

Big Ben

Roddy Frame

On Sunday nothing opens late, the clock across the river chimes
It towers above the, we cross, we're bound for better times
We join the flow that's headed west and start
Letting go of what's kept us apart Arriving at forgiveness, free to face the wintertime
Where memories rise out of the dark and play and shadows climb
While we decide what still applies and what can go
Clouds curl across the sky and the wind moans low And I'm free to find some understanding
What used to be my world's expanding
I see the city in her eyes, the river's rushing and the lights have changed
And I suppose it's just my jealous streak
Draws out a word and makes it last all week
And turns and shapes it all into a noose
'Cos I can't bear to have the ends left loose But at my best, I do believe in love
I can't conceive of only sky above
Seems to me we get to choose this stuff
Let's pick the path that's true, though the road is rough And we'll be up where the stars are streaming
Glittering trails across the sky, still gleaming
The city shivering below, all lit up,
Dreaming of the Spring's soothing hand Don't scratch the surface for the sake of it
Just because you know the ache will fit
The hole inside this soft and soothing thing
Where the soul is worn away and love still stings
Like the wind that leaves the trees all standing
Shy and naked as their leaves are landing
Who knows where, carried on the air
Life lends a hand and then it all starts again
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>