Aspects Of Spirit

Levellers

Now you're walking the well-healed ground
Upon a fragile course
The Gin Lane talk has been getting you down
'Cos the hero Blake could not be found
And yes, there's a lot of faking going downThe smoke that clouded your eyes
Was a daily event
And those weren't ghosts, they were only men
Just the beauty that you sensed
Could heal all indifferenceBeneath the cruel lives and the hard face
I can't believe what I have found
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets
They were feathering the beds
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for deadThe darkened streets for a guide
We search vainly for your sight
The tension rising on every side
You find comfort in its might
But that sun burns more than she lightsBeneath the cruel lives and the hard face
I can't believe what I have found
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets
They were feathering the beds
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for deadFurther down in this town
You hear the common word of mouth
That back-street talk, just a hollow sound
'Cos the hero Blake could not be found
And yeah, there's a lot of faking going downBeneath the cruel lives and the hard face
I can't believe what I have found
I touched the spirit of this ordinary town
And in the summer heat, under the crowded sheets
They were feathering the beds
I felt the spirit of this place we'd left for dead

Songwriters
Jeremy Cunningham; Simon Friend; Jon Sevink; Charlie Heather; Mark ChadwickPublished by BUG MUSIC LTD.;BUG MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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