

# The Black Country

Blaze Bayley

Back from Vilnius and back from Rome  
back from Z7 my second home  
back from Yukon and De Rots  
Back from Brazil but the boys are gone

smell of burning metal I know so well  
pipes of Paul are loud as hell  
riding hard and riding long  
to get back where I feel strong

I'm back in the Black Country

Sometimes when you're desperate, you can push too hard  
you can keep on pushing until it all falls apart  
you see your dream is dying it can break your metal heart  
the father of the unborn girl was dead

Back to work in the factory  
might break my back but it won't break me  
got to pay for flights that I did not take  
to a place I've never been again

smell of burning metal I know so well  
pipes of Paul are loud as hell  
riding hard and riding long  
to get back where I feel strong

I'm back in the Black Country

Sometimes when you're desperate, you can push too hard  
you can keep on pushing until it all falls apart  
you see your dream is dying it can break your metal heart  
the father of the unborn girl was dead

but they brought him back to life again in the Black Country  
in the Black Country

I'm back in the Black Country