

Flesh

David Gray

As the bell must strike the hour
As the west must stab the sun
So our hearts must heed the flow
Of deeper tides that run Far beyond this bare indifference
That prosperity esteems
Where the spirit raves and dances
Through our very veins At winters edge you found me
By the fields of wild gold
My hands still filled with ashes
From fires long cold As you pulled me from the wreckage
Of bitterness and blame
Flung open the page said put some flesh
On the bones of my dreams On the streets the blossom snowing
And the drum is beating slow
And I hear you speak so clear
Well a slicing through the fear
Setting all the beacons blazing, baby oh And it's staring out plainer than ever
Brighter than all the fools, gold that gleams
It's simply now or never putting flesh
On the bones of these dreams Putting flesh on the bones of my dreams
Putting flesh on the bones of my dreams And they can plunder the cave of sorrow
And they can strip the gallery bare
And try to build a fence around the visions in my heads
Choke every spark in a cloak of despair But we got something they can't stifle
With their price tags and picture frames
Got a flower for every rifle
Putting flesh on the bones of my dreams Putting flesh on the bones of my dreams
Putting flesh on the bones of my dreams
Putting flesh on the bones of my dreams

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