

# Northern Soul

## Arsenal

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 light's 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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