

Bring Me Home

David Willetts & Claire Moore

The ground is full of broken stones
The last leaf has fallen
I have nowhere to turn now
Not east, not west, north or south
And all that's ahead of me
And everything I know
I know nothing so
So bring me home
Put me on a plate with petals and a fire
And send me out to sea
Turn my angry sword against my heart
And let me free
The dawn holds the heaviness of the night
I've heard the restless sighs and lovers lies
The brook, the beach and seen the devil's eyes
So bring me home
I've cried for the lives I've lost
Like a child in need of love
Oh, I've been so close but far away from God
My tears flow like a child's in need of love
I've cried the tears so let the tide take me
I won't fight, I've cried the tears
The small step I need to take is a mountain
Stretched out like a lazy dog
Send me to slaughter
Lay me on the railway line
I'm far away from God
My tears flow like a child's in need of love
I've cried the tears so build the fire
And light the flame, bring me home

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