

# The Maker

Midge Ure

The last day rushes by  
And the moon looks so sad  
No tears tonight  
It's the best we've ever had  
And the air's filled with voices  
And loudspeaker calls  
And we just waltz  
As we're waiting

For the Maker  
For the Maker

And in the far distant sky  
Rose a black evil cloud  
Come to feed on the lives  
Of the fools who allowed  
Stupid men fight their wars  
With empty words in hallowed halls  
And leave us waltz  
As we waited

For the Maker  
For the Maker

'Round and around and around and around  
For the Maker  
For the Maker  
For the Maker  
For the Maker