

Paradise Row

The Strangers

And the pharaoh raised his hand
Said dig a hole in the promised land
The pointing men are marching in a line
They're shooting poison arrows in the sky

These are the last days of paradise row

There's a man knocking on my door
He's playing games with word of the law
A hammer in his hand to break your soul
But the spirit is a house that will not fall

These are the last days of paradise row
Tell me Moses where will your children go

Now the scorpion will go
Where the forest will not grow
And the pharaoh lies behind a golden mask
His pointing men steal water from our well

I don't mind telling you
It makes my heart bleed
I don't mind telling you
It makes my heart bleed

These are the last days of paradise row
Tell me Moses where will your children go?
These are the last days of paradise row
Tell me Moses where will your children go?