Peace & Quiet

Canterbury

After the red ants
The black-out comes peace and quiet
Those little footprints
Fleshed out calm in my mind
I lay like a compass
Digits accusing the sunrise
Raindrops abseil the window
And flinch through the hurt cries
I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
And the tide of my bliss
Pulling at your sympathy
I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
(When my nerve's on the high-wire)
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy
After the hunt and the sweat
Now comes peace and quiet
Your head on my heart
Anchored the storm in my eyes
I lay like a carcass
Your lips never letting the blood dry
And so I pray for tomorrow
And wait listening out for a reply
I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
And the tide of my bliss
Pulling at your sympathy
I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
(When my nerve's on the high-wire)
My bliss, pulling at your sympathy
I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
And the tide of my bliss
Pulling at your sympathy
I feel this great pressure
Coming down on me
(When my nerve's on the high-wire)

My bliss, pulling at your sympathy

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