

# Edge of the World

## Levellers

At the edge of the world nothing is said  
Call a witness  
Conversation is dead  
We pray for the coming But we don't hear a word  
We're all waiting around the edge of the world The loneliest place I know is my own street  
And your very own words  
Are the hardest to eat  
From the shadows of plastic  
Where you shout to be heard  
You're just sitting around at the edge of the world The telephone is lying there on the floor  
Somehow the moss just creeps round the door  
And everyone's crying from a painful blow  
That came down the cable centuries ago  
Three men from the East  
Correctly concurred  
And left us in shackles  
At the edge of the world

Songwriters

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