

# In This Place

## Big Country

In This Place By Big Country.

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All the years I spent in this place  
The friends I knew here,  
I loved every face  
I loved the smoke, the heat and the noise  
But the profits too small  
For the black-suited boys  
Oh angel, it's coming down stone by stone  
It's breaking up home by home  
Take it away, take it away  
In this place I will lay my life down  
In this place I will let you carry me  
As I age so my learnig grows  
I still touch the vision  
I still smell the rose in this place  
All the years I lived in this place  
The people I knew here,  
I loved every face  
I loved the parties, the funerals and fights  
The supermarket needs my land  
I have no rights  
  
Oh angel, it's coming down stone by stone  
It's breaking up home by home  
Take it away, take it away  
In this place I will lay my life down  
In this place I will let you carry me  
As I age so my learnig grows  
I still touch the vision  
I still smell the rose in this place  
All the years I spent in this place  
The childeren we raised here,  
I loved this country, the land of my birth  
But how much am I wnated  
How much am I worth  
Oh angel, it's coming down stone by stone  
It's breaking up home by home  
Take it away, take it away

In this place I will lay my life down  
In this place I will let you carry me  
As I age so my learning grows  
I still touch the vision  
I still smell the rose in this place  
>From the L.P. / Cassette "Peace in Our Time"

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