

King James Version

Billy Bragg

He was trapped in a haircut
He no longer believed in
She said "I'm a teacher here
I teach the children"
And he wondered to himself
There and then all the things he could learn from her
The great mighty wonder Think of the names you once
Called me in anger
Remember the sadness In Florence Ballard's eyes
Imagine all the melancholy you could find
In the arms of a stranger
Bred, bread of heaven Seems like nothing goes right
In the world that we were born in
But the horizon is bright
Yonder comes the morning Upstairs they're buying
A stairway to heaven
Down in the garden
They're changing sticks into snakes
And the jangle of religious medals would put the fear of God into an angel
Come, come all ye faithful Their baby came home to them
An unmarried mother
They wished she would turn to a pillar of salt
But in the end compassion has to be the greatest family value
Hope, hope of the helpless Looks like a drift to the right
For the world we were born in
But the horizon is bright
Yonder comes the morning

Songwriters

BRAGG, BILLY Published by

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