

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 just the 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

TURNER, FRANCIS EDWARD / DAWSON, BENJAMIN RUSSELL ERRING / FOWLER, THOMAS

RUSSELL / RUZICKA, JULIA Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>