

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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