

Bombers Bay

Echo & The Bunnymen

The word went round in no dream town
They shut us up and the shutters down
The planes flew in and laid the ground
We built upon and spun around
God's one miracle, lost in circles On the march
Berlin to Bombers Bay
Traveling dark
On the roads to Mandalay Cannon fire came to call
Stood us up and watched us fall
The way we were and now outworn
Our costumes changed to uniforms
Black, black days, here to stay On the march
Madrid to Bombers Bay
Traveling dark
On the road to Mandalay Pack up the troubles in your old kit bag
Smile boys that's the style
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
Smile They give us hope and teach us well
With magic moons that cast a spell
And hypnotize and draw us in
I believe, I'm believing
God's one miracle moves in circles On the march
Berlin to Bombers Bay
Traveling dark
On the road On the march
Berlin to Bombers Bay
Traveling dark
On the road to Mandalay Black black days where the flying fishes play
Black black days where the flying fishes play
Black black days where the flying fishes play

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