In This Place

Big Country

In This Place By Big Country.

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 learnig 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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