

A Place Called Passion

Mick Harvey

the batons woke for battle,
on a cold November morn,
sky was dark as velvet, still before the dawn
the stood in line and waited,
the call to sally falls, that day
to a place with sunshine, to a place with passion,
out on the front line.

And the shells fell all around them, before they'd a chance to move,
all beaten down into the mud, they had no chance to prove,
their bravery of cowardice, their body mixed into clay,
no beam of sunshine, all out of passion, out on the front line.

Norman he was in that line, he'd no way to escape,
he fell with all the others, as it rained on their parade,
never found a piece of him, the lonely field his unmarked grave,
near a place called sunnbrook. in a place called passchendale, wiped out on the front line.

I have a set of books that three years before were his,
palms worth educators on each jacket writ in gilt, every day is barred with gold, and opens but to a golden key,
and in all eight volumes is a dedication inside the cover,
for his 21st birthday to a bright future from his father and his mother.

Lyrics submitted by FatherCrow.

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