
And loudspeaker calls
And we just waltz
As we're waitingFor the Maker
For the MakerAnd in the far distant sky
Rose a black evil cloud
Come to feed on the lives
Of the fools who allowed
Stupid men fight their wars
With empty words in hallowed halls
And leave us waltz
As we waitedFor the Maker
For the Maker

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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