

# The Soft Soil

Bob Geldof

Let the soil be your soft pillow The grassy blankets keep you warm  
Let the leafy branches cool you And the blue sky keeps you from all harm  
Let the wind keep fresh your memory Let it blow across the land  
Let the rain refresh your spirit Let the damp earth hold your hand

Memory is sometimes perfect Sometimes clearer than the light You can wade and wallow through it  
In the hollows of the night

And I can see your white and pale faces Pale ghosts flitting through empty streets  
There are Christs here of another faith And no Christ will be beneath them

Now the evening sun is racing on Lying flat on wintry fields It carries on its restless wind  
The sounds of fifty churchbells peeling

And all the bells you ever heard Are ringing out for what you've done  
Like all the dreams in all the world You're shining reckless like the sun

And in the moment of your weakness In the centre of that storm You understood it takes the same time  
For man to die as to be born Someday, maybe When it gets them down They will understand  
your bodies have pulled them up As they went down

And all the hope in all the world was weightin' down on top of you

So come on Show me what to do I'll follow you Down this road And try to learn from you  
This may not mean a lot to you It means a lot to me

Your breath will still be breathing softly

In the nighttime filled with stars Drifting like a dream in sleep Softly beating in your heart

This may not mean a lot to you It means a lot to me.