

# Harmony No Harmony

## Million Dead

When the last of the echoes fades,  
When the cymbals and the strings  
Have died away,  
When I am left with justThe ringing in my ears,  
I take a breath and I settle down,  
I try to count the things  
That really count.To figure out what I've done  
With the last few years.  
I grew up in the countryside-  
There I could have lived,And I could have died,  
I could have had running water  
And security.  
But I took a train up to London town,Lost my money and  
Immersed myself in sound-  
In lame jobs, late nights,  
Poor diets and poverty.And after all the struggle  
And the strain  
And after all the loss for little gain,  
The harmonies have faded away,  
But the melody remains.

Songwriters

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Published by  
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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