

The Valley Below

Cock Robin

The ashes of burning incense
To the clouds of Holy smoke
The sentimental journey
In these days
Of the Killing Joke

No it's not my used generation
Nor the one I heard can befall
No wife from South East Asia
But a child of the last cold war

Flying high above the valley below
I see all the colours of the rainbow
Cover me with flowers
From the garden that we grow
And I swear I marry you
Tomorrow
Oh yeah
Oh oh

A premeditated mantra
In the minds of mythical force
Disparate flaws inducing
When the body
Has run off its course

Flying high above the valley below
I see all the colours of the rainbow
Cover me with flowers
From the garden that we grow
And I swear I marry you
Tomorrow

You say we'll make a difference
The best is still yet to come
I dedicate this festival
To freedom

The calming voice of new order
In embracing stranglehold
From four corners of the planet
Have you heard?
Have you heard?

Flying high above the valley below
I see all the colours of the rainbow
Cover me with flowers
From the garden that we grow
And I swear I marry you
Tomorrow
Oh yeah
Oh oh