

# Northern Soul

## Commodo

When they come on television to tell about their loss

And the camera finds them beaten up by grief

Do you wonder that they get up every morning

And sometimes don't believe? When you see, their eyes reminded of another day not shared

With a child who never turned to say goodbye

Are you comforted by somebody you love

Or do you keep it down inside? Can you feel?

Can you? From every breaking dawn, through to midnight's ghostly toll

I thank him for the life in your northern soul

Every time you cry and sulk back to the fold

Through your misty eyes, I see your northern soul When it's down to just page seven, even on a slow news day

Do you pause before you turn over the page?

And although there is no photograph, no tears on television

Do you find yourself reminded of their eyes? Can you feel?

Can you? At every roadside shrine, where faded flowers console

I shudder for the life inside your northern soul

Every night you sleep, I'll lie down on your pillow

And I feel each steady breath from your northern soul When every lights gone out and my body's tired and old

You'll keep my spirit young with your northern soul

God, every way it breaks, I'm bound to make it so

To turn all fear to love with your northern soul

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